Broadway Translations

SIMPLICISSIMUS

THE VAGABOND

THAT IS—THE LIFE OF A STRANGE ADVENTURER NAMED MELCHIOR STERNFELS VON FUCHSHAIM: NAMELY WHERE AND IN WHAT MANNER HE CAME INTO THIS WORLD, WHAT HE SAW, LEARNED, EXPERIENCED, AND ENDURED THEREIN; ALSO WHY HE AGAIN LEFT IT OF HIS OWN FREE WILL. EXCEEDINGLY DROLL AND VERY ADVANTAGEOUS TO READ. GIVEN FORTH BY GERMAN SCHLEIFHEIM VON SULSFORT IN THE YEAR MDCLXIX

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INTRODUCTION

THE course of German literature has been compared to a succession of hills and valleys, of which the most striking are the Golden Age of medieval poetry in the thirteenth century, the sterile period of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the zenith of German literature which was reached in the latter half of the eighteenth century. The thirteenth century saw the popular epic at its height with the composition of the *Nibelungenlied* and *Gudrun*, the masters of the Court Epic, Wolfram von Eschenbach and Gottfried von Strassburg, and the greatest of all the Minnesingers, Walther von der Vogelweide. During the eighteenth century rose the twin stars, Goethe and Schiller. Between these two epochs lies a period of gradual decadence, culminating in the seventeenth century, when German literature sank to its lowest ebb. It was the age which gave Shakespeare and Milton to England, and Corneille, Racine and Molière to France, but during the whole of the period, roughly from the death of Hans Sachs in 1576 to the publication of the first cantos of Klopstock's *Messias* in 1748, there is hardly anything in German literature which has any intrinsic worth, or other than historical interest, except a few hymns and those of the works of Grimmelshausen which are connected with the name of *Simplicissimus*. The *Nibelungenlied* and the Court Poetry were alike forgotten, and the essential characteristic of the writers of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries was their abject dependence on foreign models, at first the literature of Spain and later that of France. Even when Lessing, after a great effort, was successful in pointing out to the writers of Germany the way to better things, it was by showing them in the first place not only that the path to salvation lay through the rejection of French models, but further, that they must begin their education anew by turning to the literature of England, which would teach them more wholesome and fruitful principles than they could imbibe from France.

In England and Spain, literature had already drawn new strength from the Renaissance, without losing its own

national characteristics, and was thus able to appeal not only to the educated classes, but to every rank of society. Italy and France had likewise a literature in the popular tongue which was appreciated by the ruling caste, but in Germany the state of affairs was very different. As far as literature was concerned, the national marrow appeared to have dried up. The reigning house of Austria, the traditional head of the " Holy Roman Empire of Germany Nationality," was completely estranged from German culture, and the Emperor Charles V declared that German was a language for horses. Even in the eighteenth century, Frederick the Great held the German language in contempt, and while he ignored Lessing, he bestowed his patronage on Voltaire. After the Renaissance, there was an unbridged gulf between the vernacular popular literature and the Latin literature of the scholars, which lasted well into the seventeenth century, for there was no mutual fusion of the popular literary elements with the new art form that had sprung from the humanistic movement. When literature took new shape, it was cultivated by scholars and intended to appeal only to the educated. For the common people there was a corrupted popular literature which did not fail to appear regularly at the Spring and Autumn fairs, and from which inspiration was later to be drawn by no less a person than Goethe.

The seventeenth century was a transition period, when the national consciousness was almost annihilated by the religious and political struggles which made Germany a cockpit for half the nations of Europe. The claim of Frederick the Elector Palatine to the throne of Bohemia was the initial episode of the Thirty Years' War, which began in 1618 as an internal conflict, developed into a European war, and was only concluded in 1648 by the Treaty of Westphalia. The combination of religious, political and feudal quarrels brought upon German soil ill-disciplined hordes of French, Walloon, Italian, Spanish, Swedish, Danish, and Croat mercenaries, to say nothing of Scotch and Irish soldiers of fortune, who fought for the most part not for any particular cause, but for the master who paid them. In consequence there was little restraint put upon looting and violence, and the soldier and citizen looked upon each other as natural enemies. The overrunning of the country with these foreign armies, the degeneration of social life to the verge of barbarity, even to

cannibalism, and the decadence of literature to a mere means of frivolous amusement, present a picture of utter national degradation, which lasted far beyond the conclusion of peace. The ruin to which the country was brought may be judged by the fact that the population of the Empire sank during the period of the war from 16 million to 6 million, a diminution of about two-thirds. The startling transition to the Golden Age of German literature in the latter half of the eighteenth century, to the highest pinnacle it has ever reached before or since, is therefore perhaps the most amazing phenomenon in the whole of world literature. It is evident that some of the roots of the tree which put forth such magnificent blossoms must stretch back into the previous century, and though the trunk was dormant for so long, the roots continued to draw a nourishment, which was meagre, but sufficient to preserve the life-force in the midst of the foreign, parasitical growth by which it was threatened. Grimmelshausen, who did more than any other writer of the age to keep alive the national spirit in literature by fusing the popular and the learned elements, stands almost isolated, and his peculiar importance will best be understood by examining the state of the German novel before the publication of *Simplicissimus*.

The first novels in German literature were the long epic poems of the medieval Court poets, but the invention of printing gave an enormous impetus to the composition of stories in prose. The prose novel was at its origin dependent for its subject-matter on French sources, just as the medieval poets had borrowed their plots from the *troubadours*, and until the first half of the seventeenth century, the German novel-reading public was fed almost exclusively on translations and adaptations of foreign works. About the middle of the sixteenth century, the novelist Jörg Wickram, who was also a Meistersinger, wrote original novels, in which, to be sure, he exhibited no remarkable talent, but since he was not dependent on foreign sources for his subject-matter, he is looked upon as the father of the German novel. His attempts to found a novel of common life were unsuccessful, and were soon forgotten, for in the second half of the century there came from France the famous cycle of novels, or romances of chivalry, known as *Amadis of Gaul*.

The first *Amadis* was Spanish, and was written in the second half of the fifteenth century by Garcia Ordoñez de Montalvo, who based his story on an older version which is now lost. He added adventures of Amadis' son, other Spanish authors continued the story with the adventures of further descendants, and Nicolas Herberay des Essarts translated the first eight books freely into French in the first half of the sixteenth century. Other Frenchmen continued to add to the stories, and in the year 1569 there began to appear free translations into German, which continued until the seventeenth century. In addition, the German public was supplied with novels of equally interminable length, manufactured on the same plan, and containing the same elements of pseudo-chivalry, marvellous adventures and erotic interludes as the originals.

When the readers tired of the impossible adventures of *Amadis* and the other romances of chivalry, it was again to foreign sources that the authors turned. The desire to escape into a world of dreams, which had already been noticeable in the popularity of the idealistic romances of chivalry, was now directed into another channel, that of the idealistic pastoral romance, which was just as pseudo-pastoral as the *Amadis* romances were pseudo-chivalrous. They were both aspects of the Golden Age for which humanity is always yearning. The *Arcadia* of the Italian Jacopo Sannazaro, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, became the model both for the Spaniard Montemayor's *Diana*, which appeared in 1545, and for Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, which appeared in 1590, after the author's death. Honoré d'Urfé's *L'Astrée*, the first and most famous of the French pastoral romances, appeared during 1610–27, and Sidney's novel was translated into German by Martin Opitz in 1629.

The pastoral romance, however, in its turn had to make way for a new form of novel, to which it was closely related. Chiefly through the influence of Martin Opitz, who translated in 1626 the allegorical political novel *Argenis*, written in Latin, of the Scotsman John Barclay, the heroic-gallant novel was introduced into Germany. *Argenis* describes under a thin veil the condition of France, torn by party quarrels, under the last of the Valois. This introduction of contemporary persons and politics, which was the outstanding feature of Barclay's *roman à clef*, was imitated in

Germany by authors who wrote romances full of similar hidden allusions, but lacked the Scotsman's political judgment and sense of balance. They also filled their novels with long didactic disquisitions, without any attempt to adapt them to the story, so that the sole reason for their insertion appears to have been in order to exhibit the authors' more or less useless learning. Opitz's translation was of great importance for the development of the German novel, and from now on the divorce between the literature of the people and that of the educated classes became more acute, since the novelists were not only mostly of aristocratic birth, but they were alienating themselves intentionally from the national, popular tradition.

The heroic-gallant novel exhibits on the surface its descent from the romance of chivalry, for although the magic equipment and fairy-tale atmosphere have disappeared, the chief characters are still princes and princesses, and the adventures they undergo are vastly estranged from the realm of probability. They are also indeed the same people we meet in the pastoral romances. The only difference is in the setting.

The first original novelist after Jörg Wickram was Philipp von Zesen, who, unlike any of his contemporaries, looked upon his writing as a profession. The seventeenth century regarded literature as a hobby, as an amusement for a man's leisure hours, and Zesen's numerous frictions with his fellow-authors may have owed much to his isolated position as a professional novelist.

His first works were translations from the French, but he soon commenced to write romances which were independent of foreign sources, and his best-known works are *The Adriatic Rosemund* (1645), *Assenat* (1670) and *Simson* (1679). They are all of reasonable length but filled with irrelevant exhibitions of the author's extremely varied knowledge, though he did make some attempt to deal with psychological problems. Zesen naturalised the heroic-gallant novel in Germany, and it was not very long before the original works of this type were more numerous than the translations and adaptations. Andreas Heinrich Bucholtz published his *Herkules and Valiska* in 1660, following it five years later with *Herkuliskus and Herkuladisla*, and the most distinguished of the fashionable novelists in point of rank was the Duke Anton Ulrich of Brunswick-Lüneburg, whose *The Syrian*

Aramena appeared in 1669–73 and *The Roman Octavia* in 1677. The heroic-gallant novel attained its highest development in the last quarter of the century with Heinrich Anshelm von Ziegler's *The Asiatic Banise* (1688) and Casper von Lohenstein's *Arminius and Thusnelda* (1689). Arminius, or Hermann, is the ancient hero of the Teutons, and Lohenstein is entitled to credit for choosing a protagonist from his country's past. In these last two novels, the type of the heroic romance is seen in its most characteristic form, and *The Asiatic Banise* was the most popular of all the fashionable novels of the seventeenth century. Perhaps the most striking evidence of the kind of public to which the novelists of the period wished to appeal, is afforded by the dedications, which are mostly to dukes and duchesses, kings and queens, emperors and empresses, and one novel is even dedicated to "all the princesses of the Holy Roman Empire."

In spite of all the pedantry and wearisome length of the seventeenth-century novel, one can yet divine the tortuous attempts to hammer out a new form of literary art. It has always been characteristic of the Germans to precede practice by theory. The theory and formalism of the first decades of the century demonstrate their anxiety to have a firm basis of rules on which to raise the literary edifice, but though it was during this period that the prose medium consolidated its hold in German literature, the main desire of the reading public was for entertainment, and interest was centred almost solely on the subject-matter. The form was unimportant, and since the supply of original works was not sufficient to satisfy the prevalent reading mania, there was all the time a continuous output of translations of heroic-gallant novels from the French.

Even in the previous century, however, there had already arisen in Spain a reaction against the exaggerated, marvellous adventures of impossibly ideal heroes and heroines. It was the Spaniards who gave Europe the original *Amadis*, but they redeemed their literary reputation by the invention of the picaresque novel, which soon became popular in Italy, France and Germany. In the year 1615, there appeared in Munich a translation of Mateo Aleman's *Guzman de Alfarache*, the original of which had been published at Madrid in 1599. The translation, or rather free adaptation, was by Aegidius Albertinus, the secretary of the Duke Maximilian of Bavaria,

and about ten years later it was followed by a continuation from another hand, which had no connection whatever with the original, except the name. The alterations made by Aegidius Albertinus were not to the advantage of the book, for he left out parts of the narrative, in order to introduce tedious "discourses." The next Spanish picaresque novel to be introduced into Germany was *La vida de Lazarillo de Tormes* (1554), which, together with Cervantes' short story, *Rinconete y Cortadillo*, was translated and adapted by Nicolaus Ulenhart and published at Augsburg in 1617. Both the novel and the short story appeared in one volume. The *Justina* of Úbeda, which describes the career of a female vagabond, was translated from Spanish into Italian and, in 1626, from the Italian into German. There was also published in 1621 a translation of a part of *Don Quixote*, which is a satire on the absurd exaggerations of the romance of chivalry. A single episode had already been translated in 1617, but a complete version did not appear till much later. These translations and adaptations were soon followed by a mass of German romances of the same type.

In the picaresque novel, the adventures are transferred to a more probable plane. The knights and shepherds have given place to the rogue, who has to make his way through life by means of his wits, and the atmosphere is realistic. We descend among the people, and there is a connection between the heroes of the picaresque novel and those of the German popular literature. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries there appeared the folk-book of *Till Owlglass*, the rogue who lives by pretending to be a fool. Other popular figures were Doctor Faust, the Wandering Jew, and the people of Schilda, who were as stupid as our Wise Men of Gotham. These creations were, for the most part, genuinely German, and rooted in popular legend, so when the *picaro* was introduced from Spain, there was little difficulty in naturalising him in Germany. Johann Fischart had already adapted Rabelais' *Gargantua and Pantagruel* freely to the German genius and German conditions in his *Geschichtklitterung*. When Ulenhart translated Cervantes' *Rinconete*, he transferred the scene to Prague, and the chief of the band of rogues was the Zuckerbastel, of whom Grimmelshausen speaks at the beginning of *Simplicissimus*. Neither Wickram's attempt to found a national novel, nor

the continued popularity of the folk-books, was able to stem the tide of foreign literature, and even the German picaresque novel did not owe its origin to the German national spirit. The Thirty Years' War, however, familiarised people with the living prototypes of the vagabond who was now finding his way into literature, and it remained for Grimmelshausen to transform this novel of adventure into a truly national novel. Of the mass of translations and imitations of the Spanish models which appeared during the seventeenth century, there is nothing to compare even remotely with *Simplicissimus*, which is the only German novel of the century that can be said to spring directly from the actual experience of the author, and to give a true and original picture of social conditions at the time of the Thirty Years' War.

There remains another form of literature to be mentioned, which is connected with one aspect of the picaresque novel. The *Sueños* of the Spaniard Francisco de Quevedo are satires in the form of dream-pictures, and they were translated into many languages, to be followed inevitably by adaptations and imitations. The satirist Hans Michael Moscherosch began to publish in Strassburg about the year 1640 *The Visions of Philander von Sittewald*, which is an attempt to adapt Quevedo's *Sueños* to German conditions. Moscherosch substituted for the Spanish conditions satirised by Quevedo, the even more undesirable and degenerate conditions of his own country, and it is perhaps significant that he is entirely lacking in the humour which is to be found in his Spanish model.

The title-page of *Simplicissimus* states that the story is by German Schleifheim von Sulsfort, but an advertisement to the reader, which was appended to the sixth book, says that it "is the work of Samuel Greiffenson von Hirschfeld, since I not only found it among his papers after his decease, but he himself also refers in this book to *The Chaste Joseph*, and in his *Satirical Pilgrim* he refers to this his *Simplicissimus*, which he wrote partly in his youth, when he was still a musketeer; but from what cause he altered his name by transposing the letters, and put instead German Schleifheim von Sulsfort on the title, is unknown to me." The consequence of this statement was that for nearly two hundred

years, the name of Samuel Greiffenson von Hirschfeld appeared in the literary histories as the author of *Simplicissimus* and other works. It was not until nearly the middle of last century that the name of the greatest German prose writer of his time was found to be Hans Jacob Christoffel von Grimmelshausen, who had a peculiar passion for publishing his books under pseudonyms, which are all more or less perfect anagrams of his real name. The complete list of his pseudonyms, in addition to the above two, is as follows; some of them are spelt in a variety of ways:—

Melchior Sternfels von Fugshaim,
Philarchus Grossus von Trommenheim,
Signeur Messmahl,
Michael Regulin von Schmsdorf,
Erich Stainfels von Grufensholm,
Simon Lengfrisch von Hartenfels,
Israel Fromschmidt von Hugenfels,

and the letters A c eee ff g hh ii ll mm nn oo rr sss t uu.

The reason for this hide-and-seek method of signing his books may have been the contempt in which the literature of the common people was held. In the few cases where Grimmelshausen published under his real name, the book in question was either a heroic-gallant novel of the type then in fashion, or a harmless political pamphlet which was not likely to call down on the head of the author the wrath of the powers that were. At the same time it is to be observed that the custom of writing under pseudonyms was not unusual at that time, and Grimmelshausen may merely have been amusing himself with the game of anonymity. There is a sonnet appended to his novel *Dietwald and Amelinde*, which shows that the authorship of *Simplicissimus* and other books was not an absolute secret, and in nearly all his writings he seems to have taken pains to hint in some manner or other at his real name.

The early part of Grimmelshausen's life is somewhat of a mystery. It is even uncertain whether he was born in 1624 or '25, as is generally assumed, or, according to the latest theory, in 1610. He refers to himself as "Gelnhusanus," a citizen of Gelnhausen, in Hesse, so he was probably born either in that town or in the vicinity. His grandfather is said to have been a baker. It has been

suggested that the family originally belonged to the nobility, and became impoverished in the fourteenth century, but there is hardly any evidence to support this view. Until the year 1639, all that we know for certain is that he was for at least four years on active service in the army. About this time he became secretary to Count von Schauenburg, the commandant of Offenburg, in Baden, and he appears to have kept his position until 1647 and perhaps later. In the following year he held a similar position in a regiment, where he saw more fighting, but it was not long before he returned to Offenburg, where he married Katharina Henninger on August the 30th, 1649, and again became secretary to the commandant. In the following year he went to live in Gaisbach, near Oberkirch, where he was still in the service of the Schauenburg family, for whom he seems to have performed various duties, including that of steward, and he also for a time acted as host to a tavern belonging to them. In the year 1667 he was appointed to the post of mayor in the village of Renchen, in the Black Forest, which belonged to the bishopric of Strassburg. Among his duties were those of magistrate and tax collector, but he appears to have enjoyed a considerable amount of leisure for his literary work. Seven years later, the district was invaded by the French, and Grimmelshausen's family was scattered. It is probable that he again joined the army, but we know nothing definite about his fate except for the entry in the parochial register at Renchen, which states that he died on August the 17th, 1676, and that though his sons were dispersed, they all returned to the house. *Anno* 1676, *Augusto* 17. *obiit in Domino Honestus et magno ingenio et eruditione Iohannes Christophorus von Grimmelshausen praetor huius loci, et quamuis ob tumultus belli nomen militiae dederit et pueri hinc inde dispersi fuerint, tamen hic casu omnes convenerunt, et parens Sacramento Eucharistiae pie munitus obiit et sepultus est, cuius anima requiescat in sancta pace.*

Grimmelshausen thus appears to have had a very adventurous youth, succeeded by a long period of sedentary work and leisure, when his duties were not too arduous to permit him to make up for his early lack of education by extensive reading, in addition to which his literary industry was considerable. He was self-taught, but to judge from the varied mass of scientific and literary allusions and quotations,

which are scattered so profusely throughout his writings, it would be natural to assume that he had read widely not only in German, but also in French and Latin. He appears to know his Roman authors, and to have much more than a nodding acquaintance with jurisprudence, theology, astronomy and mathematics. He most probably, however, drew a great deal of his knowledge of this type from the collections of miscellaneous information which performed at that time the service of encyclopædias. He certainly possessed an excellent first-hand acquaintance with contemporary German literature, in addition to a vast stock of legendary lore. His works are a mine of information about the superstitions of the people and their social customs, and he must have travelled very extensively. According to the Latin entry by the pastor of Renchen in the parochial register, Grimmelshausen was regarded as a man of great intellect and erudition, and his position as mayor, or *Schultheiss*, naturally made him one of the most distinguished citizens of the place. He is thought in later years to have become converted to Catholicism, and he was certainly in the service of the Catholic Bishop of Strassburg, whose friendly attitude to the French invaders made things more difficult for Grimmelshausen when Renchen was overrun, for the Emperor relieved the Bishop's subjects of their oath of allegiance. Even this theory has little evidence to support it, however, and in spite of the numerous details concerning him which have been discovered in quite recent years, we are as much in the dark as ever with regard to the essential features of what was certainly an extremely varied and adventurous career. A considerable amount can be learned from his writings, because his vitally realistic style enabled him to pour out all the accumulated store of knowledge about countries and people, which his wars and travels had instilled into him. He was in touch with the actual world around him, and knew how to communicate his experience in literary form. He cannot be identified completely with his hero Simplicissimus, though there is not the slightest doubt that there is much in the novel which is of an autobiographical nature.

Grimmelshausen's first literary effort, a translation from the French, was followed within a period of about eighteen years by a score or so of other books in quick succession. The following is a detailed list, which is all the more

important, as our knowledge of the actual facts of the author's life is so scanty :—

1659. *Der fliegende Wandersmann nach dem Mond,* [*The Flying Traveller in the Moon*]. This is a translation of F. Baudoin's *L'homme dans la Lune,* which appeared in Paris in 1648. The French book is itself a translation of Francis Godwin's *The Man in the Moon, or a Discourse of a Voyage thither, by Domingo Gonsales,* published in London in 1638. The title sufficiently explains the contents of the volume. Among other peculiarities, the inhabitants of the moon have a habit of exchanging any moon-child, who exhibits a tendency to vice, for an earth-child, and that is supposed to have been the origin of the inhabitants of America. Some details of Godwin's book were imitated by Cyrano de Bergerac, from whom Swift derived valuable hints for Gulliver's voyage to Laputa.

1660. *Traumgeschicht von Dir und Mir,* [*Dream-story of You and Me*], and *Reise in die neue Oberwelt des Monds,* [*Journey to the New Upper-world of the Moon*]. These are both satirical dream-pictures. In the former, Oliver Cromwell is mentioned as being still alive, so the story must have been written before 3rd September, 1658.

1666. *Der satyrische Pilgram,* [*The Satirical Pilgrim*]. A satirical treatise in popular form, dealing among other things with God, money, dancing, women, wine, beauty, priests, poetry, love, tobacco, philosophy, beggars and war.

1667. *Der keusche Joseph,* [*The Chaste Joseph*]. Deals with the biblical story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife. The later editions of this book contain the story of Joseph's servant, Musai, who is a sort of *picaro.*

1668. *Der abenteuerliche Simplicissimus,* [*The Adventurous Simplicissimus*]. It is most probable that the first edition appeared in this year, though the earliest edition in existence bears the date 1669. The first edition contained five books, but as its popularity was very great, Grimmelshausen hurriedly wrote a sixth book, which appeared at first separately, in 1669, as *Continuation of the Adventurous Simplicissimus, or Conclusion of the Same,* and was then included in the same volume as the original work. This extra book is not included in the present edition, as it only disturbs the cohesion of the story by providing a new beginning and a new conclusion, and has no

intrinsic merit in itself. It is interesting solely because it presents a picture of Simplicissimus cast away on a desert island, and is therefore an example of a "Robinsonade" some fifty years before the publication of Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, a book which called forth great enthusiasm and a correspondingly large number of imitations in Germany.

Two years later there appeared a first, second and third *Continuatio*, which are equally, if not even more worthless than the so-called sixth book; they were most probably first printed in various almanacs published by Grimmelshausen.

Between 1670 and 1674 there appeared four more sequels, which, together with *Simplicissimus* and the *Continuations*, form what are known as the *Simplician Writings*. These sequels are *Trutz-Simplex: oder Lebensbeschreibung der Erzbetrügerin und Landstörzerin Courage*, [*Trutz-Simplex, or the Life of the Arch-Impostor and Adventuress Courage*], *Der seltsame Springinsfeld*, [*The Rare Jump-in-the-Field*], *Das wunderbarliche Vogelnest*, [*The Magic Bird's Nest*] and *Der ewigwährende Kalender*, [*The Everlasting Almanac*].*

1670. *Simplicissimi wunderliche Gaukeltasche*, [*Simplicissimus' Singular Juggler's-Bag*]. A puzzle picture-book.

1670. *Der erste Bärenhäuter*, [*The first Sluggard* or *Malingerer*]. This story gives the origin of the word *Bärenhäuter*. In the year 1396, a German soldier lost his way in a wood, when an evil spirit appeared to him and offered him a rich reward if he would enter his service. The soldier was first ordered to shoot a bear which just then came in sight, and then to promise to stand sentry for an hour at midnight during a period of seven years. During this time he was not to comb or cut either hair or beard, cut his nails, blow his nose, wash his hands, face or other part of his body; he was to wear the skin of the bear he had just shot, instead of a cloak, use it instead of a bed and never say the Lord's Prayer. On account of this bear's skin (*Bärenhaut*), he was to be called Bärenhäuter. The soldier faithfully carried out his master's orders, and was rewarded eventually with a beautiful wife.

1670. *Dietwald und Amelinde*. A romance, in the heroic-gallant manner, of two royal and virtuous lovers.

1670. *Simplicianischer Zweikopfiger Ratio status*, [*Simplician Two-headed Ratio Status*]. Disquisitions on the origin

* For contents of these sequels, see below, p. xxx.

and meaning of sovereignty. The idea is that the people should choose their own ruler, but the book is merely a compilation, based on other sources.

1672. *Das Ratstübel Plutonis, oder Kunst, reich zu werden,* [*The Council Chamber of Pluto,* or the Art of becoming rich*]. Simplicissimus, his father and mother, Courage, Springinsfeld and various other characters discuss the art of becoming rich.

1672. *Proximus und Lympida.* An historical novel of a similar type to *Dietwald and Amelinde.*

1672. *Die Verkehrte Welt,* [*The World turned topsy-turvy*]. The author descends to Hell, converses with the damned, and describes the conditions in the upper world ironically as being beyond reproach. A satire on Court life. The author had already employed the same idea in the Mummelsee episode in *Simplicissimus.*

1673. *Der deutsche Michel,* [*The German Michael*]. This is a nickname for the typical German, like the English "John Bull." The book deals in a popular manner with current abuses in the German language.

1673. *Simplicissimi Galgenmännlein,* [*Simplicissimus' Mandrake*]. Deals with the superstition concerning the root of the mandragora, which often has human shape, and is dug up at midnight at the foot of the gallows. It is engendered from the semen of a man who has been hanged, and possesses magic virtues.

1673. *Der Stolze Melcher,* [*Proud Melcher*]. The story of a peasant's son who goes to the War of 1672–78 between France and Holland and returns home in humble circumstances, thus giving his relations and neighbours an opportunity of expressing their views on the foolishness and frivolity of the younger generation.

Grimmelshausen's writings have been likened to an oasis in the desert. "The agony which I have had to endure in reading the works of Lohenstein, Ziegler and their contemporaries, in order to be able conscientiously to judge Grimmelshausen's relationship to the other German novelists of the seventeenth century, entitles me to employ such a strong expression. I know of no novelist of the seventeenth century in Germany, who can bear the remotest comparison with Grimmelshausen, and of all the literary romances of the seventeenth century, there is none which is so deeply

* Grimmelshausen exhibits his weakness in Latin by confusing *Pluto* with *Plutus,* and making *ratio* a masculine noun.

rooted in the life of the people as the *Simplician Writings.*"* The heroic-gallant novelists scorned to draw their material from contemporary life, and believed that distance of time and place lent the enchantment which the educated reader of the period found so necessary as an anodyne. In consequence, they have sunk into obscurity, and the one enduring prose-work of the century, the first five books of *Simplicissimus*, on which the fame of Grimmelshausen rests, is an unique contribution to contemporary sociological history.

The discursive title is at the same time a programme. The story is to tell the life and adventures of an individual who has seen, learned and done many strange things, and has eventually decided voluntarily to quit the world of action and experience for the tranquillity of a hermit's cell. It is a novel of development, and although the attitude of the hero is on the whole fairly passive, since he is influenced by the situations in which he is placed, instead of moulding them to his own ends, there is yet a satisfying external unity, and there is sufficient of a psychological problem for the novel to bear some slight comparison with the medieval epic of *Parzival* by Wolfram von Eschenbach and the *Wilhelm Meister* of Goethe. Parzival goes out into the world as an innocent youth, a "guileless fool," who on his journey through life has to solve the problem of adapting himself to his worldly environment, without losing his vision of the higher life and those spiritual ideals which are so hard to reconcile with the practical necessities of material surroundings. Wilhelm Meister also goes through a period of apprenticeship and wandering, and succeeds eventually in combining poetry and life, in reconciling the two aspects of his double nature, the poet and the man of the world. Simplicius starts life as an ignorant peasant lad, receives a rather narrow, one-sided and superficial education from the hermit and knows nothing of the realities of life until he leaves his forest and arrives in Hanau. Before long, however, he develops the ready, practical sense and adaptability, which bring him fame and fortune as the huntsman of Soest. After he has bought his farm in the Black Forest, his adventures cease to be actual, and read more like those of Baron Munchausen. The extraordinary episode of the Mummelsee, and

* F. Bobertag: *Über Grimmelshausens Simplicianische Schriften.* [Breslau, 1874.]

his journey to Russia and back via Asia, are utterly out of harmony with the remainder of the story, and the final retreat to a hermit's cell, preceded by a lengthy farewell to the world, taken bodily from a work of the Spanish ascetic Antonius de Guevara, does not come as a natural consummation.

The most congenial feature in the character of Simplicius is the firm, enduring friendship that subsists between him and the younger Herzbruder. This friendship deserves to be cited as that of a new Damon and Pythias, for it could not be exceeded in disinterestedness on either side. In his affairs with women he is light-hearted in the extreme. He even seems to feel no compunction at leaving his wife in Lippstadt for so long, while he stays at Cologne, goes to Paris and later travels about with Herzbruder. The death of his wife is recorded without comment, except that he rejoices a little later in the thought of his freedom, and on the decease of his second wife, he "well-nigh laughed himself into a sickness," though in the second case, there was certainly good cause for relief. Towards the end, after he leaves Paris and falls in with Oliver, he begins to feel remorse at needless killing, though as the huntsman of Soest he had appeared as a sufficiently bloodthirsty person; even then, however, he has let the impostor huntsman of Wesel off very lightly. The eventual resolve to quit the world, insufficiently motivated as it is, yet provides a satisfactory conclusion to a life of action such as that of Simplicius, and there can therefore be no hesitation in regarding *Simplicissimus* as a novel of development. It is just this element which is missing in the picaresque novels, where the reader is interested in the external incident, but is unable to perceive any psychological development in the character of the hero. Grimmelshausen is indebted to the picaresque novel for the use of the "I" form, which he employs in all the *Simplician Writings*, and also for the general biographical framework, beginning with a description of the parental house and the circumstances which force the hero out into the world at a tender age. Otherwise he owes nothing essential to literary sources, though an example of his wide reading is seen in the episode of Simplicius and the love-sick ladies of high degree in Paris, which is borrowed, though probably not directly, from Bandello.

The universal belief in witchcraft and magic is seen in the frequency with which Simplicius is taken for a magician. The Witches' Sabbath is described as though it were an actual occurrence, witnessed by the hero himself, and the reputation for being "frozen," *i.e.* invulnerable, was possessed by numerous individuals at the time of the Thirty Years' War. Oliver and the Provost-Marshal could not be killed by bullets, and Simplicius, as the huntsman of Soest, was believed by his enemies to be similarly protected. Great play is made with the prophecies of the elder Herzbruder and the conjuring tricks of the Provost, and there are frequent allusions to the prevalent superstitions. When the huntsman of Wesel goes sheep-stealing, his servant tells him that he must first of all see "if Bläsy is at home or not," that is to say, St. Blasius, the patron-saint of domestic animals. It was only necessary for a man to be a prominent scholar, to have performed some conspicuous and difficult feat, or even merely to be cleverer or more cunning than his fellows, in order to arouse the suspicion that he was in possession of supernatural powers, purchased from the devil at the price of his soul.

None of the great historical figures of the Thirty Years' War appears in *Simplicissimus*, for by the time the hero leaves the forest for Hanau, Gustavus Adolphus has already been killed at the battle of Lützen and Wallenstein murdered at Eger. Prince Bernhard of Weimar and Johann von Werth are barely mentioned. James Ramsay, the Scotch colonel in the Swedish army, commandant of Hanau, who is supposed to be the brother of Simplicius' mother, is well known for his defence of that town, but his connection with the hero of Grimmelshausen is, of course, fictitious, and the name Melchior Sternfels von Fugshaim, as it is sometimes spelt, is an anagram of "Christoffel von Grimmelshausen." If the course of Simplicius' career is compared with the actual dates of the various incidents of the War mentioned by the author, we discover some curious discrepancies. Simplicius was born just after the battle of Höchst, which took place on June 10th, 1622, when his father and mother were separated, so that the former resolved to become a hermit. He was ten years old when he came to the hermit, with whom he stayed for two years, and after the battle of

Nördlingen, September 6th, 1634, he left the forest, his first real step out into the world, and arrived in Hanau, where he spent the winter of 1634–35, which was noted for being extraordinarily cold. In the early part of 1635, he was captured by Croats. During the siege of Magdeburg in 1636, he became acquainted with Herzbruder and Oliver. He took part in the battle of Wittstock, September 24th, 1636, and during the summer of 1637 he was active as the huntsman of Soest. Then came his capture and internment at Lippstadt, during the winter of 1637–38. He was invited to dinner by the commandant on Twelfth Night, 1638, and soon after that married and set out on his journey to Cologne. Then came the trip to Paris and the return to Germany, when he was compelled to serve as a musketeer in Philippsburg. On July 30th, of the same year, there took place the battle of Wittenweier, during August he was with the hangers-on of the army as a "Merode brother," and in December he was acting as a highwayman in company with Oliver. The meeting with Herzbruder, the pilgrimage to Switzerland and the journey to Vienna took place in the following spring. In March, 1645, both Herzbruder and Simplicius took part in the battle of Jankau, and this is the last exact chronological reference we find.

It thus appears that the huntsman of Soest was only fifteen years of age, and that he married before he was sixteen, at which tender age he experienced his amorous adventure with the Parisian ladies. It may be, of course, that the author intended to emphasise the youth of his hero, since he expressly refers (Bk. III, Ch. xi) to the fact that during his activities at Soest, he was unpopular with women, since he was like "a wooden statue, without strength or sap," but it would be better to take it as a poetic licence, since it is only apparent after careful correlation of Simplicius' adventures with the fixed historical references.

The so-called sixth book introduces Simplicissimus to us once more, leaving his hermit's retreat and setting off again on his travels. He wanders as far as Loretto, Rome, and Alexandria, is captured by robbers in Egypt, and is eventually shipwrecked on an island, which he resolves never to leave.

The first Continuation describes how Simplicissimus after his return to Europe acted as a writer of newspapers and

almanacs, the second Contiuation tells how he left his island, and the third relates some anecdotes of the period after his return.

The story of *The Adventuress Courage* introduces the lady with whom Simplicissimus had a *liaison* at the Spa in the Black Forest. She declares that the child she had left at his door was not his at all, and that she had pretended that Simplicissimus was the father in order to spite him, hence the title, *Trutz-Simplex*. She unfolds a terrible tale, beginning with her service, disguised in boys' clothes, as page to a young captain, whose mistress she becomes when it is no longer possible to conceal her sex. She marries him on his death-bed, but becomes subsequently the mistress first of a count, and then of an ambassador. She marries a captain of dragoons, and takes part in various battles until her husband is killed, when she accepts the wooing of a lieutenant, who first tries to whip her into obedience and then deserts her, after which she continues to take part in battles and succeeds on one occasion in capturing a major. She abandons the army and returns to her former nurse, learns that she is of noble birth, marries another captain and goes to the Danish War, where she loses her husband, after having by her courage captured three of the enemy. Unfortunately, she is recognised by the major whom she had captured some time previously, and he takes his revenge by treating her in an unspeakably vile manner, until she is rescued by a Danish captain, who takes her to his castle in Denmark, where she is treated like a countess, but through the treachery of her host's relations soon finds herself back in Germany in misery. Another love-affair comes to an unhappy ending, for her lover is executed for killing his corporal, who had cast eyes on Courage. She makes the acquaintance of a musketeer, whom she calls Jump-in-the-Field, and goes with his regiment to Italy, where she finds occupation as a vivandière. Eventually, the army returns to Germany, where Courage leaves her companion and marries yet another captain, who is also soon killed, and it is while on a recuperative visit to the Spa that she meets Simplicissimus, with the result already related in the earlier book. Her last husband is a gipsy chief, and she ends her days as queen of the troop.

The Rare Jump-in-the-Field relates the life-story of the friend of Simplicissimus, who has already appeared as the

latter's comrade during the adventures at Soest, and as the companion of Courage. The narrator of the story is a young unemployed secretary, who meets both Simplicissimus and Jump-in-the-Field, the latter now an old wooden-legged fiddler, in the guest-room of an inn. He describes a former meeting with Courage and the gipsies, and his adventures with them, and then Jump-in-the-Field tells his own story, which the secretary writes down. The last chapters relate the discovery of a magic bird's-nest, which has the power of making it's owner invisible, and this leads to the third sequel, *The Magic Bird's Nest,* which is in two parts. This unique object enables its possessor to pry into the intimacies of family life, as does Le Sage's *Diable Boiteux.* The most amusing incident is when one of the owners of the nest becomes enamoured of the daughter of a Portuguese Jew, whose acquaintance he has sought for the purpose of robbing him. He persuades her parents that the prophet Elias is present but invisible, and will with the young Jewess beget the Messiah, for whom the Jews are waiting. He plays himself the part of the prophet, and thus attains his object, but unfortunately the child turns out to be a girl. The nest is eventually thrown into the Rhine, and the owner turns his thoughts to repentance.

The Everlasting Almanac has only a nominal connection with Simplicissimus. It is a conglomeration of recipes, weather prophecies, lists of historical events, dialogues on astronomy and astrology, and a series of anecdotes having little or no real connection with Simplicissimus, but whose object seems to be to render him more adaptable to the popular taste. Much of the material is borrowed from other almanacs.

In *Courage* and *Jump-in-the-Field,* Grimmelshausen enlarged his picture of the Thirty Years' War by presenting two counterparts to Simplicissimus, and in *The Magic Bird's Nest,* he rounded off the picture by depicting social life after the declaration of peace. The *Simplician Writings* present therefore an incomparable picture of a period of which Grimmelshausen was the only German writer of the century to appreciate the literary value.

WILLIAM ROSE.

May, 1924.

THE FIRST BOOK

THE FIRST CHAPTER: TELLS OF SIMPLICIUS' RUSTIC ORIGINS AND EDUCATION

In this our age, which many think will be the last, an epidemic is spreading among the common people. When its victims are laid up with it, and have scrapped and haggled enough together that, in addition to a few coins in their purses, they can put on a foolish new-style outfit with a thousand silk ribbons on it, or if, through some stroke of fortune, they have achieved fame and esteem, they immediately want to become knightly gentlemen and nobles of ancient families. But it often turns out that their forefathers were day-laborers, cart pullers and porters, their cousins donkey drivers, their brothers process servers and catch polls, their sisters whores, their mothers procurers, or even witches and, to sum it up, their entire families, with all thirty-two ancestors, were as filthy and foul as the sugar-makers guild in Prague[1] was ever supposed to be. Yes, this new gentry is often just as dark as if they'd been born and raised in Guinea.

Now I don't want to put myself on the same level with such foolish people, though to tell the truth, it isn't wrong that I have often imagined that I was undoubtedly the offspring of a great nobleman, or at least a run-of-the-mill gentleman, for I had a natural inclination to practice the genteel trade, if I'd only had the necessary capital and tools for that. But, all joking aside, my background and upbringing can well be compared to that of a prince-if you'll just overlook the major difference.

How so? My "knan" (that's what fathers are called in the Spessart[2] area) had a palace as good as anyone else's. It was so fine that no king could build one like it with his own hands. (He would probably put such a project aside for all eternity.) It was decorated with clay and, instead of barren slate, cold lead and red copper, it was covered with straw upon which excellent grain grew. To really show off his wealth and riches, my knan built a wall around his palace. It was not of stone, which can be found along the road or be excavated from barren places, nor was it of carelessly-made brick, which can easily be fabricated and baked (like other great lords usually have). No, he used oak, that noble and useful tree upon which sausages and fat hams grow[3] and which requires more than a hundred years before it reaches maturity. Where can you find a monarch who does the same?

He completely blackened his room, halls and chambers with smoke because this is the most durable of all colors, and it requires more time to perfect than a talented artist needs for his finest work. The wallpaper was the most delicate fabric on earth, for it was made for us by someone who had long ago dared to contest Minerva[4] herself at spinning. My father's windows had been dedicated to Saint Noglass only because he knew that ones made of hemp or flax seed would cost far more time and labor before they were completed than the best and most transparent glass of Muran[5]. His station in life had led him to believe that anything which took a great deal of pain was also valuable and therefore precious - and what was precious was also most suitable for nobility.

Instead of pages, lackeys and stable boys, he had sheep, rams and sows, each one finely dressed in its own natural livery. They often waited on me in the meadow till I drove them home. Our arsenal or armory was well-stocked with plows, picks, axes, hoes, shovels, manure forks and pitch forks, and my father exercised daily with these weapons. Hoeing and clearing were his **disciplina militaris,** just as they were with the old Romans in time of peace. Hitching up oxen was his captain's command; hauling manure out his fortification and plowing his campaign; cleaning out the stalls was his noble pastime and tournament. With these activities he made war on as much of the globe as he could reach and won rich spoils from it at every harvest.

I only mention all of this in passing, and I certainly don't want to make any claims. Nobody has any reason to ridicule me along with the new nobility, because I don't consider myself to be any better than my knan, who came from a very jolly area - the backwoods of the Spessart. I haven't lectured about my father's family tree because I wanted to be brief. Anyway, I wouldn't swear that it was noble. It is enough if you know that I was born in the Spessart.

Now that I've described my father's household in aristocratic terms, any thinking person can easily draw the conclusion that my upbringing was also noble. And those who do will not be mistaken because, at the age of ten, I had already grasped the principles of my knan's noble exercises, which I have just described. But as far as studies went, I could have sat down alongside the famous Amphistides, of whom Suidas[6] reports that he couldn't count beyond five. Perhaps my father was much too intelligent and followed the normal custom of so many distinguished people today who don't bother themselves with studies or, as they call it, "bookishness", because they have people to do their scribbling for them. But I was an excellent musician with the bagpipe on which I could play beautiful dirges.

But as for theology, nobody can tell me that anyone of my age in the whole Christian world could be compared to me, for I knew neither God nor men, neither heaven nor hell, neither angel nor devil - and I didn't know how to tell right from wrong. So it is not hard to see that I lived according to the same theology as our first parents in Paradise who, in their innocence, knew nothing of sickness, death and dying - and even less of the Resurrection.

Oh, aristocratic life! (asinine life, you may well say.) We didn't bother about medicine either, so you can see what my knowledge was of law and of all of the other arts and sciences which are valued in the world. Yes, I was so perfect and complete in my ignorance that it was not possible for me to know that I didn't know anything at all. So again I say, "Oh noble life that I then led!" But: my knan didn't want me to continue to enjoy such bliss. He thought that, in accord with my noble birth, I should act and live nobly. That's why he began to raise me up to higher things and to give me harder lessons .

THE 2ND CHAPTER: DESCRIBES THE FIRST RUNG ON THE LADDER OF RENOWN WHICH SIMPLICIUS CLIMBED; PRAISES HERDSMEN AND ADDS EXCELLENT ADVICE

He bestowed upon me the most glorious duty, not only in his court, but in the whole world- the office of herdsman. First he entrusted me with his sows, then with his goats, and finally with his whole flock of sheep. I guarded and pastured them myself. I protected them from wolves with my bagpipe - Strabo[7] says that its sound makes the lambs of Arabia fat. I was like David then, except that he had only a harp instead of a bagpipe. This was not a bad beginning. Indeed, it was a good omen that in time I would have the good fortune of becoming a world-famous man, for since the beginning of the world great men have been herdsmen for a time. We read in the Holy Scriptures of Abel, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and his sons. Moses himself guarded the sheep of his father-in-law before he became the leader and legislator of the 600,000 people of Israel.

Certainly, you could say that they were holy and pious men, and not Spessart peasant boys who knew nothing of God. I admit it, but doesn't my former innocence count for anything? You can find many examples among the ancient heathens as well as the Chosen People of God. There were prominent families among the Romans who undoubtedly called themselves Bubulcos, Statilios, Pomponios Vitulos, Vitellios, Annios Capro[8], and similar names because they took care of such animals. Perhaps they also herded them. Even Romulus and Remus[9] were herdsmen. Spartacus[10], who put the whole power of Rome in an uproar, was a herdsman. Paris, the son of King Priam, and Anchises, the father of the Trojan prince Aeneas[11], were herdsmen (as Lucianus[12] tells us in his **Dialoge Helenae**) The handsome Endymion,[13] who was

courted by chaste Luna herself, was also a herdsman, as was the dreadful Polyphemus[14].

Yes, even the gods themselves, as Phornutus[15] reports, were not ashamed of this calling. Apollo[16] guarded the cows of Admetos, the king in Thessalia. Mercury, his son Daphnis[17], Pan[18], and Proteus[19] were all arch-herdsmen. That is the reason they are still the patrons of the foolish pastoral poets. We read in **The Second Book of the Kings** that Mesa[20], the king of Moab, had been a herdsman. Cyrus[21], the powerful king of the Persians, was not only raised by Mithradates, a herdsman, but was himself a herdsman. Gyges[22] was also a herdsman and later, through the power of a ring, a king. Ismael Sophi[23], a Persian king, also tended cattle in his youth. That is why Philo[24] the Jew fittingly treats the matter in **Vita Mosis** when he says that the office of herdsman is a preparation and beginning for governing: Just as the **Bellicosa** and **Martialia Ingenia** are first exercised and started in the hunt, so too should those who are to be educated to govern be first instructed in the sweet and friendly office of herdsman. My knan must have understood this very well, and this gave me no small hope of future glory.

But now I'll get back to my herd. You should know that I knew the wolf as little as I did my own ignorance itself. That is why my knan was so diligent about his instructions. He said to me: "Boy, stay alert and don't let the sheep stray too far apart and keep playin' away on yer bagpipe so the wolf won't come and cause trouble, 'cause he's a four-legged rascal and thief what eats man and beast, and if yer ever careless, I'll whip yer hide."

I replied with equal graciousness: "Knan, tell me what a wolf looks like. I ain't never seen one."

"You crude jackass," he answered, "you'll stay a fool yer whole life. I don't know what 'll ever become of you. Yer already a big ape an' you still don't know what kind o' four-footed rascal a wolf is." He gave me more instructions, but at last he gave up and went off grumbling because he thought that my primitive understanding could not grasp his subtle teaching.

THE 3RD CHAPTER: TELLS OF THE SYMPATHY OF A LOYAL BAGPIPE

From then on I started playing such a racket on my bagpipe that you could have poisoned toads in the vegetable garden with it. That way I thought that I would be safe enough from the wolf, who was always on my mind. When I thought of my "meuder" (as mothers are called in the Spessart and on the Vogelsberg[25]) and how she'd often said that she was worried that the chickens would die from my music, I decided that I would also sing so that the remedy against the wolf would be that much more effective. So I sang a song which I had learned from my meuder:

Oh peasant's station, though much despised,
You're still the best to meet our eyes.
You'd be praised both near and far,
If they'd just see you as you are.

What would our world be like now,
If Adam hadn't pushed his plow?
To earn their bread, they tilled the soil,
The fathers of our princes royal.

You watch over and complete,
What the Earth brings forth for us to eat.
All the things which feed the land,
Must first begin in your strong hand.

The Emperor, that God did give,
To shelter us, he has to live,
From your strong hand, as does that throng,
Of soldiers who oft' do you wrong.

You raise the meat on which we dine,
You tend the grapes that give us wine.
That plow of yours shakes Old Earth's bed,
Till she gives us our daily bread.

The Earth would grow wild and out of hand,
If you didn't keep house on the land.
And there'd be wailing all around,
If there were no more peasants to be found.

It's fitting that we honor you,
Because you feed us - that is true.
Nature loves you all your days,
God bless your ancient peasant ways.

Feet sore with gout, oh bitter pain,
Peasants are spared this awful bane.
But our nobles, they are its slave,
And for the rich, it means the grave.

Of courtly airs, you have none.
In these days, you're the only one.
And to keep you from this heavy care,
God gives you many a cross to bear.

Even the soldier's plundering way,
Is a blessing - that's what I say.
So pride won't make you deaf and blind,
The soldier says, "What's yours is mine!"

That was as far as I got with my song because I and my herd were immediately surrounded by a party of cuirassiers which had lost its way in the large forest and had been put right again by my music and song.

"Oh!" I thought, "These are odd ones! These are the four-legged rascals and thieves your knan told you about!" At first I thought horse and rider were a single creature, just as the American Indians did the Spanish cavalry. And because I believed that they had to be wolves, I wanted to teach these terrible centaurs how to run and thus get rid of them. But I had hardly blown up my bagpipe when one of them caught me by the wing and threw me so violently onto an unmounted farm horse, which they had stolen along with some others, that I fell off again on the other side and landed on my bagpipe, which began to scream so pitifully that you could have thought that it had wanted to move the whole world to compassion. But even though it didn't spare its breath to lament my plight, it didn't help. Regardless of what my bagpipe said or did, I had to get back on the horse. But what made me maddest of all was that the riders pretended that I had hurt the bagpipe when I fell and made it start to scream like a heretic.

Then my mare went off with me at a steady trot like the **primum mobile**[26] till she reached my father's barnyard. Strange notions arose in my brain then, for I imagined that because I was sitting on such an animal, the likes of which I'd never seen before, I would also be changed into an iron man. But when the transformation didn't take place, I got another bug in my head. I thought that these strange creatures had only come to help me drive the sheep home because

they hadn't eaten any of them.

But when we did arrive at our farm, the men hurried straight towards my knan's barnyard. I hurriedly looked all around to see if my knan and my meuder would come out to welcome us, but in vain! He, meuder and Ursele, my knan's only daughter, had ducked out the back door because they had not wanted to wait for these guests.

THE 4TH CHAPTER: SIMPLICIUS' HOME IS CAPTURED, PLUNDERED AND DESTROYED; THE SOLDIERS WRETCHEDLY LAY WASTE TO IT

Although I hesitate to lead the peace-loving reader to my knan's house along with these riders because the things which happened there were so terrible, I have to continue my story, for it demands a full record for posterity of the terrible crimes which were committed in our German war. And I must bear witness by my own example that such evils often have to be inflicted by the goodness of the Almighty for our own benefit. For who, dear reader, would have told me that there was a God in heaven, if soldiers had not destroyed my father's house and forced me among people who taught me? Once, I couldn't imagine that my knan, meuder, me and the others of our household were not alone on earth, for I didn't know of any other people or of a single human dwelling except the one I went in and out of every day.

But soon afterwards, I learned the origin of the men of this world, and that they must also leave the world again. Though I had the form of a man and the name of a Christian child then, I was just a beast! But the Almighty looked upon me in my innocence with merciful eyes and wanted to bring me to know myself and to know Him. And though He has a thousand ways to do this, He undoubtedly wanted to use a way which would also punish my knan and meuder for neglecting my upbringing - as an example to others.

The first thing the riders did was to tie up their horses. Then each one had some special task to perform in which he showed pure destruction and disruption. While some of them began to slaughter, boil and roast, so that it looked like they would hold a merry banquet, others stormed through the house from top to bottom (even the toilet was searched) as though the Golden Fleece of Colchis[27] had been hidden inside. Others packed up cloth, clothes and all kinds of household items, as if they'd wanted to open up a flea market somewhere. And what they didn't take with them, they destroyed.

Some of them stabbed through hay and straw with their swords, as if they hadn't had sheep and pigs enough to pierce. Others shook the feathers out of the bedding and filled them with ham, dried meat and other things, as though they could better sleep on them then. Still others broke the stove and windows, as though they had an eternal summer to proclaim. They broke the copper and pewter ware and packed up the bent and broken pieces; they burned the bedstead, table, chairs and benches - even though stacks of cord-wood lay in the yard. Even pots and bowls had to be broken in two because they either preferred to eat roast with their hands, or because they didn't want another meal there. And our milkmaid got such a treatment in the stall that she could hardly walk out of it - which is almost too shameful to tell.

They tied up the hired man and laid him on the ground. Then they stuck a piece of wood in his mouth and forced a milk bucket full of revolting slop from around the manure pile down his throat. (They called this Swedish brew.) That's how they forced him to lead a party off to pick up men and animals, which they then brought back to our barnyard. Among them were my knan, my meuder and our Ursele.

Then they began to take the flints from their pistols and to put the peasants' thumbs in their places. They tortured the poor devils as if they had wanted to burn witches. They even put one of the captured peasants into the bake oven and went after him with fire, even though he had not yet said anything to them. They put a rope around the neck of another man and twisted it up with a club till the blood squirted out of his mouth, nose and ears. In short, each soldier had his

own tactic to torment peasants, just as each peasant had his own special kind of suffering.

According to my way of thinking then, my knan was the most fortunate of all because he confessed with laughter what the others had to tell anyway with pain and anguish. No doubt my knan was given this honor because he was the head of the house. They sat him by the fire, tied him so that he couldn't move his hands or feet, and rubbed the bottoms of his feet with damp salt. Then our old nanny goat licked it off, tickling him so that he could have burst with laughter.

And so he laughingly confessed what he had to and revealed a hidden treasure which was much richer in gold, pearls and jewels than anybody would have imagined to find among peasants.

I can't say much about the women, milkmaids and daughters because the soldiers wouldn't let me see what they did to them. I do know that I heard terrible screams in the corners now and then, and I can well imagine that my meuder and our Ursele didn't have it any better than the others.

Throughout this misery, I was turning the roast. That afternoon I helped water the horses. That's when I came upon our milkmaid, who was in the stall. She seemed so astonishingly disarrayed that I didn't even recognize her. But with a weak voice she said to me, "Boy, run away! If you don't, the riders will take you with them. See to it that you get away. You can sure see..." She wasn't able to say anything more.

THE 5TH CHAPTER: HOW SIMPLICIUS PLAYS THE RUNAWAY AND IS FRIGHTENED BY ROTTEN TREES

It was then that I started to think about the unhappy situation, that I could see clearly before my eyes, and how I could best get out of it. But where could I go? Though my understanding was much too weak to make a suggestion, I did manage to escape into the forest towards evening. But where could I go from there, considering that I knew the paths and forest as little as I did the way from the frozen sea beyond Nova Zembla over to China?

Though the pitch-dark night gave me safe cover, it was still not enough for my benighted understanding. I hid myself in a thick bush, and from there I could hear both the cries of the tormented peasants and the song of the nightingales. These birds did not pay any attention to the peasants (though they are sometimes also called "birds"). But because the nightingales didn't have any pity on the peasants or cease their lovely song because of their suffering, I just put my head down and went to sleep.

But when the morning star in the east began to shine brightly, I saw my knan's house in flames, but I didn't see anybody who wanted to put them out. Then I started out in the hope of meeting one of my family, but I was immediately seen by five riders. One of them yelled at me: "Boy, come over here, or I'll be damned if I don't shoot you so that you're laid out dead!"

But I stood there as still as I could with my mouth open because I didn't know what the rider meant or wanted. But when I just looked at them like a cat looks at a new barn door, they couldn't get at me because of a swampy patch between us (which undoubtedly irritated them no end), one of them fired his carbine at me. There was a sudden flash, and the unexpected roar was made more terrible for me by echoing back again and again. It frightened me all the more because I'd never seen or heard such a thing before. I fell right down to the ground, afraid to move at all.

Although the riders went away and left me for dead, I still didn't have the courage to sit up for the rest of the day. But when night came over me again, I stood up and wandered off into the forest till I saw a rotten tree shimmering in the distance. That frightened me so much that I turned right around and went on until I again sighted another such tree, and ran away again. And so I fled back and forth all night, from one rotten tree to the other till at last the blessed day came to my aid by bidding the trees to leave me be in its presence. But that still didn't help

me much because my heart was full of fear and dread, my legs full of fatigue, my empty stomach full of hunger, my mouth full of thirst, my brain full of foolish fantasies and my eyes full of sleep. Still I went on, though I didn't know where. But the further I went, the more I got away from people and the deeper into the forest.

Though I wasn't aware of it then, I could almost reach out; and feel the effects of my stupidity and ignorance. If a dumb beast had been in my place, it would have known better what to do to save himself than I did. But I was smart enough to crawl into a hollow tree and take shelter there when night again caught up with me.

THE 6TH CHAPTER: IS SHORT AND SO DEVOUT THAT IT MAKES SIMPLICIUS FAINT

I had hardly got into a comfortable position to sleep when I heard a voice say, "Oh, great love for us ungrateful men! Oh! My only consolation! My hope, my wealth, my God!" There was a lot more of the same, but I couldn't follow or understand it all.

These were certainly words which would have encouraged, consoled and gladdened a Christian who found himself in my position. But, oh simplicity and ignorance! It was so strange to me that it seemed to be an incomprehensible language. Not only could I not grasp it, but I was even shocked by its strangeness. But when I heard that the one who was talking was supposed to have his hunger and thirst stilled, my own unbearable hunger told me to invite myself, so I took courage and climbed out of my hollow tree to approach the voice I'd heard.

Then I noticed a large man with long black and gray hair, which lay wild around his shoulders. He had a wild beard shaped almost like a Swiss cheese. Though his face was sallow and thin, it was also rather kind and gentle. His long cloak was patched over with more than a thousand pieces of all kinds of cloth. A heavy iron chain was wound around his neck and body like Saint Wilhelmus[28]. He was such a terrible and frightening sight to me that I began to tremble like a wet dog. But what really made my eyes grow large was that he was pressing a cross about six feet long to his breast.

Because I didn't know him, I couldn't imagine that this old man could be anyone else but the wolf that my knan had warned me about. In my fear, I whipped out my bagpipe, which was the only treasure I'd rescued from the riders. Then I blew, began to play and really let loose in order to drive off this terrible wolf. This sudden and unusual music in such a wild place made the hermit first stop short because he undoubtedly thought that some diabolical spirit had come to harrow him, as it had the great St. Anthony[29], and to disturb his prayers. But as soon as he had recovered, he ridiculed me as his tempter-in-the-hollow-tree, where I had again retired.

Yes, he had recovered so much that he went on to confront me so that he could better ridicule the Enemy of Mankind: "Ha!" he said. "So you are one of the spirits which plague saints..." and so on. I didn't understand him because his approach had frightened me so much that I was robbed of my senses and fainted away.

THE 7TH CHAPTER: SIMPLICIUS RECEIVES GOOD TREATMENT IN A MISERABLE SHELTER

I don't know what helped me to revive again, but I do know that the old man had already put my head in his lap and opened my coat by the time I had recovered. When I saw the hermit so close to me, I started to scream in terror as if he had been wanting to rip my heart out of my body, but he said, "My son, be still. I won't do anything to you. Just quiet down."

But the more he tried to comfort and sooth me, the more I screamed, "You'll eat me! You'll eat me! You're the wolf and you'll eat me!"

"But no I won't, my son." he replied. "Be still, I won't eat you." This struggle lasted till I finally let him lead me into his hut, where Poverty itself was the overseer, Hunger the cook and Want the kitchen-master. There my stomach was refreshed by a vegetable and a drink of water, and my spirit, which was fully confused, was revived and put in order by the comforting friendliness of the old man. So I easily let myself fall under the influence of sweet Sleep to pay Nature her due. The hermit noticed my need and let me have the place in his hut for myself, for there was only room for one person to lie down there. When I awoke again about midnight, I heard him sing the following song, which I learned later[30]:

Come joy of night, oh nightingale,
Let your song with sweetness hail,
So lovely to be ringing.
Come, come, and praise your Maker's will,
For other birds are sleeping still,
And no more are they singing.
Let your song now,
Ring out brightly, for you nightly
Tell the story
Of God in Heaven, and His glory.

Though day is gone,
The sun's sweet ray,
And we in darkness have to stay,
But still we can be singing,
Of God's great good and of His might,
For we aren't hindered by the night,
To send His praises ringing.
So your song now,
Rings out brightly, for you nightly
Tell the story
Of God in heaven, and His glory.

Echo, the wild bouncing ball,
Wants to bring us this sweet call,
So we can hear it play now.
Drive from us all the weariness,
That we are prey to like the rest,
Let us turn sleep away now.
So your song now, etc.

The stars in heaven that we see,
Are tongues of fire for praising Thee.
And tell of love's caressing.
Even the owl, who sings off-key,
Tells us with her disharmony,
That she exclaims His blessing.
So your song now, etc.

Now come my sweetest bird to me,
The laziest we will not be,
By in our beds remaining.
But till the time the dawn does break,
This dark old wood with joy we'll shake,
Our praise of God proclaiming.
Let your song now, etc.

And while this song was going on, I imagined that the nightingale as well as the owl and the echo had really joined in, too. And if I had ever heard the morning star, or were able to play its melody on my bagpipe, I would have slipped out of the hut to take my part in the song, for this harmony seemed so lovely to me.

But I fell asleep and didn't wake up again till well into day, when the hermit stood in front of me and said, "Get up, little man. I want to give you something to eat and then show you your way through the forest so that you can get back to your people and arrive in the next village before dark."

"What kinds of things are those, **people** and **village**? I asked.
"Haven't you ever been to a village, and don't you know what **people** or **men** are?" he replied.

"No, I've never been anywhere but here. But tell me what **people**, **men** and **village** are?" I asked.

"God preserve us!" the hermit replied. "Are you feeble-minded or are you normal?"

"Neither," I answered, "I'm the **boy** of my meuder and knan, so my name's neither **Feeble-minded** nor **Normal.** "

Astonished, the hermit crossed himself and sighed, then he said: "Well, my dear child, it's up to me to instruct you better for the sake of God."

Then the conversation took place which I will tell of in the next chapter.

THE 8TH CHAPTER: HOW SIMPLICIUS MAKES KNOWN HIS SUPERIORITY BY MEANS OF HIS ELEVATED CONVERSATION

Hermit: What are you called?

Simplicius: I'm called **boy.**

Herm: I can see that you're not a little girl. But what did your father and mother name you?

Simp: I never had a father or a mother.

Herm: Then who gave you that shirt?

Simp: My meuder.

Herm: And what did your meuder call you?

Simp: She called me **boy,** and also **rascal, clumsy oaf** and **gallows-bird.**

Herm: And who is your meuder's husband?

Simp: Nobody.

Herm: Then who did your meuder sleep with at night?

Simp: With my knan.

Herm: And what did your knan call you?

Simp: He called me **boy**.

Herm: And what is your knan called?

Simp: He's called **knan.**

Herm: But what does your meuder call him?

Simp: **Knan,** and also **boss.**

Herm: Didn't she ever call him anything else?

Simp: Yes, she did.

Herm: What, then?

Simp: **Boar**, **roughneck**, **drunken pig,** and some other names when she was angry with him.

Herm: You are an ignorant simpleton! You don't even know your parents' names - or even your own name!
Simp: Well? You don't know them either.

Herm: Have you ever learned to worship?

Simp: No, our Ann and my meuder always did all the washin' up.

Herm: I'm asking if you can say The Lord's Prayer.

Simp: Yes, I can.

Herm: Then go ahead!

Simp: Our dear Father, who art in heaven, hollow be name - come to the kingdom - Thy will be done - heaven and earth - give us our debts as we give our debtors - lead us not in no bad attempts, but deliver from the kingdom and the power and the glory, Ama.

Herm: Haven't you ever been to chapel?

Simp: Sure! I climbed right up and got a whole shirtful of apples!

Herm: I didn't say **apple** - I said **chapel.**

Simp: Ahha! **Charcoal**? Them's ashes, ain't they?

Herm: Oh, heaven help me! Don't you know anything of our Lord?

Simp: Sure! He's on the door at home above the holy picture. My meuder brought him with her from the church fair and pasted him up there.

Herm: Oh, my good God! Only now do I understand what a great grace and blessing it is to be allowed to partake of Your knowledge, and how a man is nothing at all if You do not give it to him. Oh Lord, lend me Your blessed name to honor so that I will be worthy to thank You zealously for this great grace, which You have so generously granted me...Listen, Simplicius - for I can't call you anything else - when you say The Lord's

Prayer, you have got to say: Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and...

Simp: Hey, there's some cheese there, too, huh?

Herm: Oh, dear child - be still and learn. You need learning much more than cheese. You are clumsy, just like your mother said. Boys like you should not interrupt an old man, but should be still, listen, and learn. If I only knew where your parents lived, I would like to take you there again and teach them how to bring up children.

Simp: But I don't know where to go! Our house was burned down, and my meuder ran away, and she came back again with Ursele, and my knan did too. And our milkmaid was sick and lay in the stall.

Herm: Who burned the house down?

Simp: Well, there was these iron men who came. They sat on these things that were as big as oxen, but didn't have no horns. They stabbed our sheep and cows and pigs, and then I ran away, and then the house burned down.

Herm: And where was your knan?

Simp: Oh,...the iron men tied him up and our old nanny goat licked his feet so that my knan had to laugh, and he gave these iron men a lot of white pennies, big and little, and some pretty shiny things, and pretty strings of little white balls.

Herm: What happened then?

Simp: Well, when I was supposed to be watching the sheep, they wanted to take my bagpipe away from me.

Herm: When were you supposed to be watching the sheep?

Simp: Are you deaf? When the iron men came - and after that our Ann said that I should run away, otherwise the soldiers would take me with them. But she meant the iron men. And then I ran away and came here.

Herm: But where do you want to go now?

Simp: I really don't know. I want to stay here with you.

Herm: To keep you here is neither to your advantage nor to mine. But eat, then I'll lead you to people again.

Simp: Well, first tell me what kind of things **people** are.

Herm:.People are humans, like you and me. Your knan, your meuder and your Ann are humans, and when a lot of them are together, we call them **people.**

Simp: Ahha!

Herm: Now go on and eat.

This was our conversation. While it was going on, the hermit often looked at me and sighed deeply. I don't know if he did that because he had pity on me because of my simplicity and ignorance, or for a reason that I first discovered many years later.

THE 9TH CHAPTER: SIMPLICIUS GOES FROM BEING A BEAST TO BEING A CHRISTIAN MAN

Then I started eating and stopped gabbing, at least until I'd stilled my hunger and the old man had asked me to leave. Then I searched for the very tenderest words my rustic crudeness would allow in order to persuade the hermit to let me stay with him. Even though it was not easy for him to put up with my tiresome presence, he decided to tolerate me, but more to instruct me in the Christian religion than to make use of my labor in his old age. His greatest worry was that my tender youth would not be able to put up with such a hard way of living for very long.

My probation year lasted from about the three weeks in which St. Gertrude[31] lay in the fields with the gardeners, and so I took up their calling. And I did so well that the hermit took a special liking to me, not really because of my work, which I was already used to doing, but because he saw that I was just as eager to hear his instructions as the wax-soft and still-smooth tablet of my heart was to receive them. For these reasons, he was even more willing to lead me on in everything good.

He began his instructions with the fall of Lucifer[32]. From there he went on to Paradise and, when we were expelled from there with our first parents, he went through the Law of Moses, and taught me to distinguish the virtues from the vices, and to do good and avoid evil by means of The Ten Commandments of God and their interpretation (which he called the true guides for finding the will of God and for leading a holy life).

Finally he got around to the Gospels and told me about the birth, suffering, death and resurrection of Christ. Then he ended with the Last Judgment and pictured heaven and hell before my eyes with fitting detail, but without superfluous rambling, and in the way he thought I would best be able to grasp and understand them. When he was finished with one subject, he began another. He knew how to patiently accommodate himself so well to my questions, and how to proceed with me that he could not have poured it into me any better. His life and his talk were a continuous sermon to me which, by divine grace, my understanding (which wasn't really so dull and wooden after all) did not let pass without bearing fruit. I not only grasped everything a Christian should know in those three weeks, but I also won such a love for this instruction that I could hardly sleep nights.

I have often thought about this matter since then, and I discovered that Aristotle, in Book 3 of **De Anima,** was right when he compared a man's soul to an empty and unwritten tablet upon which many things can be inscribed; Aristotle also told us that these smooth tablets could be marked by diligent impression and practice, and thus be brought to completion and perfection. For this reason his commentator Averroes[33] gave us this clear interpretation of Book 2 of **De Anima,** where The Philosopher says that the **intellectus** is as **potentia**, but cannot be brought into actum except by means of **scientiam** (that is, the human understanding is capable of it, but cannot reach it without diligent exercise). This **scientia** or exercise is the perfection of the soul, which is useless without it. Cicero confirms this in Book 2 of **Tuscul. quaest**., where he compares a human soul without learning, knowledge and exercise to a field which, though fruitful by nature, brings forth no fruit because it is not cultivated and sown.

I proved the truth of all this on myself, for I quickly grasped everything which the pious hermit presented to me because he had found the smooth tablet of my soul blank and without any previous impressions to hinder the recording of anything. At the same time however, because my pure simplicity towards others still remained in me, the hermit called me **Simplicius**, for neither he nor I knew my real name.

Meanwhile, I had also learned to pray. And after he had decided to satisfy my firm desire to remain with him, we built a hut just like his for me out of wood, branches and earth. It was shaped almost like the musketeers' tents in the field, or rather, like the mounds for turnips which peasants often build. It was so low that I could hardly sit upright in it. My bed was made of leaves and grass. Because it was almost as high as the hut itself, I don't know if I should call it a covered bed or a hut.

THE 10TH CHAPTER: HOW HE LEARNED TO READ AND WRITE IN THE WILD FOREST

When I saw the hermit reading the Bible the first time, I couldn't imagine with whom he could be carrying on such a secret and (to my mind) very serious conversation. I saw well enough the movement of his lips, but I didn't see anyone talking to him. I knew nothing of reading and writing, but I could see by his eyes that he was busy with something in the book. I kept my eye on the book and, after he had put it aside, I went over to it, opened it up to the first chapter of Job, and my eye fell on the illustration at the beginning. It was a fine woodcut which had been beautifully illuminated.

I asked this picture some strange questions, but when I didn't get any answer, I became impatient and (just as the hermit had slipped up behind me) I said, "You little bunglers, have you lost your tongues? Didn't you just finish gabbing long enough with my father?" (For that is what I had come to call the hermit.) "I can see very well that you are the ones who drove my poor knan's sheep home and set fire to our house. Just wait, I can still put out that fire." Then I stood up to get some water because I imagined that I needed it.

"Where are you going, Simplicius?" the hermit asked, though I wasn't aware that he had been behind me.

"Oh, Father!" I said. "There are the soldiers-they've just taken the sheep from the poor man you were talking to, and they want to drive them off. Now his house is on fire and it will burn to the ground if I don't put it out." And with these words, I pointed out to him what I saw in the picture.

"Just stay where you are," the hermit said. "There isn't any danger."

In my refined way I replied, "Are you blind? Watch out that they don't drive the sheep off, and I'll go fetch some water."

"But the pictures aren't alive!" the hermit replied. "They've been made to show us things that happened long ago."

"Well, why aren't they alive? You were just talking to them." I replied.

Although he didn't want to, and it wasn't like him, the hermit had to laugh. "Dear child," he said, "these pictures can't talk. But what they are, I can find out from these black lines. That's what you call reading. And when I read like that, you think that I'm talking to the pictures, but that just isn't the case."

"Since I'm a man like you," I replied, "I should also be able to see what you see in the black lines. What are you trying to tell me? Dear Father, what am I to make of this thing?"

Then he replied, "Well, my son, let's start then: I'll teach you so that you will be able to talk with these pictures, just as I do. It will take time. I'll need patience - and you, diligence."

Then he wrote all of the letters out for me on birch bark, just the way they are printed. After I had learned the alphabet, I also learned how to spell, and then how to read. Finally, I could write even better than the hermit himself because I made all the letters exactly as they were printed.

THE 11TH CHAPTER: DISCUSSES FOOD, HOUSEHOLD GOODS AND OTHER NECESSARY THINGS WHICH WE MUST HAVE IN THIS MORTAL LIFE

I remained in the forest for about two years prior to the death of my hermit, and somewhat more than a half of a year thereafter. So I think that I should tell the curious reader (who often wants to know even the smallest details) something of our doings, trade, traffic, and how we spent our time.

We ate all kinds of garden vegetables turnips, cabbage, beans, peas, and all that sort of thing. Nor did we refuse beechnuts, wild apples, peas and cherries. Even acorns often made our hunger pleasant. Our bread (or perhaps I should say cake), which we baked on hot coals, was made from pounded wild-grain. In winter we caught birds with snares and cords, and in the spring and summer, God gave us the young from their nests. We often made do with snails and frogs, and we also liked to fish with line and weir, because a brook full of fish and crayfish ran near our huts and we even conveyed our rough vegetables on it, too. We even kept a young wild pig in a pen for a while. We raised it on acorns and beechnuts till we finally fattened and ate it, for my hermit knew that it couldn't be a sin to enjoy what God had given the whole human race for this purpose. We needed but little salt, and no seasoning at all because we didn't want to awaken the desire for drink because we had no wine cellar. We got a bare minimum of salt from a pastor who lived about three miles away. (I'll have much more to say about him later.)

We had enough household goods because we had a shovel, a hoe, an ax and an iron pot for cooking that we had borrowed from the pastor I just mentioned. Each of us had a dull and worn knife that belonged to us, but nothing else. We had no need of dishes, plates, spoons, forks, kettles, pans, grates, spits, salt shakers, or other tableware or kitchen utensils because our pot was also our dish, and our hands were our forks and spoons. When we wanted to drink, we did it through a reed from the spring or we put our mouths into the water, like Gideon's warriors[34]. We had no garments, wools, silks, cottons, or linens (for beds, tables and drapes), other than that which we wore because we thought that we had enough if we could protect ourselves from the rain and frost. We had no rules or order in our household except on Sundays and holy days. Then, very early, we would arrive unseen at the church of the pastor I just mentioned, for it was far enough away from the village.

There we awaited the church services near a broken organ from where we could see both the altar and the pulpit. When I saw the pastor mount it for the first time, I asked my hermit what he was doing in that big wash tub. After the services were over, we returned home as unnoticed as we had come. When we arrived with tired bodies and feet, we ate poor food with good teeth. Then the hermit used the rest of the day to pray and instruct me in blessed things.

On workdays we did whatever was most in need of doing according to what the situation, the season of the year or the occasion demanded. At one time we worked in the garden; at another we gathered compost in shady places and from hollow trees to improve our garden with instead of using dung. Sometimes we wove baskets or fish weirs or we gathered firewood, fished or did something else to avoid idleness. And while all this was going on, the hermit never stopped faithfully instructing me in all things good. Meanwhile, this hard life taught me to overcome hunger, thirst, heat, cold and hard labor - but above all, it taught me to know God and to serve Him righteously, which was the noblest thing of all.

My true hermit didn't want me to learn anything else than how to know and serve God, because he believed that a Christian needed only that to reach his final end - if he also diligently prayed and labored.

Although I was rather well-versed in spiritual matters and spoke the German language as beautifully as if **Orthographia** herself were pronouncing it, I still remained a complete simpleton. When I finally did leave the forest, I was such a miserable wretch in the world that I didn't know beans when the bag was open.

THE 12TH CHAPTER: TAKES NOTE OF A BEAUTIFUL WAY TO DIE AND TO HAVE YOURSELF BURIED AT VERY LITTLE EXPENSE

I had spent about two years there and had become accustomed to the hard life of a hermit, when my best friend on earth took his mattock, gave me a shovel, and led me by the hand (as was his habit) to our garden, where we usually went to pray."Now Simplicius, dear child," he said, "praise God, for the time has come for me to leave this world, pay the debt of Nature, and leave you behind me here on earth. I can imagine what you will encounter in the events of your life, and I know well that you will not remain for long in this wilderness. I have tried to strengthen you on your path of virtue and to give the lessons for your instruction which should be infallible guides for your life, so that you may attain eternal blessedness and be worthy to see the face of God and the holy elect for all eternity in the life to come."

These words flooded my eyes with water in the same way the enemy's devices had flooded the city of Villingen[35]. His words were so unbearable that I couldn't stand to hear them - still I said, "My dearest Father, do you want to leave me alone in the forest. Should the..." But I was not able to say another word. The great love which I had for my true father caused my heart so much pain that I sank down to his feet as if I were dead. He helped me up again and consoled me as well as time and opportunity would allow. At the same time, he showed me my error by asking me if I wanted to resist the will of the Almighty.

"Don't you know," he went on, "that neither heaven or hell is able to do that? So, my son, you can't either! What do you dare to load upon my weak body, which is so desirous of rest? Do you mean to force me to stay longer in this vale of tears? No, my son, let me go. You won't be able to make me remain any longer in this misery with cries or tears, much less against my will. Only the express will of God could do that. Instead of your useless howling, listen to my last words, which are that you should learn to know yourself, and if you get to be as old as Methuselah, you should not let this practice out of your heart. Most men have never known what they were, or what they should have been, because they have been damned."

He also advised me to always keep away from bad company because the damage would be beyond measure. To give me an example of this he said, "If you shake a drop of sweet Malvasier wine into a dish of vinegar, it will turn into vinegar, but put that much vinegar into a dish of Malvasier, and it will turn into Malvasier." Then he went on to say, "Dear son, above all, remain constant, for he who perseveres to the end will be blessed. But if it happens (and I hope it doesn't) that you should fall because of human weakness, get right up again by means of sincere penance."

This scrupulously pious man didn't tell me any more, not because he didn't know any more, but because he thought I was too young to understand more in my condition and because few words are easier to remember than a lot of chatting. If they have juice and emphasis, reflection will make greater use of them than long sermons, which may be well understood, but are usually soon forgotten.

These three things - know yourself, avoid bad company and persevere - had been held by the pious old man to be good and necessary because he himself had practiced them and they had not failed him. For after he had come to know himself, he not only avoided bad company, but the whole world as well, and he persevered in his resolution right to the end. There can be no doubt that blessedness depends upon this, but in what way, I will tell you later.

After he had told me these things, he started to dig his own grave with a mattock. I helped him as well as I could, like he told me to do, but I still couldn't imagine what his purpose was. Then he said, "My dear and only real son - for I have sired no creature other than you for the honor of God - when my soul has gone to its home, pay your last respects to my body and then cover me up with what we have just taken out of this pit."

Then he took me in his arms and, kissing me, he pressed me much harder to his breast than it would have seemed possible for a man like him. "My dear child," he said, "I commend you

to the protection of God, and I die much happier because I hope that He will receive you up there." For my part, I couldn't do any more than blubber and lament. I hung onto the chain he wore around his neck and thought that I could hold him back that way so that he couldn't get away from me, but he said, "My son, let me go so that I can see if the grave is long enough."

Then he took the chain off along with his robe, put himself into the grave like someone who wanted to lie down to sleep. Then he said:"Ah, great God, now take back the soul You have given me. Lord, I commend my spirit unto Your hands," and so on. Then he quietly closed his lips and eyes. But I stood there like a dried codfish and didn't think that his dear soul had left his body at all because I had often seen him in the same raptures.

As was my habit in such circumstances, I remained for several hours beside the grave, but when my beloved hermit didn't want to get out again, I climbed down to him in the grave and started to shake, kiss and caress him, but there was no life there anymore grim and inexorable Death had robbed poor Simplicius of his dear companion. Then I sprinkled, or to put it better, I embalmed his lifeless body with my tears. After I had run back and forth for a long time with my wretched cries, I began to cover him with more sighs than shovels of dirt. And when I had covered his face, I climbed down and uncovered it again so that I could see and kiss it. I did this all day long till I was finished and had ended the funeral services and last rites alone, without any bier, coffin, shroud, candles, pallbearers or funeral procession - or even any clergy to lament the dead.

THE 13TH CHAPTER: SIMPLICIUS LETS HIMSELF BE DRIVEN ABOUT LIKE A REED IN A WEIR

Some days after the death of my hermit, I made my way to the pastor I mentioned to tell him of the passing of my master and ask what I should do in my situation. Although he sternly warned me not to stay in the forest any longer, I bravely followed the footsteps of my master and tried all summer long to do the .things a pious monk should do.

But time changed me, just as it does all things, and the grief I bore for my hermit gradually diminished as the extreme sharpness of winter's cold extinguished the inner warmth of my rigid resolution. The more I began to sway, the more indolent I became in my prayers. Instead of contemplating godly and heavenly things, I let myself be overpowered by the desire to behold the world.

Because it wasn't much use anymore to try to do good where I was, I thought of going to the pastor again to see if he would advise me to leave the forest, as he had done before. This is the reason I went to his village. But when I arrived there, I found it in flames because a band of brigands had just plundered it and put it to the torch. Some of the peasants had been slaughtered, others had been driven off and many had been taken prisoner, along with the pastor himself.

Oh, God! How full of pain and trouble is human life! One misfortune hardly ends before we are struck with another. I am not surprised that the heathen philosopher Timon of Athens erected so many gallows for men to hang themselves on and thus put an end to their miserable lives with one brief cruelty.

The brigands were just ready to leave and were leading the pastor by a rope. Some were shouting, "Shoot the rascal down!" But others wanted to try to get some money out of him. The pastor raised his hand and asked to be spared for the sake of the Last Judgment and to receive Christian mercy, but his words were in vain - one of them rode him down and struck his head. Sprawled out on all fours, he commended his soul to God. The captured peasants who were left didn't fare any better at all.

When it looked as if the brigands had gone insane in their tyrannical cruelty, a swarm of armed peasants suddenly came out of the forest as if someone had poked a wasps' nest. They started to scream so horribly and to attack the brigands so furiously, that my hair stood on end.

I had never seen that kind of free-for-all because the peasants of the Spessart don't let people trifle with them on their own dunghill anymore than do the peasants from Hesse, the Sauerland, or the Black Forest[36]!

The brigands tore out of there, leaving not only the captured animals behind, but also the packs and bags they threw aside. They cast all of their spoils to the winds to keep themselves from becoming the spoils of the peasants. Nonetheless, some of them did fall into the hands of the peasants.

This amusement nearly took away my desire to see the world. I thought that if this is the way things go here, then the wilderness is much more attractive. Nevertheless, I still wanted to hear what the pastor had to tell me. Though he was weak and completely exhausted from the wounds and blows he'd received, he did tell me that he neither knew how to help me, nor what to advise me, because he himself had got into a situation where he would have to beg for his bread. If I stayed in the forest any longer, I would have to do without his help because his church and parsonage were burning right in front of my eyes.

After that, I sadly made my way towards the forest and my hut. Considering that I'd found very little help on this trip, but very much to make me more devout, I decided that I would never again leave the wilderness. I even thought about the possibility of living without salt (which the pastor had been giving me up till then) so that I would be able to do without people altogether.

THE 14 CHAPTER: IS A STRANGE COMEDY OF FIVE PEASANTS

I put on the hair shirt that the hermit had left me and I fastened his chain over it so that I could realize my plan to become a real forest brother. It is not that I needed them to mortify my untamed flesh, but so that I would be like my master in dress as well as in living, and also because I wanted to protect myself against the raw cold of winter.

On the second day after the village had been burned down and plundered, I was sitting in my hut and baking yellow turnips in the fire to eat while I prayed, when I was surrounded by forty or fifty musketeers. Although they were astonished by my strange appearance, they still stormed through my hut looking for what was not there to find, because I had nothing but some books, which they threw around because they had no use for them.

Finally, after they had taken a closer look at me and had seen by my feathers what a sorry bird they'd caught, they could tell that there wasn't much hope for plunder here. After that, they became astonished at my harsh life and took pity on my tender youth, particularly the officer in command. He respectfully asked me to show him and his men the way out of the forest in which they had been wandering around for a long time. I didn't refuse for a moment, but showed them the path to the village where the pastor had been so ill-treated because I knew of no other one.

But before we had reached the edge of the forest, we saw about ten peasants. Some of them were armed with guns while others were busily burying something. The musketeers went at them screaming, "Halt! Halt!", but the peasants answered them with their guns. When they saw that they were outnumbered by the soldiers, they bolted away so quickly that the tired musketeers could not catch up with any of them. Then they wanted to dig up what the peasants had buried. This work was easy enough because the shovels and mattocks which the peasants had used had been left behind.

They'd hardly done a lick of work when they heard a voice coming up from below: "Oh, you wanton rascals! Oh, you arch-villains. Do you think that heaven will allow your unchristian cruelty and knavish trick to go unpunished? No! There are still plenty of honest men around to punish your inhumanity so that nobody will ever lick your backsides again."

When they heard this, the soldiers looked at each other because they didn't know what to do. Some thought that they'd found a ghost, and I imagined that I was dreaming, but their officer ordered them to keep right on digging. When they came to a barrel, they broke it open and found a man inside. He didn't have any ears or a nose, but he was still alive.

As soon as he had recovered a bit and had been recognized by some of the soldiers, he told us that the day before some peasants had captured six soldiers of his regiment while they had been foraging. They had just shot five of them only an hour before. They had been forced to line up behind each other and, having already passed through the first five bodies, the bullet had not hit him, the sixth and final man. Then they had cut off his ears and nose, but not before having forced him to lick the haunches of the five peasants. Although they hadn't killed him, he'd felt so abused by these dishonorable and godforsaken rascals that he had called them what they were and had used the most abusive language he could think of in the hope that one of them would lose his patience and give him a bullet, but that had been in vain. But because he had angered them, they had put him in this barrel and buried him alive. They said that, because he had wanted to be killed so much, they would play a trick on him and not do it!

While he was complaining about the misery he had suffered, another party of soldiers came up to us on foot across the forest. They had encountered the peasants, captured five of them, and shot the others. Among the prisoners were four who had just forced the abused soldier to do their will so shamefully. After the two parties had recognized that they belonged to the same army by calling out to each other, they met together and listened to the soldier tell what had happened to him and his comrades again.

It was amazing to watch how they tortured the peasants after that. In a flash of anger, some of the soldiers wanted to shoot them on the spot, but others said, "No, these frivolous birds have got to be really tormented first. They should get what they've got coming to them because of what they had done to this soldier."

In the meanwhile, they gave the peasants such hard blows in the ribs with their muskets that they almost vomited blood. Finally a soldier stepped forward and said, "Men, because what these five peasants have done to this misfit" (then he pointed to the abused soldier) "is a disgrace for all soldiers, it is only right that we wipe away this shame again and have these rascals lick the soldier's haunches a hundred times."

But another man replied, "This fellow isn't worth having that honor because, if he hadn't have been such a misfit, he wouldn't have disgraced every honest soldier by doing something so shameful. He should have died a thousand times instead."

Finally they unanimously decided that each of the cleaned-off peasants should make up for it on ten soldiers, saying each time, "With this I extinguish and wipe away the disgrace which the soldiers think they have received when a misfit licked our haunches." Only after this clean work had been done would they decide what else to do with the peasants. But when they got down to business, the peasants were so stubborn that neither the promise to let them live, nor the threat of pain could persuade them to do it.

One man led the fifth peasant, who had not been licked, to one side and said to him, "If you'll deny God and all his saints, I'll let you go wherever you want to."

The peasant replied that he'd never had any use for the saints, and had little to do with God himself - and then he solemnly swore that he did not know God, and that he did not want any share in his kingdom.

Then the soldier fired a bullet at his forehead. But this was about as effective as if it had been fired against a steel mountain. Then the soldier drew out his long knife and said, "Well, you're that kind, huh? I promised to let you go wherever you wanted to, so now I'm sending you to the kingdom of hell because you didn't want to go to heaven." And with that he split the peasant's head apart down to his teeth, saying as he fell, "That's the way you should avenge yourselves - by punishing these loose rascals in time and eternity."

In the meanwhile, the other soldiers had grabbed the four peasants who had been licked and tied them over a fallen tree by their hands and feet so that their backsides were pointing straight up in the air. After they had pulled off the peasants' breeches, the soldiers took some fathom-long fuses, put knots in the ends of them, and fiddled them so roughly through their backsides that the red juice began to flow out of them. "There!" they said. "We've got to dry out your

cleaned backsides for you rascals. "

Although the peasants screamed wretchedly, it was only an amusement for the soldiers, who didn't stop sawing away with the fuses till the flesh and skin were gone down to the leg.

They let me go back to my hut because the party which had just arrived knew the way, so I have no way of knowing what they finally did to the peasants.

THE 15TH CHAPTER: SIMPLICIUS IS DESPOILED AND HAS A STRANGE DREAM ABOUT THE PEASANTS AND WHAT HAPPENS IN TIME OF WAR

When I arrived at my home, I found that I had been robbed of my firewood and of all my household goods, including the miserable supply of food which I had raised in the garden during the summer and carefully saved for the coming winter. "What should I do now?" I .thought. In my need, I turned to prayer. I also got together the few wits I had in order to try to think of what I should do or avoid.

But because the little experience I'd had was not enough, I couldn't think of anything. It was right for me to commend myself to God, because I knew how to put my trust in Him alone, otherwise I would have undoubtedly fallen into despair and perished. In addition to that, the things I'd heard and seen that day remained continually on my mind. I didn't think as much of the food and my own survival as I did of the hatred between soldiers and peasants. In my simplicity, I couldn't come to any other conclusion except that there must be two different kinds of men in the world. They were not all of one kind from Adam on, but were either wild or tame, just like other irrational animals, because they persecuted each other so terribly.

With these thoughts on my mind, I went to sleep out of irritation and cold, and with an empty stomach. Then, in a dream[37], it seemed to me as if all of the trees around my hut had suddenly changed and taken on an entirely different appearance. On the top of every tree sat a cavalier, and all of the branches were adorned with men of every sort, instead of leaves. Some of them had long pikes, others muskets, short rifles, partisans[38], pennons, and drums and pipes.

I enjoyed looking at them because they were so orderly and precisely divided according to rank. The roots were made up of such common people as craftsmen, day-laborers, peasants, and others like them. They gave the tree its strength and replenished it whenever it got weak. They even replaced the leaves which fell, though that brought them even greater ruin. Occasionally they even let out a sigh because of those who were sitting in the tree.

And rightly so, for they had to bear the whole weight of the tree, which pressed down so hard upon them that all of the money in their purses, and even that which was under lock and key, was pressed out of them. But if the money didn't want to come out, the commissioners curried them with brooms (this was called military extraction) so much that groans came out of their hearts, tears out of their eyes, blood out of their nails and marrow out of their bones. But there were also people among them called wiseacres - they didn't bother themselves about anything - they just took everything in their stride and carried all kinds of ridicule around with them instead of consolation.

THE 16TH CHAPTER: WHAT SOLDIERS TODAY DO AND DON'T DO. AND HOW HARD IT IS FOR A COMMON SOLDIER TO BE PROMOTED

Though the roots of these trees had to be patient and get along with nothing but toil and lamentation, those who were on the lower branches also had to do that, but with much more trouble, labor and hardship. Nonetheless, they were often jollier than the former, but also more stubborn, tyrannical and (frequently) more godless. They were always a heavy and intolerable burden for the roots. The following verse had been attached to them:

Hunger and thirst, heat and cold,
Labor and want, just as of old.
Violence and injustice, they say,
Commit we men of arms every day.

These lines did not lie, for they described their deeds: They ate and drank, whored and buggered, rattled and played, gorged and caroused, murdered and were murdered, struck dead and were struck dead in turn, tormented and suffered torment, chased and were chased, frightened and were made afraid, robbed and then were robbed, plundered and were plundered, feared and were feared in turn, causing misery and then suffering it, striking and then being struck. To sum it all up, their entire being and doing consisted of ruining and destroying and being ruined and destroyed in turn.

And in all this, they didn't let themselves be deterred by either winter or summer, snow or ice, heat or cold, rain or wind, mountain or valley, fields or swamps, by either ditches or passes. Neither seas, nor walls, nor water, nor ramparts could stop them. They couldn't be deterred by either father or mother, by brother or sister, by danger to their bodies or to their souls and consciences, or even by the loss of life or of heaven, or by anything else which might have a name.

On the contrary, they busily went on with their work, though gradually they were killed, died, perished and expired in battles, sieges, attacks, campaigns - and even in their quarters (which are the soldiers' earthly paradise, especially when they meet up with fat peasants). Only a few of them survive, and - if they haven't bravely stolen and stashed away - they make the very best beggars and tramps of all in their old age.

Directly above these badly-used people sat old chicken thieves who had suffered great danger on the lower branches for many years and had been lucky enough to have escaped death. They looked more serious and reputable than the ones below because they had climbed up one degree. But above them, others had still higher pretensions because they commanded those who were lower. They were called jacket-whackers because they flayed the backs and heads of the pikers with whips and curses. They were used to "giving the musketeers the rod so that they could clean their rifles".

There was an interval above them which was smooth and without branches. It had been smeared with marvelous materials and unusual soaps of envy so that nobody - except a noble - could go up, regardless of his courage, skill, knowledge or ability to climb, for this interval was polished more smoothly than a marble pillar or a steel mirror. Men with regimental flags sat above this spot. Some of them were young but others were rather old. The young ones had been lifted up there by their cousins. Some of the old ones had climbed up there themselves, either with the ladder which is called pay-off, or over a footbridge which fortune had built for them out of the misfortune of others.

Farther up above sat even higher-placed men They also had their sorrow, trouble and struggle, but they enjoyed the advantage of being able to increase their spoils with the fat which they had cut out of the roots with a knife they called “contribution”. They had it best of all when a commissioner came along and shook out a tub of gold coins over the tree to refresh

it, though most of this would be caught by those above, while those who were farthest below got next to nothing. For this reason, the latter starve to death more often than they are killed by the enemy. (Those higher up are spared both of these perils.)

There was an unceasing scrabbling and climbing on this tree because everyone wanted to sit in the highest and most blissful places. Nevertheless, there were many lazy and dissolute good-for-nothings who didn't deserve their barracks bread, for they did little to be promoted, and just performed their duty one way or another. Those farthest below who had ambition hoped that those higher up would fall so that they could sit in their places. But if one in ten thousand did succeed in going very far, it only happened after he had reached such a decrepit age that he would have been better off behind a stove baking apples than in the field with the enemy. And if someone were advancing and working conscientiously, he was envied by the others, or he was robbed of both his post and his life by some accidental and unfortunate whiff of gun smoke.

Nowhere was it harder to gain a hold than on the smooth part I just described, for if they had a good corporal or sergeant, they didn't want to lose him, and that would happen if they promoted him to ensign. So instead of old soldiers, they took ink-slingers, valets, grown-up pages, poor nobles, some cousin or other, or else some other hangers-on or starvelings to snatch the bread out of their jaws by becoming ensigns.

THE 17TH CHAPTER: ALTHOUGH IN WAR THE NOBLEMAN IS RIGHTLY PREFERRED TO THE COMMON MAN. MANY OF LOW BIRTH DO ATTAIN HIGH HONORS

This made one old sergeant so angry that he began to complain loudly, but Noblemeek said to him, "Don't you know that higher military offices have always been held by persons of nobility because they are most suited for them. You can't beat the enemy with gray beards - If we could, we would send out a herd of billy goats. It goes like this:

A younger bull can lead them all,
If it's wise and bold he be.
He'll be more honored in his stall,
Than long-tried senility.
The herdsman can also trust him now,
Though young in years he be.
For only custom tells us how,
To honor antiquity.

"Tell me, you old wreck, won't an officer of noble birth be more respected by his troops than someone who used to be a common drudge? And what kind of discipline in war can you have without respect? Can't a commander trust a cavalier more than he can a peasant boy who has run away from his father's plow because he didn't want to be of any help to his parents? An upright nobleman would rather die honorably than disgrace his family name by disloyalty, desertion, or anything like that. Besides, the nobility should be preferred in every way; that's clear enough. Johannes de Platea[39] expressly says that the nobility are to be given preference in filling offices and that noblemen are rightly preferred to plebeians. This is the usual practice of all laws, and it is confirmed by the Sacred Scripture, for: **Beate terra, cujus Rex nobilis est**, according to **Sirach,** Chapter 10[40], which is a magnificent witness to the preference which nobility rightly deserves.

"And even if one of your kind is not afraid of combat and can give a good account of himself under all circumstances, that doesn't mean that he is also able to command others. The

nobility, on the other hand, are born with this virtue or have accustomed themselves to it from their youth. Seneca says:**Habet hoc proprium generosus animus, quod concitatur ad honesta. et neminem excelsi ingenii virum humilia delectant et sordida.**[41]

"Faustus Poeta[42] also expressed the same thought in this distich:

Si te rusticitas vilem genuisset agrestis,
Nobilitas animi non foret ista tui.

"In addition, a nobleman also has more means to help his subordinates with money and to supply weak companies with men at his own expense than does a peasant. And according to a common saying, it is not right when a peasant is put in change of a nobleman. Anyway, peasants would be much too haughty if they were turned into gentlemen, for it is said:

There is no sword that's sharper than,
An elevated peasant man.

"If the peasant had had the long and praiseworthy tradition of possessing military and other offices, as does the nobility, he certainly would not be in any hurry to elevate a nobleman.

"Although nobles would like to help you **soldiers of fortune**[43] (as you are called) to attain higher honors, you are usually so used up by the time you have been tested and found worthy of promotion that they hesitate to advance you, because the fire of youth is gone and the only thing you want to do is to take care of your sick bodies, which are worn out by the hardship they have endured, and are of little further use for military service. God grant that there may be men to fight and gain honor, but still, a young dog likes to hunt more than an old lion."

To this the old sergeant replied, "What fool would want to serve if he couldn't hope that his good service could get him promoted, thus rewarding him for his loyal work. The devil take your kind of war! Then it wouldn't matter if a soldier's service were good or not. I've often heard our old colonel say that he didn't want any soldier in his regiment who didn't think that he could become a general through good service. The whole world has to admit that those nations which advance common but worthy soldiers and take their bravery into consideration are usually victorious. You can see that with the Persians and Turks. It is said:

The lamp burns brightly, but you must give it
ration,
Of fat olive oil, for it can soon burn out.
True service is by wage increased and comes
about,
The soldier's bravery demands its
compensation."

Noblemeek answered, "When you see the honest qualities of a worthy man, then you won't fail to notice that there are many nowadays who have left the plow, the needle, the cobbler's bench and the shepherd's crook to take up the sword. Many have served well and raised themselves far above the common nobility to the ranks of barons and counts. Who was the Emperor's Johann von Werd[44]? Do you know? Who was the Swedes' Stallhans[45], or the Hessians' Little Jakob[46] and St. Andreas[47]? We know of many more like them, but it would take too long to mention them all. This is not new to our time, nor will it change in future generations: Common but worthy people will rise to high honors in time of war, just as they did in antiquity. Tamerlane[48] was a mighty king and the terror of the whole world, but he was only a swineherd at first. Agathocles[49], king of Sicily, was a potter's son. Thelephas, a cartwright, was king of Lydia. The father of Emperor Valentinian[50] was a rope maker. Mauritius Cappadox, a serf, was emperor after Tiberius. Johannes Zemisces[51] came to imperial dignity from the schools. Flavius Vobiscum[52] tells us that Bonosus Imperator[53] was the son of a poor schoolmaster. Hyperbolus[54], the son of Chermidis, was first a lantern maker, and later Prince of Athens. Justinus[55]. who reigned before Justinian, was a swineherd before becoming emperor.

Hugo Capetus was the son of a butcher, and then king of France. Pizzaro[56] was also a swineherd before he became margrave in the West Indian Lands, which have gold by the ton . "

The sergeant replied, "That's just what I've been telling you! But I also see that the doors leading to various honors are being held closed to us by the nobility. As soon as they hatch out of their shells, they are put in places we don't dare to dream about, though we have done more than a lot of blue bloods who are now supposed to be colonels. Many noble intellects go to seed among the peasants because they can't afford to study, and many worthy soldiers, who honestly deserve a regiment because they know how to perform good service for a general, grow old carrying muskets."

THE 18TH CHAPTER: SIMPLICIUS TAKES HIS FIRST LEAP INTO THE WORLD AND HAS BAD LUCK

I didn't want to listen to this old donkey anymore, so I agreed with his complaints, though he had often beaten poor soldiers like dogs. I turned again to the trees which were covering the whole country and I saw how they moved themselves and bumped into each other. The soldiers up there fell down from the branches by the bushel, and crack and crash were one, quick and dead in the same moment. In a jiffy one lost an arm, another a leg, and a third even his head.

As I watched, I thought to myself that all of those trees that I saw were only one tree, and that Mars, the god of war, was sitting in its crown and covering all of Europe with its branches. I even imagined that this tree could have overshadowed the whole world, except that it was blown, as if by a sharp north wind, by envy and hate, by suspicion and jealousy, by vanity, arrogance, greed, and other such beautiful virtues which made the tree appear bare and transparent. That's why someone had written the following verse on its trunk:

> This great oak by the wind, is driven to
> ruination,
> Her own branches break off, and she suffers
> devastation:
> By domestic war and by fraternal strife,
> Is everything turned round, and it follows
> only blight.

I was awakened by the powerful rattling of this harmful wind and by the destruction of the tree itself. Then I saw that I was alone in my hut, so I began to think about what I should do. It was not possible for me to stay in the forest. Everything had been taken away from me and I couldn't support myself anymore. I didn't have anything left except some books, which lay scattered topsy-turvy all around. While I was tearfully picking them up again and appealing to God in my heart to lead me and to show me the way I should go, I found a letter that my hermit had written to me before he died; it went like this:

Dear Simplicius,

As soon as you find this note, leave the forest and rescue yourself and the pastor from your present troubles because he has helped me a great deal. God, who should always be before your eyes - and to whom you should zealously pray - will bring you to a place where you will be better off. Always keep God alone before your eyes and always try to serve Him just as if you were still with me in the forest. Think of my last words and obey them without fail - then you will be able to persevere.

Farewell!

I kissed this letter and the grave of the hermit many thousands of times over, then I set off on my way to look for people. I traveled on for two days in a single direction without stopping in order to find some of them. When night came upon me, I sought shelter in a hollow tree - I had nothing to eat but the beech nuts I'd gathered along the way.

But on the third day, I came to a rather level field not far from Gelnhausen[57], where I enjoyed a festive banquet because the field was covered with sheaves. I was lucky that the peasants hadn't been able to bring them in, for they had been driven away after the famous battle at Nördlingen[58]. I camped for the night under some sheaves because it was terribly cold. There I rubbed kernels out between my hands and ate my fill of wheat, which I hadn't enjoyed for a long time.

THE 19TH CHAPTER: HOW HANAU WAS TAKEN BY SIMPLICIUS AND SIMPLICIUS BY HANAU

When it turned day, I fed myself on the wheat grain and started on my way to Gelnhausen. When I got there, I found the city gates open (some of which had been burned). Though they were still half-barricaded with manure. I went inside, but I didn't find a single living person, though the streets were covered here and there with corpses. Some of them had been stripped, others had been left with only a shirt. This wretched sight was a frightening spectacle for me, as you can well imagine. In my simplicity I could not imagine what kind of misfortune could have put the city in such a condition. I found out a little later that the Weimar troops there had been overwhelmed by the Imperial Army.

I had hardly gone two stone-throws into the city before I'd seen all that I could stand, so I went through an adjoining meadow and came to the road which led me to the splendid fortress of Hanau[59]. As soon as I saw their first guard post, I wanted to run away, but two musketeers came up to lead me off to their duty station.

But before I continue my story, I should tell the reader about my appearance, for my clothes and manners were so very odd, strange and repulsive that the governor[60] of the city had a picture painted of me. First, my hair hadn't been cut, combed, curled or locked in the Greek, German or French way for three and a half years. It lay so decoratively on my head in its natural confusion, covered with the dust of more than a year instead of hair plunder, **poudre** or powder - whatever this fool stuff is called - that I peeked out from under it with my pale countenance like a barn owl that is about to pounce, or is otherwise braced to catch a mouse. Because I was used to going bareheaded all the time and my hair was naturally curly, I looked as though I had a Turkish turban on.

The rest of my clothes matched my hair: I wore my hermit's cloak (if it could still be called a cloak. The original cloth from which it had been made had completely disappeared and nothing at all was left of it except the form: More than a thousand bits of cloth of all colors had been patched and stitched together out of all kinds of scraps. Over this worn-out cloak, which had been mended much too often, I wore a hair shirt. Instead of a shoulder garment (I had used the arm-sleeves for a pair of stockings by cutting them off.) I had wound an iron chain neatly around my whole body crosswise in front and back like in the paintings of Saint Wilhelm. I looked very much like the people who had once been in Turkish captivity, but who went around the country to beg for their friends who were still prisoners.

My shoes had been carved out of wood and the shoe straps were woven from the bark of linden trees. My feet were as crab-red as if I were wearing a pair of stockings of the Spanish livery color or had colored my skin with the red dye of Brazil-wood. I think that if a swindler, tramp or huckster had owned me then and exhibited me as a Samoyed or a native of Greenland, he would have found fools enough who'd pay him a penny to have a look at me.

Although any intelligent person could easily conclude from my lean and starved appearance and from my neglected exterior that I hadn't run away from a kitchen or a lady's

chamber (much less from the household of some important gentleman) I was carefully interrogated under guard.

There I observed the absurd attire of the officer who examined me in much the same way the soldiers had gaped at me. I didn't know if he were a he or a she because he wore his hair and beard in the French fashion: He had long braids hanging down on both sides like horses' tails, and his beard was so miserably dressed and stubbed that between his muzzle and his nose only a few hairs had survived, and they were so short that they could hardly be seen. His wide breeches left me no less in doubt about his sex because they looked more like a woman's skirt to me than a pair of men's breeches. I thought to myself: "Is this a man? Then the dandy should have an honest beard because he is not as young as he pretends. But if it's a woman, why does the old whore have such a stubble around her muzzle? It must certainly be a woman because an honest man would never let his beard go to hell so miserably. They're like billy goats who are ashamed to set foot in a strange herd after they have had their beards docked. Standing there in doubt and being ignorant of the current fashion, I concluded that he must be both a man and a woman.

This manly woman or womanly man (as it seemed to me) had me searched everywhere, but nothing was found on me except a little book made of birch bark in which I had written my daily prayers and in which I had put the letter that my pious hermit had left behind as a farewell gift. He took this away from me. Because I didn't want to lose it, I fell down in front of him, grasped him around both knees and said, "Oh, my dear hermaphrodite, please let me have my prayer book."

"Fool!" he replied, "What devil told you that I'm called Herman?" Then he ordered two soldiers to take me to the governor, to whom he gave my book because this crackpot, as I noticed, could neither read nor write himself.

So I was led into the city, and everybody ran up to me as if a sea monster were being put on exhibition. They all wanted to see me and make something out of me. Some thought I was a spy; others believed that I was a maniac; and still others, a ghost or spirit, or some other kind of wonder which was supposed to have some special meaning. There were even some who thought that I was a fool - which would have probably been closest to the truth, if I had not known our dear Lord.

THE 20TH CHAPTER: HOW HE WAS SAVED FROM TORTURE AND PRISON

When I was brought before the governor, he asked me where I came from. I replied that I didn't know. Then he went on to ask, "Where do you want to go?"

I said, "I don't know."

"Then what the devil do you know ?" he asked. "What's your business?" And again I said that I didn't know. "Where is your home?" he asked. When I told him again that I didn't know, his face changed, though I don't know if it was out of anger or amazement.

But everyone is used to being suspicious, especially when foes are in the vicinity. As I told you, the enemy had taken Gelnhausen the previous night and had wiped out the regiment of dragoons inside.

Because he agreed with those who thought that I was a traitor or a scout, he ordered them to search me. But then the guard told him that that had already been done and that nothing had been found on me except my little book, which they gave to him. He read a few lines from it and asked me who had given the book to me. I answered that it had always been mine because I had written it myself.

"Why on birch bark?" he asked.

"Because the bark of other trees isn't suitable." I replied.

"You lout!" he shouted. "I'm asking you why you didn't write it on paper."

"Oh," I answered, "because we didn't have any of that in the forest."

The governor then asked, "Where? In which forest?" In my same old way I again answered that I didn't know.

Then the governor turned to some of the officers who were attending him and said, "This man is either an arch-rogue or a fool, and he can't be a fool because he can write like this." And while he talked he thumbed through my booklet so vigorously to show them the beautiful handwriting that the hermit's letter fell out. I turned pale when he had it picked up because I considered it to be my most precious treasure and relic. The governor certainly paid attention to this because he became even more suspicious of treason, particularly when he opened up the letter and read it because he said, "I know this handwriting and I know that it comes from a military officer I am well acquainted with, but I can't remember from which one."

The contents also seemed strange and incomprehensible to him, so he said, "This is no doubt some coded language which can't be understood except by someone who knows the code." When he asked me what I was called, I answered, "Simplicius".

"Yes, I know your kind! Take him away and put him in irons!" He responded. So two soldiers took me to my new quarters - the jail. There I was turned over to the provost marshal, who followed his orders and decorated my hands and feet with iron bands and chains, as if I hadn't had enough to carry with the chain which I had bound around my body. But this first welcome was not enough for the world, for the hangman and torturer came with their terrible instruments of torment. Despite the innocence with which I could have consoled myself, they made my miserable condition all the more terrifying.

"Oh, God!" I said to myself. "It serves me so right. Simplicius left the service of God to go into the world. Now that caricature of a Christian can receive the just wage which he has earned by his frivolity. Oh, you unhappy Simplicius! Where has your ingratitude led you? God had hardly made himself known to you and taken you into his service when you ran away and turned your back on Him! Couldn't you have kept on eating acorns and beans, and freely served your creator? Didn't you know that your true hermit and teacher had fled from the world and had chosen the wilderness for himself? Oh, you blind blockhead! You left the wilderness in the hope of gratifying your shameful desire to see the world. But take a look now! You thought you would feast your eyes, but you'll have to perish and be ruined in this dangerous labyrinth. You, simpleton, couldn't you have imagined that your blessed master would not have traded the joys of the world for the hard life he led in the forest if he had thought that he could have been sure of attaining true peace, genuine rest and eternal blessedness there? You, poor Simplicius, can now go to receive the reward for your vain thoughts and presumptuous foolishness. You can't complain of having suffered injustice and you don't have no innocence left to console yourself with because you were the one who rushed to your pain and to the death which will follow it."

And so I accused myself, asked God to forgive me and commended my soul to Him. In the meanwhile, we had neared the thieves' tower. But when the need was greatest, the help of God was nearest. While I stood outside, surrounded by these rogues; a large crowd was waiting there, too. We all watched for the prison gates to be opened so that I could be taken inside. But the pastor of the village which had been destroyed was imprisoned inside and he wanted to see what was happening. When he looked out of his window and saw me, he called out loudly: "Oh, Simplicius, is that you?" When I heard and saw him, I couldn't do anything but raise both of my hands up towards him and cry, "Oh, Father! Oh, Father!" When he asked me what I had done, I answered that I didn't know - I was probably being taken to prison because I had run away from the forest. But when he heard from the crowd that they thought that I was a traitor, he asked that they do nothing to me until he could tell the governor about me. That would help to exonerate both of us and prevent the governor from making a mistake, for the pastor knew me better than any other man.

THE 21ST CHAPTER: DECEPTIVE FORTUNE GIVES SIMPLICIUS A FRIENDLY GLANCE

He was allowed to see the governor. A little more than half an hour later I was taken out and seated in the servants' room. Two tailors, a shoemaker with shoes, one merchant with hats and stockings and another with all kinds of garments were already there so that I could be dressed up at once. They took off my cloak, chain and hair shirt so that the tailor could properly take my measurement. Then an orderly appeared with some strong lye and sweet-smelling soap.

Just as he was about to practice his art on me, another command came which frightened me terribly because it said that I was to put on my old clothes again. But it wasn't as bad as I'd thought because a painter arrived immediately with his implements: He had red lead and cinnabar to paint the color of my eyelids; he had varnish, indigo and azure for my coral-lips; he brought wood-soot, coal-black and umbra for my yellow hair, and he had realgar and massicot for my white teeth, which I bared from hunger. He used white lead for my hideous eyes and all kinds of colors for my weather-worn cloak. He also had a whole handful of brushes.

He began his work by looking me over. Then he sketched me and put down the first layer of paint. Next, he tilted my head to one side in order to examine what he had done and compared it with my form. After that, he changed the eyes, and then the hair, then quickly the nostrils and, to be short, everything that he had not done right the first time. When he had finished, he had drafted a natural model of Simplicius as he was at that time.

Only then was the orderly allowed to scrub me. He washed my head and spent an hour and a half on my hair. After that, he cut it off according to the current fashion, though I still had plenty of hair left. He then sat me down in a bathing closet and cleaned my emaciated body of some three or more years of filth.

He had hardly finished when they brought me a white shirt, shoes and stockings, and also a halter or collar and a hat with a feather. The breeches were nicely done, with lace trimming everywhere. I lacked only the jerkin, which the tailor was still working on as quickly as he could. The cook made his appearance with a hearty soup and the serving girl brought a drink. Now there sat Master Simplicius like a young lord, accommodated with the best. Although I didn't know what they were going to do with me, I still feasted joyfully, because I had never heard of the condemned man's last meal. That's why the fare at this glorious beginning made me tamer and milder than my words can tell or praise. Yes, I don't believe that I have ever felt as great a pleasure in all my life as I did then.

When the jerkin was ready, I put it on and presented such a clumsy figure that I looked like a trophy or a fence post which had been decorated - the tailors had made my clothes much too large in the hope that I would soon gain weight, which I evidently would on this good diet. My forest clothes, chain and the other things were put in the art chamber along with other rare objects and antiques and my life-size portrait was put there with them.

After the evening meal, Master Simplicius was put into a bed, the likes of which I'd never seen by my knan or my hermit. But my stomach growled and groaned all night long, so that I couldn't sleep. Perhaps it was only because my stomach didn't know yet what was good or because it was so surprised about the charming new fare it had received. I lay in my bed first one way and then another, until the blessed sun shined again (for it was cold) and I thought about the strange occurrences I had experienced in the last several days, and of how the dear Lord had so faithfully helped me through and led me to such a good place.

THE 22ND CHAPTER: THE IDENTITY OF THE HERMIT WHO HAD HARBORED SIMPLICIUS

The same morning, the governor's steward ordered me to go to the pastor to find out what the steward's master had told him about me. He gave me a bodyguard who brought me to him. The pastor led me into his study, sat down, and asked me to be seated. Then he said, "Dear Simplicius, the hermit with whom you stayed in the forest was not only the brother-in-law of the present governor, but also his patron and most valuable friend. The governor chose to tell me that, from his youth on, this man never deviated from the courage of a heroic soldier nor the piety and reverence we would otherwise expect only of a monk. These two virtues are seldom found together. His spiritual inclination and repulsive experiences finally checked the course of his worldly happiness so much that he came to scorn and disdain his title and his considerable properties in Scotland, where he was born, because all of the doings of the world had become insipid, vain and reprehensible to him. In a word, he hoped to trade his present loftiness for a better glory in the future because his noble spirit felt disgust for all temporal splendor.

"His whole doing and yearning became centered upon that miserable life that he led in the forest when you met him - that life in which you accompanied him until his death. In my opinion, he had been misled by reading a lot of popish books about the lives of the old hermits.

"I won't conceal from you how he came to the Spessart area, or to the miserable hermit's life he desired, for you should be able to tell that to others. The second night after the battle at Hoechst[61] was lost, he came alone and unaccompanied to my parsonage towards morning, after I had just gone to sleep along with my wife and children. We had been kept awake half of that night and all the previous one by the sounds that the fleeing soldiers and their pursuers had been making throughout the country.

"At first he knocked respectfully, then he pounded until he woke me and my drowsy servants. After exchanging a few simple words with him, I opened up the door and saw this cavalier dismounting from his horse. His precious clothing was as sprinkled with the blood of his foes as it was trimmed with gold and silver. I was filled with fear and fright because he was still holding his naked sword in his hand. But after he had put it away and showed us nothing but politeness, I had cause to be amazed that such a fine gentleman had asked so politely for shelter from a poor village pastor. Because of the splendor of his person and his magnificent appearance, I assumed that he was General Mansfeld[62] himself when I spoke to him, but he said that he could be compared to Mansfeld only in misfortune, though his own was even greater now. He complained to me of three things: He had lost his wife, who had been about to give birth; the battle had been lost; and he had not had the good fortune of losing his own life in it for the Gospel's sake, as so many honest soldiers had done. "I wanted to console him, but I soon saw that his magnanimity had no need of consolation. Then I brought him all that our house had to offer. I had a soldier's bed made for him of fresh straw because he didn't want to lie down on anything else, though he was very tired.

"The first thing he did the next morning was to give me his horse. He then distributed his money (He had no small sum of gold with him.) and several precious rings among my wife, children and servants. I didn't really know what to expect from him because soldiers are much more used to taking than they are to giving. I was a bit wary of accepting such gifts, so I made the excuse that I had neither done anything to merit this, nor did I know how to earn it. I said that when someone saw me and my family with such riches (and especially with that valuable horse, which you couldn't hide) people would conclude that I had helped to rob or even murder him. But he said that I shouldn't worry because he would protect me from that danger with a letter in his own handwriting. He didn't even want to wear his own shirt when he left my parsonage, let alone his clothes. Then he revealed his intention to become a hermit.

" I tried with all my might to persuade him not to do this by reminding him that he would be able to serve the Gospel more with his sword. Anyway, I thought that his plan smacked of popery. But my efforts were in vain because he persisted until I finally agreed to everything.

Then I furnished him with the books, pictures and household goods which you found with him, even though he had wanted only the wool blanket he'd slept under on the straw during the night in exchange for all the things he'd given to me. He then had a cloak made out of the blanket. I also had to trade him the wagon chain (which he wore from then on) for a golden one which bore his beloved wife's portrait, so that he kept neither money nor anything like it. My servant led him to the loneliest place in the forest and helped him to put up his hut there. You know as well or perhaps better than I do, how he spent his life there, and how I was occasionally at hand to help him.

"After the battle at Nördlingen had been lost a while ago and (as you know) I had been completely plundered and badly injured, I fled to Hanau for security. I had already deposited my valuables here. When my cash started to run low, I took three rings and the golden chain with the portrait on it, which I mentioned I had got from the hermit (his signet was also among the rings) and I took them to a Jew to pawn them off. But because of their great value and fine workmanship, he had offered them to the governor, who immediately recognized the coat of arms and the portrait. He had me sent for, and asked me where I had got such precious objects. I told him the truth and showed him the hermit's own handwritten letter or bill of transfer and I told him everything that had happened, including how he had lived and died in the forest. But he didn't want to believe me. He even threatened to have me imprisoned until he could learn the truth of the matter.

"While he was having a party of soldiers sent out to see where he had lived and to bring you here, I saw you being led to prison. Then the governor no longer had any reason to doubt what I had told him because I could show him not only where the hermit had lived, but also you and other living witnesses, particularly my sacristan, who had often let you into the church before dawn.

"And finally there was the letter he found in your prayer book. It not only gave fitting evidence of the truth, but it also showed the holiness of the blessed hermit. And for the sake of his blessed brother-in-law, the governor wants to be good to you and me, so you need only decide what you want him to do for you. If you want to study, he'll pay the expenses. If you want to learn a trade, he'll see that you can. But if you want to remain with him, he will keep you as his own child. He said that if only a dog came to him from his blessed brother-in-law, he would take him in."

I answered that I would agree to anything the governor wanted to do for me.

THE 23RD CHAPTER: SIMPLICIUS BECOMES A PAGE AND HOW THE HERMIT'S WIFE WAS LOST

The pastor kept me in his quarters until ten o'clock before finally going with me to the governor to tell him of my decision. (He had wanted to be a guest at the noon meal because the governor was very hospitable.) You must remember that Hanau was under siege at that time and the common people, especially the many refugees in the fortress, were in such dire straits that even respectable people were not ashamed to pick up the frost-covered peelings in the streets which the rich had thrown away.

The pastor's plan succeeded so well that he even got to sit across the table from the governor while I waited with a plate in my hand like the steward had told me to do, though I knew how to behave myself there about as well as a donkey in a chess game. But with his tongue alone the pastor was able to compensate for the clumsiness of my whole body. He said that because I had been brought up in the wilderness and had never been among people, I should be excused for not knowing how to behave. The loyalty which I had shown the hermit and the hard life we had lived together were so worthy of astonishment that I not only deserved to be excused for my clumsiness, but I even merited being given preference over the noblest of youths.

He went on to say that I had been the hermit's only joy because, as he had often said, my face resembled that of his beloved wife so much. He had often admired my steadfastness, my unchanging determination to remain with him and many other virtues which he had praised me for. To sum it up, he couldn't express the fervency with which I had been commended to him by the hermit shortly before the hermit's death. He had even made it known that he loved me like his own child.

That tickled my ears so much that I thought I'd already received delight enough for all of the things I'd ever had to bear while I'd lived with the hermit.

The governor asked him if his blessed brother-in-law had known that he had been placed in command of Hanau. "Certainly," the pastor replied, "I told him that myself. He heard the news with a slight smile and a pleasant expression, but as indifferently as if he had never heard the name of Ramsay. Now that I think back on it, I have to admire the man's steadfastness and his firm resolution, for he could not only bear to renounce the world, but also to forget his best friend, who was not very far away."

The governor, who was not usually soft-hearted or womanly, but a brave and heroic soldier, found his eyes filled with tears. He said, "If I had only known that he was still alive and where I could have found him, I would have brought him back to me even against his will. Then I could have repaid him for the good he'd done. But because fortune has denied me that, I want to take care of Simplicius in his place.

"Oh!" he went on, "The honest cavalier had reason enough to mourn for his pregnant wife, for she was captured by a pursuing party of Imperial cavalry, and in the Spessart area, too. When I found that out and still thought that my brother-in-law had fallen at Hoechst, I immediately sent a trumpeter to the enemy to ask about my sister and to try to ransom her. I didn't accomplish anything, but I did find out that this party of horsemen had been scattered by some peasants, and that they had lost track of her in the fight. So I don't know even now where she could have gone."

This and more like it was the table conversation of the governor and the pastor. They talked about my hermit and his beloved wife, and how they'd been a married couple that was all the more to be pitied because they'd had each other for only a year.

I became the governor's page, and such a fellow that people, especially peasants, already called me a gentleman boy when they wanted me to announce them to my master, though you will not see a boy who is a gentleman, but you do see gentlemen who used to be boys.

THE 24TH CHAPTER: SIMPLICIUS REBUKES THE PEOPLE AND SEES MANY IDOLS IN THE WORLD

At that time there was nothing more precious to be found in me than a pure conscience and a pious and sincere spirit which was accompanied with noble innocence and simplicity. I knew nothing of vices, except that I had heard their names and read of them. If I saw one really being practiced, it was a rare and frightful thing for me because I had been trained and accustomed to keep the presence of God in my mind at all times and to live according to His holy will as much as possible. And because I knew His will, I used to judge other men's actions and character according to it. I came to believe that in doing this, I could see nothing but abomination. Lord God! How astonished I was at first when I considered the Law, the Gospel and the faithful warnings of Christ, and then observed, on the other hand, the works of those who call themselves his disciples and followers. Instead of the frankness and sincerity which every honest Christian ought to have, I found vain hypocrisy and more such innumerable follies in all worldly men, and I didn't know if I had Christians in front of me or not, for I could easily see that many knew the will of God in all its seriousness, but I did not notice them being serious about obeying it.

That's why I was bothered by a thousand impulses and strange thoughts, and I found

myself in a difficult struggle because of Christ's command which goes, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." But I was just as much reminded of the words of St. Paul, when he wrote in Galatians 5, 19-21, "Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these; Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, Idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." Then I thought: Because almost most everyone does such things openly, why shouldn't I simply conclude that not everyone will be saved?

Besides pride and avarice, and their honorable following - gluttony and drunkenness - whoring and buggery were both daily exercises for the wealthy. But the most shocking thing of all to me was the abomination that many had (especially soldier boys, who were not used to being seriously punished for vice) of just making a joke out of their own godlessness and the holy will of God itself.

For example, I once heard an adulterer who even wanted to be praised for the deed he'd done when he said these godless words: "It serves the patient cuckold right that he wears a pair of horns because of me. And to tell the truth, I did it more to pain him than to please her - I wanted to get even with him."

"Oh, barren revenge!" an honest soul replied who was standing nearby, "That a man would stain his own conscience and bring himself the shameful name of an adulterer who breaks up a marriage."

"What, break up a marriage?" he replied with mocking laughter, "I didn't break up any marriage - I just bent it a little. The real adulterers that the Sixth Commandment talks about are those who would commit an adult for climbing a tree in someone's garden and plucking a few cherries before the owner can do it."

And to be better understood, he immediately went on to explain the Seventh Commandment according to his devil's catechism. This commandment says, "Thou shalt not steal," etc. He turned these words around till I finally sighed and thought, "Blasphemous sinner! And you even say that you only bend marriages, while the good Lord breaks them up when he parts man and wife through death."

Although he was an officer, I was so disgusted that I said to him, "Don't you think that you have sinned more by your blasphemous words than by the adultery itself?"

But he replied, "You wiseacre, how would you like for me to box your ears?" And I believe that he would have done it, if he hadn't have been afraid of my master. But I kept silent, and later saw that it was not unusual for single people to be on the prowl for married people and for married people to go after single people.

When I was still studying the way to eternal life with my hermit, I wondered why God had forbidden idolatry to His people with such severe penalties, for I imagined that anyone who had once come to learn of the true and eternal God would certainly never honor or adore another. So, in my stupidity, I decided that this commandment was unnecessary and useless. But oh, fool that I was, I didn't know what I was thinking about, for as soon as I went out into the world, I noticed that, despite this commandment, nearly every worldly man had some additional god. Yes, and many probably had even more than the old and new heathens themselves.

Some had their god in a chest, where they kept all their trust and consolation. Others had their idols at court, to whom they turned for help, even though he was only a favorite who was often an even more dissolute misfit than the worshiper himself. (His airy deity consists only of royal favor, which is as constant as April weather). Others had found their idol in their reputations, and they even imagined that, if they could maintain them, they could even become demigods themselves. Still others had theirs in their heads - I mean the ones to whom God has given a healthy brain with which they could cleverly grasp a few arts and sciences. They put their generous benefactor to one side and lost themselves in their gifts in the hope that they would bring them prosperity.

There were also many whose god was their own belly, and they made daily offerings to it like the heathens did long ago to Bacchus and Ceres[63]. And if the belly proved rebellious, or if physical weakness appeared, these miserable men made a god out of the physician and almost

spent their lives in the pharmacy, from where they were often carried directly to the grave. Many fools made goddesses out of smooth-skinned harlots. They called them different names and adored them day and night with many thousands of sighs. They composed songs of praise for them to humbly beg for mercy and for pity on their folly, so that the harlots would become fools as well.

And there were wenches who had set up their own beauty as their god. They think that it will take care of them regardless of what God in heaven may have to say. Instead of other sacrifices, this idol receives the daily support and honor of all sorts of cosmetics - salves, waters, powders and all kinds of smeary stuff.

I also saw people who considered well-situated houses to be gods, because they said that as long as they could live in them, they would be well and happy, and that money would come in through the windows. This foolishness amazed me because I could see the real reasons for their prosperity.

I knew a man who couldn't sleep for years because of his tobacco business, for he had given it his heart, mind and thoughts - which should be dedicated to God alone. Day and night he offered it thousands of sighs because he prospered by it. But what happened? The fool died and drifted away just like tobacco smoke does. Then I thought, "Oh, you miserable man! If you had valued the blessedness of your soul and the honor of the true God as much as you did the idol that stood on your shop counter in the form of a Brazilian with a roll of tobacco under his arm and a pipe in his muzzle, I would be certain that you had gained a halo of honor to wear in the next world."

Another fellow(ass)[64] had probably even more disreputable gods: While I was in a company where everyone told what he had eaten to survive during the terrible famine, when everything was very expensive, he said openly that the snails and frogs had been his Lord God. Without them, he would have starved to death. When I asked him what God himself - who had given him such insects for his survival - had meant to him then, the simpleton didn't know what to answer, and I was even more astonished because I never read anywhere that either the ancient, idolatrous Egyptians or the modern American natives had ever proclaimed these vermin to be gods, like this jackass had done.

A refined gentleman once accompanied me to his art chamber, which was filled with beautiful rarities. Nothing there pleased me more than an **Ecce Homo**[65] because of its presentation of wretchedness, which enraptured the beholder to pity. Next to it hung a paper chart which had been painted in China. On it, Chinese idols were sitting in majesty, though some of them had the appearance of devils. When the master of the house asked me which piece I liked best, I pointed to the **Ecce Homo**. But he said I was mistaken, for the Chinese painting was rarer, and therefore more precious - He wouldn't have traded it for ten such **Ecce Homo** pictures. To this I answered, "Sir, is your heart like your mouth?"

"I think so." he replied.

Then I said, "The god of your heart is also the god whose picture your mouth has confessed to be the most precious."

"You fool!" he replied, "I value rarity!"

"But what could be rarer and more worthy of admiration than that the Son of God himself suffered for us, like this picture shows?" I answered.

THE 25TH CHAPTER: EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD SEEMS STRANGE TO SIMPLICIUS, AND HE SEEMS STRANGE TO THE WORLD, TOO

The true Divine Majesty was scorned in the same measure that these and many other kinds of idols were honored, for I saw no one who wanted to keep God's word and commandments, but I did see many who resisted him in everything. In evil they even exceeded the publicans,

who were public sinners at the time of Christ. Christ said, "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you; That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? Do not even the publicans so?"

Not only did I not find anyone who wanted to obey Christ in this, but everyone did exactly the opposite. It is said, **Many relatives, many enemies**, for nowhere can you find more envy, hate, jealousy, strife and quarreling than among brothers, sisters, and other related friends - especially when they have an inheritance to divide. And tradesmen everywhere hate each other, so that I have to vividly see and conclude that the open sinners like the publicans and tax collectors, who were all widely hated for their evil and godlessness, were far superior to us present-day Christians in their exercise of brotherly love, for Christ himself bears witness that they did love each other. So I think that if we will receive no reward if we do not love our enemies, how great will be the punishment if we hate our friends?

There, where the greatest love and loyalty should be, I found the greatest disloyalty and the most powerful hatred. Many a master scorned his loyal servant and subordinate, and some subordinates were rascals to their pious masters. I noticed the continual quarreling of many married people. Many a tyrant treated his honest wife worse than a dog and many a loose slut her pious husband like a fool and an ass. Many low-down gentlemen and masters cheated their industrious domestics out of their due reward by saving on food and drink; I also saw many disloyal servants who brought their pious masters to ruin by their theft and carelessness. Merchants and craftsmen outdid each other as loan-sharks in order to suck all kinds of usurious advantages from the sweat of the peasant's brow. Some peasants, on the other hand, were so godless that, when they weren't crafty enough in their malice, they tried to be insolent to people - even their own masters - by pretending to be simple-minded.

I once saw one soldier give another one a slap in the face, and I imagined that the one who had been hit would turn the other cheek because I had never seen a brawl before. But I was wrong: The insulted man drew his sword from his sheath and gave the culprit a head wound. I screamed at him and said, "Oh friend, what are you doing?"

"I'd have to be a misfit," the man replied, "and I'll be damned, if I don't get revenge! I wouldn't want to live, if I didn't! I'd be a real lout if I let myself be treated like that," etc.

The racket between these two enemies grew even louder because their partisans and other bystanders and curiosity-seekers began to get into each other's hair. I then heard them swearing so casually by their souls that I could not believe that they really thought that these were their most precious treasures. But that was just child's play because they didn't stop at such harmless children's curses. They went right on from there with, "Strike me with thunder, lightning and hail! Tear me apart and let the devil take me! No, not just one - a hundred-thousand can lead me off into the air."

And the holy sacrament came right out, not seven times, but a hundred-thousand - or even as barrels, galleys or city moats filled with them - It made my hair stand on ends. I thought again of the commandment of Christ, who said: "But I say unto you, swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne: Nor by the earth, for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be. Yea Yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil. "

I thought all this over, as well as what I'd seen and heard, and I came to the solemn conclusion that these rowdies weren't Christians at all, so I looked for other company.

The most terrible thing for me was to hear braggarts boasting about their maliciousness, sin, shame and vice, because I heard them say at various times every day: "God's blood, we really got drunk yesterday. I must have got drunk three times and vomited just as often." "God's star, how we tormented the peasants, those rascals" - "God's light, did we get spoils!" "God's hundred poisons, did we ever have fun with the women and maids." And I even heard: "I knocked him down like he had been struck by hail"; "I shot him, so his eyes rolled back"; "I tricked him so neatly that the devil could take him"; "I bowled him over so that he could have broken his neck",

This and similar unchristian talk filled my ears every day, and I also saw and heard them sin in God's name, which is certainly pitiful. Soldiers practiced this most, for they said, "In God's name, we're going out on a raid to plunder, loot, shoot dead, cut down, attack, make prisoners and burn!" - and do whatever else their terrible works and deeds might be. And even the usurers dared to trade in the name of God, as they squeezed and scrapped in their diabolical greed.

I saw two fools who once wanted to steal at night. After they had put up their ladder and one of them had wanted to climb in, "in God's name", the alert man of the house threw him down again and he broke a leg and was captured. Several days later they strung him up along with his comrade.

When I heard, saw or spoke of something like that and (as was my habit) I mentioned the Holy Scriptures or, when I sincerely warned against something, people thought that I was a fool. Yes, they laughed at me so often because of my good intentions that I finally became sullen and I resolved to keep quiet. But out of Christian love, I couldn't keep my resolution. I wished then that everyone had been raised by my hermit. I thought that everyone would then be able to see the reality of this world with Simplicius' eyes, as I saw it then. I was not smart enough to understand, that if the world were filled with people like Simplicius, then there wouldn't be so much vice to see. But since that time, it's become clear to me that a worldly man who is used to all kinds of vices and follies and who practices them himself, doesn't understand what an evil road it is that he and his companions travel.

THE 26TH CHAPTER: A STRANGE NEW WAY TO WISH PEOPLE LUCK AND WELCOME THEM

When I came to believe that I had reason to doubt that I was among Christians, I went to the pastor and told him everything I'd seen and heard, and that I'd come to think that I considered these people to be only mockers of Christ and his word, and not Christians at all. I asked him to rid me of this dream so that I would know what I should think of the men around me. The pastor replied, "Certainly they are Christians, and I wouldn't advise you to call them anything else."

"My God!" I answered, "How can that be? When I point out to one of them that he's committing a sin against God, I'm ridiculed and laughed at."

"Don't be surprised at that." the pastor replied. "I believe that if our first pious Christians who lived at the time of Christ or even the Apostles themselves would rise up from the dead today and come into the world, they would ask the same question you do, and that everyone would think that they were foolish like you. What you have heard and seen up till now is very common and only child's play compared to that which is secretly and openly committed with violence against God and men in the world. But don't let that bother you. You will find few Christians like blessed Master Samuel was."

While we were talking like this, a group which had just been taken prisoner from the enemy were being led over the square. This disturbed our conversation because we stopped to watch the prisoners. There I heard an absurdity, the likes of which I'd never dared to dream of: It was the new fashion of greeting each other and of welcoming. A man from our garrison who had previously served the Emperor knew one of the prisoners. He went up to him and shook hands with him; then they hugged each other out of pure joy and sincerity. Then he said, "May hail strike you dead! Are you still alive, brother? God's sacrament! The devil's brought us together again! May lightning strike me! I thought they'd hanged you long ago."

The other man replied, "God's lightning, brother. Is that you or isn't it? The devil take you. How did you get here? I never thought that I'd ever see you again because I thought that the devil had carried you off years ago."

And as they parted again, instead of saying "God keep you.", one of them said to the other,

"Good rope, good rope. Maybe tomorrow we'll get together Then we'll both get really drunk."

"Isn't that a fine and blessed welcome?" I said to the pastor. "Aren't those glorious Christian wishes?" Haven't they made a holy resolution for the coming day? Who could recognize them as Christians or hear them without being astonished? If they talk to each other like that out of Christian love, what will they do when they quarrel with each other? Pastor, if these are lambs of Christ, and you their appointed shepherd, then you should lead them to better pasture."

"Yes," replied the pastor, "dear child, that's the way godless soldiers are. God have mercy! If I had said something to them just now, it would have meant no more to them than if the doves were to preach. And I wouldn't get anything out of it, but the dangerous hatred of these godless fellows."

I was surprised by his answer, and so I just gabbed with him for a while and then went off to wait for the governor because I had permission at certain times to look around the city and to go to the pastor because my master had got wind of my simplicity and thought that I might improve if I wandered around and got to see and hear things, and learn from others. As they say, I was to be planed off and knocked around a bit.

THE 27TH CHAPTER: A STRONG SMELL SMOKES THE SECRETARY OUT OF HIS BUREAU

The favor of my master for me grew day by day. Not only had I come to resemble even more his sister, who had been the wife of my hermit, but also the hermit himself, for the fine food and easy days had made me sleek. I enjoyed the favor of others, too - anyone having anything to do with the governor also showed favor to me - especially the secretary seemed to like me. Because he had to teach me arithmetic, he could often be amused by my simplicity and ignorance.

Having just finished his studies, he was still full of school antics which made it seem like he had a screw or two loose in his head. He often persuaded me that black was white and white was black, and so it happened that at first I believed everything he said and in the end - nothing at all.

Once, after I had scolded him for his messy inkwell, he replied that it was the best thing he had in his bureau because he had long been able to get what he wanted out of it, like the finest ducats and clothes. Everything he'd wanted, he'd gradually fished out of there. Because I didn't want to believe that such splendid things could be had from such a miserable object, he replied that the **spiritus papyri** (that's what he called ink) could accomplish that and that the inkwell was called a **well** because big things could be kept in it. Then I asked how they could be taken out, because you could hardly stick two fingers into it. He answered that he had an arm in his head that did this kind of work. He hoped that he would soon pull out a rich and beautiful maid and, if he were lucky, he would also pull out lands and men of his own, for this had certainly happened before.

Because I couldn't help but be amazed at his cunning, I asked him if there were more people who practiced this art. "Certainly!" he replied. "Chancellors, doctors, secretaries, agents, advocates, purchasers, notaries, merchants, tradesmen, and a great many others usually become rich gentlemen this way, if they fish seriously."

To this I replied, "Then peasants and other working people who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows are not clever because they haven't mastered this art."

He replied, "Some don't know what this art is good for, so they don't want to learn it. Others would like to learn it, but they lack an arm in their heads or something else. Still others learn this art and have arms enough, but don't know the trick that the art requires to become rich with it. And some know and can do everything, but live on a dead-end street and never get a chance like mine to really put this art to use."

While we were talking about the inkwell (which had reminded me of a horn of plenty) I

chanced to pick up his **Book of Titles**[66]. Inside it I found what I then thought to be more follies than I had ever seen before. I said to the secretary, "They are all children of Adam and all made of the same dust and ashes! Why are there such great differences here? **Most Holy, Indomitable, Illustrious!** Aren't these divine attributes? Here one is **Gracious,** and there another **Severe.** And why do they have **by birth** there all the time? We know that none of them fell from heaven or came out of the water, and that none of them grew out of the ground like a head of cabbage. Why do we find only **Highly** and **Well-regarded,** and not **Disregarded**? And what a silly word this is, **Prudent**. Who walks around with his eyes closed?"

The secretary couldn't help but laugh, and he took the trouble to explain each of these titles to me and to interpret each word. Nonetheless, I kept insisting that there was no justification for conferring these titles. It would be much more glorious for someone to be called **Friendly** than **Severe**. And if the word **Noble** didn't mean anything except **highly-respectable virtues,** then why, when it is placed between **high** and **born** (which indicates a prince or count) does it diminish such princely titles? Even the word **well-born** is completely untrue. Any baron's mother could bear witness to that, if she were asked what she had experienced at the birth of her son.

While I was ridiculing these things, I accidentally released such a terrible bodily vapor that we were both shocked by it. It immediately announced itself powerfully, both to our noses and throughout the bureau (as if we hadn't been able to hear it enough). "Get out of here, you swine!" the secretary said. "Go to the other pigs in the sty. You can belch with them better than you can converse with respectable people!"

But he had to leave the room as well as I did in order to abandon the place to the terrible smell. And so, as the common saying goes, I'd really botched up my own standing in the bureau.

THE 28TH CHAPTER: OUT OF ENVY, SOMEONE TEACHES SIMPLICIUS DIVINATION AND EVEN ANOTHER ORNAMENTAL ART

This misfortune had happened to me quite innocently. The unusual foods and medicines which I was given every day to set right my shrunken stomach and impoverished innards raised a lot of bad weather and strong storm winds in my bowls. These really tormented me when they vigorously tried to get out. I didn't imagine that it was wrong to comply with nature here because it isn't possible to resist such internal violence for long, anyway. My hermit had never instructed me about this because such guests were sown very sparingly with us. And my knan had never forbidden me to let such fellows go their way either, so I just let air and everything else go that wanted to until I lost my credit with the secretary, like I said.

Although I could have well done without his favor if nothing serious happened to me, I was like a good man who comes to court, where the snake is armed against Nasica[67], Goliath against David, Minotaurus[68] against Theseus, Medusa against Perseus[69], Circe against Ulysses[70], Aegisthus against Menelaus[71]. Paludes against Coraebus[72], Medea against the Pelia[73], Nessus against Hercules[74], and even Athea against her own son, Meleagrus[75].

In addition to me, my master had an exceptional rogue as page - he'd already been with him for several years - and I gave him my heart because he was my age. I thought, "This is Jonathan and you are David[76]." But he schemed against me because of the great favor my master had shown me and which increased daily. He was worried that I might have even wanted to step into his shoes. For this reason, he secretly looked at me with jealous and envious eyes, and he tried to think of how he could put a stumbling block in my way and use my fall to advance himself. But I had only doves' eyes, and an attitude which was not at all like his. I even trusted him with all my secrets. These, however, didn't consist of anything but my childish simplicity and piety, so he couldn't use them against me.

We once talked together in bed for a long time before we went to sleep. Because we were talking about divination, he promised to teach it to me for nothing. Then he told me to put my head under the covers. He'd convinced me that he could only instruct me in the art in that way. I immediately did what he told me and watched carefully for the spirit of divination.

Good heavens! It made its entry into my nose so powerfully that I had to take my head out from under the covers. "What's the matter?" my instructor asked.

"You just let one!" I replied.

"And you," he answered, "have just divined, and so you have mastered the art."

I didn't feel that this had been an insult because I had no rancor then. All that I wanted to know from him was how to get rid of these fellows without making any noise. My comrade answered, "This is only a minor art. All you have to do is to lift your left leg like a dog pissing in a corner while saying, **je pète, je pète, je pète**[77]. Then you press as hard as you can and they disappear as silently as thieves. "

"That's good!" I said, "And when it stinks afterwards, they'll think that the dog polluted the air, especially if I have my left leg nicely raised up high." I thought, "If I'd only known this art today in the bureau!"

THE 29TH CHAPTER: SIMPLICIUS GETS TWO EYES FROM A CALF'S HEAD

The following day my master arranged a princely feast for his officers and other friends because he had just received the good news that his men had taken the fort at Braunfels[78] without losing a single man.

Because it was my duty, I had to help to carry out the dishes, fill the cups, and wait with a platter in my hand like any other table servant. On the first day I was given a large, fat calf's head to carry out. (They say that poor people aren't allowed[79] to eat them.) Because it had been boiled till it was quite tender, one eye, with everything belonging to it, lapped out rather far. For me, this was a charming and seductive sight. And because the fresh aroma of the fat drippings and the ginger incited me, I got up such an appetite that my mouth began to water abundantly. To sum it up, that eye smiled at my eyes, nose and mouth and it bid me to incorporate it into my ravenously hungry stomach. I didn't let myself be held back any longer. Following this urge, I lifted out the eye underway so skillfully with the spoon that I had just been given and sent it to its place so quickly that no one knew it until the banquet was on the table to betray us both.

Just as they were supposed to cut into it - and one of the most important parts was missing - my master immediately saw why the carver had stopped short. He didn't want to be ridiculed for having the nerve to present a one-eyed calf's head! Then the cook had to come to the table to be questioned along with those who had brought it out. The final result was that poor Simplicius had been given the head with two eyes to carry out. No one could say what had happened after that.

With what I thought was a terrible expression on his face, my master asked me what I had done with the calf's eye. I nimbly pulled my spoon out of my bag, grabbed the calf's head again, and quickly showed them what they wanted to know by instantly devouring the other eye, just as I had the first.

"Par Dieu!" my master said, "This act tastes better than ten calves!" The gentlemen present praised this verdict and called the deed I had done out of simplicity a marvelously clever invention and the harbinger of future courage and intrepid resolution. And so, by repeating what I'd just done to deserve punishment, I was not only able to escape it, but I was even praised by some amusing donkeys, flatterers and jesters for acting wisely by lodging the two eyes together so that they could be of help and company to each other in that world for which they had originally been ordained by nature.

But my master also told me not to behave that way again.

THE 30TH CHAPTER: HOW TO GET TIPSY AND FINALLY STONE-DRUNK WITHOUT BEING AWARE OF IT

At this banquet (and I suppose that it happens at others, too) everyone sat down to the table just like Christians. A very quiet blessing was reverently said, or so it seemed. This quiet reverence continued as long as they were busy with the soup and the first dishes. - It almost seemed as though we were eating in a Capuchin[80] monastery. But they had hardly said "God bless us" three or four times before things became a lot louder.

I can't describe how every voice was gradually raised more and more. I could compare the group to an orator who first begins softly, but finally starts roaring. Dishes called appetizers were served; they were spiced, and were supposed to be enjoyed before drinking, so the wine would taste better. And so it was with the side dishes, too; they weren't supposed to taste bad with drinks, either. (I won't even mention all kinds of French soups and Spanish meat salads, which were sprinkled, disguised, mixed and prepared for drinking.) These were so peppered with a thousand artificial preparations and countless additives that they were greatly changed from that which nature had brought forth. Even Cnaeus Manlius[81] himself, if he had just returned from Asia and had the best cook with him, wouldn't have recognized them.

I thought, "Why shouldn't they also destroy the man who enjoys them, as well as his senses? Weren't they especially made to do this? Couldn't they change him, or even turn him into a beast? Perhaps even Circe has used them when she changed the companions of Ulysses into swine."

I saw these guests eat the different courses like sows; they drank like cattle, while acting like donkeys, and finally vomiting like sick dogs. With glasses like buckets they poured the noble wines of Hochheim, Bacharach and Klingenberg into their stomachs, and their heads immediately felt the effects.

I was amazed to see the change that took place. Intelligent people who had previously commanded all their senses suddenly began to behave foolishly and pull off the silliest stunts in the world. The great idiocies they committed and the great toasts they proposed to each other became even greater the longer they went on. They seemed to be struggling to determine who could be the most extreme - but their competition finally turned into filthy swinishness.

Nothing could have been more simple-minded than not knowing what had caused them to stagger around like that. But I didn't know anything about the effects of wine, or even about drunkenness itself, so I got all sorts of strange ideas and fantastic thoughts into my head. I could well see their strange expressions, but I didn't know the cause of this condition. Up till then, everyone had cleaned his plate with a good appetite, but when their stomachs were full, they had more difficulty than a driver with a willing team of horses who is able to move along on level ground, but who can't make it up a hill.

But after they had lost their wits, this difficulty was replaced by the courage one man had drunk in with his wine, or by another's hospitality in bringing a friend a glass, or by a third man's German sincerity in nobly toasting to the health of another. But because this couldn't last long, everyone soon began to call everyone else a great gentleman, or a dear friend, or to wish the best of health, while pouring the wine down by the jug. This made some of them roll their eyes and fearfully break out in sweat, but they had to get it down anyway. Finally, they even made a racket with drums, pipes and strings. They threw things around, no doubt because the wine had forcibly stormed their stomachs. I wondered where they were pouring it all, for I didn't know that they were painfully giving up that which they had just put down before it could even get warm. It went out the same place they had just finished pouring it into at great peril to their health.

My pastor was also at this banquet. He liked to socialize as much as the next man because he was a man like others, too. I went up to him and said, "Pastor, why are the people acting so strangely? What makes them stagger around like that? It seems to me that they've lost their

wits. They've all eaten and drunk their fill, but now they're swearing to the devil that they can't drink anymore, but they still don't stop pouring it into themselves! Do they have to do that, or are they being wasteful of their own accord, in spite of God?"

"My dear child," the pastor replied, "**wine in - wit out**! But that's nothing compared to what's coming. They will hardly be ready to go home at dawn tomorrow. And when their stomachs are stuffed full, they won't really be in spirit even then."

"But won't their stomachs burst," I asked, "if they continually stuff themselves so full? Could their souls, the images of God, remain in the bodies of fattened hogs? It must be like being in prison or in a lousy dungeon - but without any spiritual consolation. How can their noble souls be tortured like that? Aren't the senses which their souls use buried as if they were inside dumb beasts?"

"Keep your mouth shut!" the pastor replied, "Otherwise you could get a good beating. This isn't the time to preach. I can do that better than you can, anyway."

After I'd heard that, I just watched silently while they maliciously ruined food and drink, instead of providing for the poor Lazarus[82] before our gates in the form of hundreds of refugees from the neighboring Wetterau[83] area - even though their hunger stared from their eyes because they had nothing left in their pantries.

THE 31ST CHAPTER: HOW MISERABLY SIMPLICIUS' ART FAILED HIM AND HOW HE WAS SUNG THE WHACKING PASSION

While I was going around the table with a platter in my hand and my mind burdened with all kinds of dreams and thoughts, my stomach refused to leave me in peace. It groaned and rolled without ceasing to let me know that there were fellows inside who wanted to get out into the open air. I tried to think of how I could get rid of this tremendous burden, open up a passage and make use of the art which my comrade had taught me the previous night.

Following his instructions, I lifted my left leg up high, pressed with all my might. (I had wanted to say **Je pète** to myself three times.) But when the monstrous fellow that escaped from my backside exploded, I became so frightened that I didn't know what I was doing. I was as scared as if I had been standing on the ladder leading up to the gallows and the hangman was about to put the noose around my neck. I was so confused by my sudden fear that I even lost control of my own body. My mouth began to rebel at this sudden noise: It didn't want to leave all the talking to my backside, while the one which had been created to speak and shout was supposed to quietly murmur its part. But my mouth roared out what I had wanted to say secretly, as if it wanted to drown out the roar from my backside - and it sounded as if someone had been trying to cut my throat. The worse the wind from below cracked, the more loudly **Je pète** came out above. It sounded as though the entrance and the exit of my stomach were struggling with each other to see which of them could thunder the louder.

Although this relieved my bowels, it also caused me to lose the favor of my master. His guests became almost sober again when they heard these accidental explosions. But because I couldn't banish this wind regardless of all my pains and labor, I was tied onto a feeding trough outside and beaten so badly that I can remember it even now. This was the first beating I'd got since I'd seen the light of day.

Because I had so disgustingly ruined the air in which we all have to live together, they had to burn incense and candles. The guests got out their pouncet boxes and containers of balsam and snuff tobacco - but even the best aromas just weren't enough.

This act brought relief to my bowels, blows to my back, odor to the noses of the guests and trouble to the servants who had to clear the air in the room again.

THE 32ND CHAPTER: TELLS OF NOTHING BUT DRUNKENNESS AGAIN AND HOW THE CLERGY SHOULD BE KEPT OUT OF IT

When that was finished, I had to resume serving again. My pastor was still there, and he felt obliged to drink like everyone else was doing. He really didn't want to, and he had told them that he was against drinking like a beast. A good boozer answered him by saying that the pastor was already drinking like one. On the other hand, the drunk and all the others were drinking like men. "A beast," he went on to say, "drinks only as much as it wants and needs to quench its thirst, because it doesn't know what's good. That's why it doesn't like to drink wine. But we men like to make use of drink and sip in the noble juice of the vine, just as our forefathers did."

"That's fine," said the pastor, "but I have vowed to be moderate."

"Certainly!" the drunk replied. "And an honest man keeps his word." Then he had them pour the pastor a **moderately** full measure of wine into a goblet which the drunk shoved over to him. But the pastor just got up and left the drunk with his bucketful of wine.

After the pastor had left, things really got out of hand. It seemed as though this banquet was intended to provide the time and opportunity for the men to avenge each other with drunkenness, to bring shame to each other, or just to behave like buffoons. When one of them was in such shape that he couldn't sit, walk or stand up anymore, another cried, "Now we're even! You took care of me like that before! Now it's your turn." - and so forth. The one who could last the longest and drink the most knew how to brag about it and consider himself to be a great man.

At last they were all floundering around as if they had been drugged. Watching them was an amazing carnival, and no one was more astonished than I was. One of them sang; another cried; another laughed. Someone was sad; someone else was swearing; another man prayed. Another man screamed "Courage!" at the top of his lungs. One of them couldn't talk anymore; another was peaceful and quiet; still another wanted to fight off the devil. One man went to sleep and didn't make a sound; another one talked so much that no one else could get in a word. One man told of his love affairs and another of his most terrible war experiences. Some of them talked about the church and spiritual matters, others of **ratione status**[84], politics and the affairs of the world and the realm. Some of them ran back and forth, and weren't able to stay in one place. Others lay down and couldn't even move a finger, let alone walk upright or stand. Some of them ate like thrashers who had been suffering from hunger for a week; others vomited up everything that they had swallowed that day.

Everything they did was so buffoonish, foolish and odd, and at the same time, so sinful and godless, that the foul smell I had released and for which I had been so brutally beaten, was only a joke in comparison.

Finally, a serious scuffle broke out at the end one of the tables. They started to throw glasses, cups, plates and dishes at each other's heads. They hit each other, not only with their fists, but also with chairs, chair legs, swords, and anything else they could find, till the red juice began to flow over the ears of some of them! Then my master put a stop to the quarrel.

THE 33RD CHAPTER: HOW THE GOVERNOR SHOT A TERRIBLE FOX

When it was quiet again, the master-boozers took the musicians and some women and strolled over to a house where the hall had been dedicated to another folly. But my master could only lie down on his couch. Anger or gluttony had put him in such miserable shape that I

just let him lie there where he was, so that he could rest and sleep. I had hardly reached the door when he tried to call me, but he could only say, "Simps!"

I ran over to him and found his eyes rolling around like a stuck pig, so I stood there like a dried codfish, not knowing what to do. Then he pointed to the cupboard and stammered out, "Br -bra - br - bring the - that, you rogue, p-p-pass me the wash basin. I ha-ha-have to shoot a fa-fa-fox."

I hurried and brought him the wash basin. When I got to him, he had cheeks like a trumpeter. He grabbed me by the arm and had me stand still with the basin. Then his mouth burst open with a painful heave and poured such a vulgar mass into the basin that I nearly fainted from the awful smell, because he had also splattered my face. I almost did just what he had done, but, after I had turned pale, I held back for fear that even his very soul would come out with the filth, for he broke out in a cold sweat and his face looked as if he were dying. But he recovered from this and had me bring him some fresh water to wash out his wine sack.

Then he ordered me to take the fox away. This didn't appear to me to be disgusting because it lay in a silver basin. It seemed more like an appetizer for about four men which was too good to throw away. Anyway, I knew that my master hadn't collected anything bad in his stomach. He'd had marvelous and delicate little tarts, baked goods, poultry, game and meat - all of which could still be clearly distinguished.

I stumbled along, not knowing where to take the basin or what to do with it, because I couldn't ask my master. I went to the steward, showed him this beautiful ornament and asked him what I should do with this fox.

"You fool!" he said, "Go and take it to the furrier so that he can prepare the skin." When I asked him where I could find the furrier, he noticed my simplicity and said, "No, take it to the doctor so that he can see what kind of condition our master is in." I would have gone on this wild- goose chase, if the steward had not been afraid of getting into trouble. So he told me to take the refuse into the kitchen with the order to the women there to keep it and sprinkle pepper on it.

When I actually did this, the hags in the kitchen ridiculed me.

THE 34TH CHAPTER: HOW SIMPLICIUS RUINED THE DANCE

My master had just gone out by the time I'd got rid of the basin. I then followed him to the hall of a large house where I saw married men and women, and also single people, spinning around each other in swarms. The way they were howling and tripping around, I thought they'd all gone mad because I couldn't understand the purpose of all this raging and raving. Their appearances seemed so brutal and terrifying to me that my hair stood on end and I could only think that they'd lost their senses.

As we approached, I saw that they were the guests who'd been in their right minds that morning. "My God!" I thought, "What are these poor people up to? They must have gone mad." It soon occurred to me that they were perhaps hellish spirits who had taken on these forms in order to ridicule the whole human race by this frivolous running and monkeying. I thought that if they had had human souls and God's image within them, they certainly wouldn't be behaving so monstrously.

When my master came into the vestibule and was about to enter the hall, the madness was just coming to an end: They were bending, ducking their heads and scrapping and scratching their feet on the floor. I thought they were trying to erase the footprints their raging had left behind. Though I could see by the sweat running down their faces and by their puffing that they were working very hard, their happy faces showed that they didn't mind the exertion.

Because I was dying to know what this foolish business was all about, I asked the comrade (the trusted friend who had recently taught me to divine) what this madness was supposed to be and why they were pitter-patting around. He told me that the real truth was that they had all

agreed to trample in the floor and hall. "Why else do you think they would romp around like that?" he asked. "Didn't you see the way they broke the window just for fun? That's what they'll do to the floor, too."

."My God!" I answered, "Then we'll all go down with it and all break our necks and legs in the fall!"

"Yes," my comrade replied, "that's what they intend to do - and they don't give a damn. Just watch: Everyone who is in danger will grab a pretty woman or girl because couples who hold on to each other are not supposed to be as likely to get hurt."

Because I believed all this,I was so frightened and fearful for my life that I didn't know where I should stand. I hadn't noticed the musicians before, but when they started to play, the men ran up to the ladies like soldiers to their rifles and posts when they hear the drums roar, When they grabbed them by the hand, I felt the floor start to give way and I could see myself and the others breaking our necks. But when they started to jump and the whole building began to shake because they were playing some silly popular favorite, I thought to myself, "This is the end!"

I was afraid that the whole building was about to collapse. Frightened to death, I chanced to hurry up to the lady of high nobility and fine virtues who was just talking to my master - I grabbed on to her like a bear, and I held on like a burr. Not knowing what fantastic notions I had in my head, she jerked herself away from me and started to go into a panic. I began to scream out in desperation, as if someone were trying to murder me.

But that wasn't all! I let something go in my underwear which smelled worse than anything my nose had sensed for a long time. The musicians were suddenly quiet and the dancers stopped. The honorable lady on whose arm I was hanging had been offended because she thought that I had done all of this just to insult her.

Then my master ordered me to be beaten and locked up somewhere because I had already got into enough mischief that day. The two supply soldiers who were supposed to carry out this order pitied me and wanted to escape the smell, so they just dispensed with the whipping and just locked me up in a goose-pen under some stairs.

I have often thought about this matter since then and I have come to the conclusion that the excrement which is discharged out of fear and terror smells much worse than when a strong purgative is taken.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK

THE SECOND BOOK

THE FIRST CHAPTER: HOW A GOOSE AND A GANDER MATE

In my goose-pen, I thought out what I later wrote about dancing and drinking in the first part of **Black and White**[85], so I don't need to tell you about it now. But I'll have to admit that I really didn't know if the dancers had been storming around to trample in the floor, or if I had only been persuaded of that.

Now I will tell how I got out of this goose jail. For three whole hours, until the **praeludium veneris** (I should say, "the honorable dance") was over, I had to sit and stew. When someone finally crept up and began to rattle the latch, I pricked up my ears like a sow pissing in water. The fellow at the gate not only opened it, but he slipped in as quickly as I would have liked to slip out. He was leading a woman by the hand, just like I'd seen them do at the dance.

Though I had no idea what they were up to, my foolish mind had become so accustomed to even stranger adventures that day, that it had reconciled itself to accepting everything that my fate sent to me with silent patience. So I pressed up to the gate to await my end in fear and trembling. Then a whispering arose between them; I could only understand that she was complaining about the awful smell of the place and he was trying to placate her: "Certainly, fair lady," he said, "it breaks my heart that fortune hasn't granted us a more suitable place to enjoy the fruits of love, but I can swear that your gracious presence makes this contemptible corner more charming to me than lovely heaven itself."

Then I heard kisses and noticed strange postures, but because I didn't know what it was all about, I kept as quiet as I could. But when they started to make a ludicrous racket, the goose-pen (which was only put together out of boards) began to creak under the strain, and the woman started to act as though someone were hurting her. I thought that they had to be two of those maniacs who had wanted to trample in the floor and who had now come here to raise havoc and kill me.

The moment these thoughts seized me, I grabbed the gate to escape death and let out the same terrifying scream that had brought me to that pen. But I was clever enough to bar the gate behind me before I dashed for the open house door.

This had been the first wedding I'd ever attended, even though I hadn't been invited. But then, I didn't have to bring a present either, though the bridegroom later totaled up a bill for me that I had to pay in full.

Gentle reader, I haven't told you this story just to make you laugh, but to make my history complete and to show you what fruits of honor are to be expected from dancing. I consider it certain that many bargains are made on the dance floor which later shame an entire friendship.

THE 2ND CHAPTER: WHEN IT'S REALLY GOOD TO HAVE A BATH

Although I'd luckily escaped from the goose-pen, I soon realized that my misfortunes were not over, for my pants were full and I didn't know what to do with them. Everyone was asleep in my master's quarters and I couldn't approach the guard standing in front of the house. They wouldn't have put up with me in the main guard-station because I smelled so bad and it was much too cold for me to remain outside. Anyway, I didn't know one street from another.

It was well past midnight when it occurred to me that I could seek refuge with my pastor. I followed my plan and knocked so persistently at his door that the maid finally let me in, despite her misgivings. But when she smelled what I was bringing with me - her long nose had instantly betrayed my secret to her - she became angry and started to scold me. Her master, who had almost finished sleeping, soon heard this and called us both to his bedside. But as soon as he had twitched his nose a bit and noticed what was wrong, he said that regardless of the calendar, there never was a better time to take a bath than in the condition I found myself. He then told his maid to wash my pants and hang them in front of the stove before daylight. She was also told to put me to bed because he could well see that I was stiff from frost.

I had hardly warmed up when it began to get light; the pastor was already standing by my bed to hear what had happened to me, and how I'd managed my difficulties. (I couldn't get up to come to him because my clothes were still wet.) I told him everything, starting with the art which my comrade had taught me and how badly it had failed. Then I said that after he (the pastor) had left, the guests had gone insane and tried - as my comrade had told me - to trample in the floor of the house. Then I told of how frightened I'd been and how I'd wanted to save myself from destruction but had got locked up in the goose-pen. I also told him of the couple that had let me out and I mentioned what they'd said and done, and told how I'd locked them up in my place.

"Simplicius," the pastor said, "things are really lousy for you now. You had a good thing here, but I'm very much afraid that you've played it away. Now get out of that bed and toddle along home so that I won't fall out of favor with your master when they find you here."

Then I had to get into my damp clothes. For the first time, I'd had to find out how well you are treated by everyone when you are in your master's favor, and what kind of glances they give you when you are not.

I went to my master's quarters, where everyone was sound asleep except for the cook and a couple of maids. They were cleaning the room in which the officers had celebrated while the cook was putting together a breakfast (or just a bite to eat) from the leftovers. I approached the maids, who were working where broken pieces of window panes and drinking glasses lay scattered about. In some places there were piles of them. In others, large puddles of spilled wine and beer made the floor look like a map on which you could imagine the different seas, islands and continents.

Because the whole room smelled worse than my goose-pen, I didn't stay long, but went into the kitchen and finished drying my clothes in front of the fire while I waited with fear and trembling for what Fortune would bring me when my master had finished sleeping.

In the meanwhile, I thought about the foolishness and absurdity of the world. I called to mind what I had gone through during the past day and night, and what else I had seen, heard and experienced. Such thoughts led me to think that the miserable and scanty life I had led with my hermit had been blessed - It made me wish that he and I could return to our former life.

THE 3RD CHAPTER: THE OTHER PAGE IS PAID FOR HIS LESSONS AND SIMPLICIUS IS CHOSEN TO BE THE FOOL

When my master got up, he sent his guard to get me out of the goose-pen. The guard returned with the news that he had opened the gate and found a hole cut in the back of the bar which the prisoner had used to release himself. But before this news arrived, my master had found out from others that I had just been seen in the kitchen.

In the meanwhile, the servants had to run back and forth to fetch yesterday's guests for breakfast. The parson, who had been one of them, had to appear earlier than the others because my master had wanted to talk to him about me before they sat down at the table. He asked him in all seriousness if he thought I were normal or a fool, simple-minded or malicious. Then he

told him how dishonorably I'd behaved the past day and evening, and what his guests had found objectionable and had taken as deliberate insults. Then I'd been locked up in a goose-pen so he could be certain that I would not cause him anymore ridicule. I had broken out and was now walking around in the kitchen like a young lord who didn't have to wait on him anymore. He added that he'd never in his life seen buffoonery like I'd played on him in the presence of so many honorable people. Now he didn't know of anything else to do with me but have me whipped and chased to the devil for acting so stupidly.

While my master was complaining about me, the guests began to arrive. When he had finished, the pastor replied that, if the governor would be kind enough to have the time and patience to listen to him for a moment, he had a few things to say about Simplicius which would not only make his innocence clear, but would also satisfy everyone who had been disgusted by his behavior.

While they were talking about me in the room above, the crazy ensign I'd locked up in the goose-pen made a bargain with me downstairs in the kitchen. With threatening words and a thaler which he slipped to me, he got me to promise to keep my mouth shut about what he'd been doing.

The tables were set and, as on the previous day, they were loaded with food and people. Wines flavored with vermouth, sage, elecompane, quince and lemon, as well as Hippocratic wine[86], were there to appease the heads and stomachs of these drunks again, for every last one of them was a martyr of the devil. The first thing some talked about was themselves and how splendidly they had all got each other drunk the day before - though none of them would really admit that he had drunk too much. The night before they had sworn by the devil that they couldn't hold any more, though they kept on screaming, "Wine, gentlemen, wine!" While some said that they'd been tipsy, others claimed that nobody got drunk anymore because they could now get tipsy.

But when they got tired of talking and hearing about their own follies, poor Simplicius was made to suffer: The governor himself reminded the parson to tell of some amusing things, like he had already promised to do.

First he asked us not to become offended, if he were forced to use words which were unbecoming to his spiritual office. Then he told of the natural causes of the gases which plagued me and of how they'd caused such discomfort for the secretary in the office. He also mentioned the art I'd learned in addition to divining, and how badly it had turned out when I'd tried it. Then he told of how strange the dance had seemed to me because I'd never seen anything like it before, and what kind of story I'd been led to believe about it by my comrade. That was the reason I had grabbed the noble lady and been locked up in the goose-pen.

But he was able to present everything in such a pleasant way that they all split their sides laughing. He excused my simplicity and ignorance so modestly that I regained my master's favor and was allowed to wait on the table again. But he didn't mention what had happened to me in the goose-pen because he thought that some grouches would be irritated at him because they thought that clergymen should only see the dark and gloomy side of things.

Then, to amuse his guests, my master asked me what I'd given my comrade for having taught me such dainty arts. When I said that he'd received nothing, he replied, "Then I'll see to it that he gets what he's got coming to him!" Then he had my comrade braced up on the feed rack and flogged as I had been the day before when I had tried out the art and found it wanting. My master had heard enough of my simplicity by then and wanted to get me to amuse him and his guests some more because he could see that the musicians weren't of any interest as long as they had me there, for I could entertain them better with my foolish ideas than a whole orchestra of musicians. When he asked me why I had cut up the gate to the goose-pen, I said that someone else had done it.

"Who then?" he asked.

"Perhaps the person who came to me." I replied.

"And who was that?"

"I can't say anything." I answered.

But my master could think quickly and knew how to trap me, for he took me by surprise and asked me who had forbidden me to say anything.

"The crazy ensign!" I replied.

Then I noticed by their laughter that I must have really put my foot in my mouth. The crazy ensign, who was sitting at the table, turned as red as a glowing coal. I didn't want to go on anymore without his permission, but after my master had given the crazy ensign a signal instead of an order, I was allowed to tell what I knew. Then my master asked what the crazy ensign had wanted to do there in the goose-pen with me.

"He brought a girl in there." I replied.

"But what did he do then?" my master asked.

"I thought that he wanted to make water there in the stall." I answered.

"What did the girl do? Wasn't she embarrassed?" he asked.

"Certainly not, Sir!" I replied. "She just lifted up her dress and wanted to," (May my very honorable, virtuous, moral and honor-loving reader forgive my impolite pen if it writes everything as crudely as I reported it then.) "take a shit."

Then those present raised such a roar of laughter that my master couldn't hear me, let alone ask me any more questions. There wasn't any need to either, because they didn't want to make that pious and honorable girl an object of ridicule.

Then the steward told those at the table that I had recently come home from the bulwark and had said that I knew where lightning and thunder came from: I had seen great hollow blocks on carts; they had stuffed them with onion seeds and iron turnips without tops; then they had tickled the blocks behind a little with a zinc spit - after that, steam, thunder and hellish fire had roared out the front. Because more stories like this were told, they didn't talk or laugh about anything but me for the whole course of the meal.

This conversation brought the following conclusion to my decline: They were going to keep me stirred up so that I would become an outstanding fool who could honor the great potentates of the world and cause the dying to laugh.

THE 4TH CHAPTER: ABOUT THE MAN MHO GAVE MONEY AND ABOUT THE KIND OF WAR SERVICE THAT WAS RENDERED TO THE CROWN OF SWEDEN TO GAIN THE NAME OF SIMPLICISSIMUS

Just as they had finished feasting and were about to make merry again, the guard gave the governor a message saying that a commissioner appointed by the Council of War of Sweden was outside the gate and wanted to inspect the garrison and visit the fortress. This put a damper on the fun and all of the joyous laughter went slack like a bagpipe when the air is let out. The musicians and the guests floated away like tobacco smoke which disappears and leaves only its odor behind.

Then my master strolled towards the gate with the adjutant (who carried the keys) and a delegation from the main guard carrying a lot of lamps to personally admit the "ink-smearer" (as the governor called him). He even wished that the devil would break his neck in a thousand pieces before he could enter the fortress. But as soon as the governor had let him in and bid him welcome at the inside drawbridge, it lacked little or nothing to keep him from holding his stirrup[87] to show him his devotion.

The reverence between the two of them was soon so great that, while the commissioner dismounted and walked on foot with my master towards his quarters, both of them tried to be on the left side, and so forth.

"Oh!" I thought, "What a marvelously false spirit rules over men! It makes a fool out of each one of them by using the other one."

As we approached, the sentry called out, "Who goes there?", even though he could well see that it was my master, who didn't want to answer because he wanted the commissioner to have that honor.

This pause made him yell again even louder. Finally, my master answered this last, "Who goes?" by saying: "The man that gives the money!"

As we went past the sentry, with me dragging along in the rear, I heard the sentry - a newly-recruited soldier who had been a prosperous young peasant from the Vogelsberg area - mutter: "You liar, 'the man who gives money!' - You're a jackal that takes money, that's what you are! You've squeezed so much money out of me that I wish hail would knock you down dead before you leave the city."

From this hour on, I got the notion that this strange gentleman in the velvet jerkin must have been a saint, not only because curses didn't bother him, but also because those who hated him showed him respect and everything lovely and good. That night he was treated like a prince - they got him completely drunk and then put him in a magnificent bed.

The inspection on the following day was a confused affair. Even I, simple-minded as I was, was clever enough to deceive the commissioner (and they don't usually appoint children to such offices). And I was able to learn how to do so in less than an hour, because there was little enough to the art: All I had to do was to beat on a drum because I was too small to be a musketeer. They dressed me for this purpose with borrowed clothes (My page's pantaloons wouldn't do for the part.) and a borrowed drum, for I had been borrowed myself. I passed the inspection like this without any difficulty.

Because they weren't ready to take any chances with my simplicity by giving me a new name to remember, I had to remain Simplicius. But the governor did give me a family name by having me listed as "**Simplicius Simplicissimus**". Like a whore's child, he made me the first one in my family, even though (as he admitted himself) I looked like his own sister.

I kept these names afterwards until I found out my real ones. With them, I played my part fairly well for the benefit of the governor and with very little harm to the Crown of Sweden. That is all the service I ever rendered in my life, so its enemies have no reason to hold anything against me.

THE 5TH CHAPTER: SIMPLICIUS IS TAKEN TO HELL BY FOUR DEVILS AND IS TREATED TO SPANISH WINE

After the commissioner had left, the pastor secretly had me come to his quarters, where he said, "Oh Simplicius, I feel sorry for your youth. Your future unhappiness moves me to compassion. Listen to me my child, and you'll learn that your master is going to try to rob you of your senses and make you into a real fool. He has already had them make a special costume for you.

"Tomorrow you'll have to go to a school which is intended to rob you of your senses. There they will undoubtedly treat you so harshly that you won't be able to keep from becoming a fool, if God and natural help don't intervene. But because this is such a rotten and worrisome trade, I want to help you with advice and the necessary aids and remedies. I am doing all of this out of Christian love for you, and because of your own innocence.

"I want you to do what I tell you and take this powder, which will strengthen your brain and your memory so much that you will easily be able to survive everything without damage to your mind. And here is an ointment for you to rub on your temples, the nape of your neck and in your nostrils. You will need these in the evening when you go to sleep because you can't be certain that they won't drag you out of your bed.

"But see to it that nobody finds out that I warned you or gave you these medicines. Otherwise, something could happen to you and to me. And when they have you in this damned school, watch out and don't believe everything that they'll try to convince you of. Just act as if you believe it and don't talk much. That way they won't notice that they're wasting their time. That would only make your troubles worse.

"Although I don't know just how they're going to treat you, come back to me when you are wearing your fool's costume and nosegay. Then I can give you more detailed advice. In the meantime, I'll pray to God to protect your senses and health." Then he gave me the powder and ointment, and I strolled back home again with them.

It all happened exactly as the pastor had said: Just after I'd gone to sleep, four fellows disguised as devils with terrifying masks came into my room and walked up to my bed. Then they sprang around it like clowns or carnival jesters. One of them carried a glowing poker and another had a torch in his hands. The other two slipped up to me, pulled me out of bed, danced around me, and then forced me to get dressed.

I pretended that I thought that they were really devils, mimed a pitiful cry and made all sorts of terrible gestures. They told me that I would have to go away with them - then they wrapped my head in a towel so that I could neither see, hear, nor scream. They led me around on different paths, and we went up and down a lot of stairs before we finally came to a cellar where a large fire was burning. After they had unwrapped the towel again, they began drinking to me with Spanish wine and malmsey. They had no trouble convincing me that I had died and was now in the depths of hell because I deliberately pretended to believe everything that they did to deceive me.

"Drink up!" they said, "You'll have to be with us for all eternity. If you don't want to be a regular fellow and join in, we'll throw you in this fire." Though the poor devils had wanted to disguise their language and voices so that I wouldn't recognize them, I noticed right away that they were some of my master's supply sergeants. I didn't let on that I recognized them, but just laughed to myself that I was fooling the people who were trying to make a fool out of me. Though I did have my share of Spanish wine, they drank much more than I did because such men seldom get their hands on such heavenly nectar, so I can swear that they were drunk before I was.

When the time seemed right to me, I pretended to stagger around as I'd recently seen my master's guests do. Finally, I didn't want to drink anymore, but just sleep. But with pokers they'd been keeping in the fire, they prodded me around through all the corners of the cellar till it seemed that they were going mad themselves. They tried to get me to drink more or (at least) to keep me from going to sleep. When I fell down in this mad chase (which I often deliberately did) they picked me up again and acted as though they were going to throw me into the fire. So I was treated like a hawk[88] which is kept awake during its training. This was the hardest thing that I had to bear.

I could have outlasted them in staying awake and drinking, if they'd all acted together, but they took turns, so I had to lose out in the end. I spent three days and two nights in this smoke-filled cellar in which there was no light except that from the fire. My head started to buzz and fume as if it were going to burst.

Finally, because I had to think of something to end my pain and get rid of my torturers, I decided to behave like the fox which pisses in the faces of the hounds when he isn't able to evade them any longer. And because Nature was pressing me to relieve myself, I caused myself to vomit by putting my finger in my throat. That way I paid my fare with such an intolerable stink that even my devils were not able to stay around me anymore. They lay me in a linen sheet and beat me so mercilessly that my insides and my soul could have flown out of me. This treatment made me pass out and lose the use of my senses. I was so far gone that I didn't know what they did to me after that.

THE 6TH CHAPTER: SIMPLICIUS GOES TO HEAVEN AND IS CHANGED INTO A CALF

When I came to my senses again, I was no longer in the dismal cellar with the devils, but in a beautiful hall in the hands of three of the ugliest hags ever to walk the face of the earth. When I first opened my eyes a little, I thought that they were natural demonic spirits, but if I had read the heathen poets, I would have thought that they were the Eumenides*[89], or at least that one of them was Tisiphone[90] who had come out of hell to rob me of my senses like Athamantas[91]. But I already knew that I was there to be driven mad.

This hag had a pair of eyes like two jack-o'-lanterns. Between them was a long, thin hawk's nose whose end or point curved down even below her lips: I only saw two teeth in her mouth, but they were so perfect and so long, round and thick, that the shape of each of them could be compared with a gold finger and the color with the gold itself. To put it plainly, there was enough ivory there for a whole mouthful of teeth - it was just badly distributed.

Her face looked like it was made of Spanish leather, and her white hair hung oddly tangled on her head because they had just got her out of bed. I don't know of anything to compare her long breasts with, except two limp cow bladders which have been only about a third inflated. On each of them hung a dark brown spigot about half a finger long. She was truly a terrible sight, and could serve no other purpose than to be an excellent remedy against the silly amorousness of lusting bucks.

The other two were not any better except that they had little flat noses like apes and were wearing their clothes a bit better.

When I had recovered somewhat, I saw that one of them was our dishwasher and the other two the wives of supply sergeants. I pretended that I couldn't move and, to tell the truth, I didn't feel like dancing. Then these three honest old mamas undressed me as naked as a jaybird and cleaned me up just as if I had been a baby. They treated me so tenderly and showed me so much sympathy and patience during their work that I almost let on what I was up to. But then I thought: "No, Simplicius, don't trust these old women! Just remember that you have done enough in your young life if you deceive three crafty old sluts who could catch the devil in an open field. This should make you hope to do even more when you are older."

When they finished with me they put me in an exquisite bed in which I immediately went to sleep. Then they picked up their pails and other things they'd used to wash me, as well as my clothes and dirt, and took them away with them.

I think I must have slept for more than twenty-four hours. When I woke up again, two beautiful youths wearing wings were standing in front of my bed. They were splendidly dressed in white shirts, taffeta sashes, pearls, jewels, golden chains and other impressive things. One of them had a gilded basin full of waffles, sugar loaf, marchpane and other sweetmeats. The other boy was holding a golden cup. They said that they were angels and tried to convince me that I was now in heaven because I had happily survived purgatory and had escaped from the devil and his mother. I had only to ask for anything my heart desired, because everything I could want was there in plenty or was within their power to bring. Because I was suffering from thirst and saw the cup in front of me, I asked for only a drink, which they more than willingly gave me. It wasn't wine, but a sweet-tasting sleeping potion, which I drank down without putting the cup from my lips. This put me to sleep again as soon as it warmed me up inside.

I woke up the following day (otherwise I'd still be asleep) and found myself no longer in bed in that hall, but in my goose-jail. It was frightfully dark in there, just like in the cellar, and I was wearing a garment made of calf skins that had the rough side turned outwards. My trousers were made in the Polish or Swabian style, and my doublet had been made in a silly way with a hood on it like a monk's cowl. This had been pulled over my head and decorated with a beautiful pair of large donkey's ears.

I even had to laugh at my misfortune because I could tell from both the nest and the

feathers what kind of a bird I was supposed to be. That was when I first began to look inward and to think of my own good. I made up my mind to be as foolish as I could possibly be and to wait with patience for what my fate might bring me

THE 7TH CHAPTER: HOW SIMPLICIUS ACTED IN THIS BESTIAL CONDITION

I could have easily freed myself by using the hole which the crazy ensign had cut in the gate, but I didn't because I was supposed to be a fool. So I behaved like a fool who was too stupid to free himself - I acted just like a hungry calf which wanted its mother. My bawling was soon heard by those who were posted there, for two soldiers came up to the goose-pen and asked who was inside.

"You fool!" I replied, "Don't you know a calf when you hear one?" Then they opened the pen, took me out and acted surprised that a calf could speak. But they had the awkward motions of new and clumsy actors who aren't able to behave like the characters they are supposed to be. I almost felt like helping them out. They discussed what to do with me and they decided to present me to the governor because he would pay them more than a butcher for me because I was able to talk.

When they asked me how I felt, I replied: "Bad enough! "

"Why?" they asked.

"Because it's the habit around here," I said, "to lock up honest calves in goose-pens. You fellows ought to know that if you want to raise me to be a real ox, you'll have to treat me respectably." After this brief discussion, they led me across the street and toward the governor's quarters, while a large crowd of boys followed us. Because we were all mooing like calves, a blind man would have thought that a whole herd of them was being driven along. But if he'd seen us, he'd have said that it was just a mob of young fools. The two soldiers presented me to the governor as if I had been the spoils they'd captured on a raid. He gave each one of them a small gratuity, and he promised me that I would be treated well there. "Kiss my rosy red...!" I thought as I said,

"Master, they don't have to lock me up in a goose-pen. We calves can't put up with that if we are to grow up to be big."

The governor consoled me and thought that he'd been very clever to make such a bizarre fool out of me. Meanwhile I thought to myself, "Just keep it up, my dear governor. I've already passed the trial of fire and was made hard in it. Now we'll see which one of us can handle the other one better."

Just at that moment, a peasant who'd taken refuge in the city was driving his animals to the watering trough. As soon as I saw this, I left the governor. Crying like a calf, I hurried to the cows and acted as if I were going to suck them. When I approached them, they bolted away from me as if I'd been a wolf, even though I was wearing a calf skin. The cows fled in all directions as if a nest of hornets in August had been loose among them. It was quite a sight to see their owner trying vainly to herd them together again. A crowd of people was there in a jiffy to watch the show.

After laughing until he almost burst, my master said, "One fool can make a hundred more!"

"Don't look now, Sir." I thought, "You might be talking about yourself."

From that time on, everyone called me "The Calf", so I found some special name to ridicule each one of them with. Most people (but especially my master) thought these names were quite ingenious because each name I bestowed fitted the qualities of the person in mind. To sum it up, everyone thought that I was a simple fool - and I considered them to be clever fools. As far as I can judge, this is still the usual custom in the world: Everyone is satisfied with his own wit and imagines that he is cleverer than anyone else.

The amusement that I'd enjoyed with the peasant's cows had made the short morning even shorter because it was the time of the winter solstice. Though I still waited on the table at the noon meal as before, I now had a few strange tricks to pull. When I was supposed to eat, no one could get me to take any human food or drink at all. I only wanted to have grass, though it was impossible to get at that time.

My master sent to the butcher's for a pair of fresh calf skins, and he had two small boys put them over their heads. Then he had them sit beside me at the table. We were treated to winter lettuce for the first course and told to eat heartily. He even had a real calf brought in, and encouraged it to eat the lettuce by sprinkling salt on it.

I stared as stiffly as if I were astonished at this, but the circumstances warned me to get into the spirit of things. "Yes, indeed!" they said when they saw me so disturbed, "There's nothing new about calves eating meat, fish, cheese, butter and all the rest. They even like to get drunk from time to time, too! Beasts know what's good!"

"Yes, sir!" they added, "Things have gone so far nowadays that there isn't much difference between beasts and men anymore. Do you want to be the only one not to join in?"

It wasn't hard for them to convince me of what had been told, for I was hungry anyway - and not because I had seen men more piggish than swine, more ferocious than lions, more lecherous than goats, more jealous than dogs, more headstrong than horses, cruder than mules, thirstier than cattle, more cunning than foxes, more ravenous than wolves, sillier than apes, more poisonous than snakes or toads - and all of these men had enjoyed human food and differed only in form from these animals - though they certainly did not have the innocence of calves.

I ate whatever I wanted with my fellow calves, and if a stranger had chanced to see us sitting together at the table, he would have thought that old Circe had arisen to turn men into animals again - and that was an art my master knew and practiced. At the next meal, they treated me just as they had done at this one. My fellow-eaters, (or parasites) ate along with me so that I would also eat. They even had to accompany me to bed, for my master wouldn't let me spend the night in the stall.

And that's how I made fools out of those who thought that they were making a fool out of me. I then came to the firm conclusion that the benevolent God has given each and every man the intelligence he needs to survive in the station to which he has been called. Though there are many people who claim to be doctors, and who imagine that they are the only ones who know which way the wind is blowing - even though there are a lot of other people around who can think just as well.

THE 8TH CHAPTER: TELLS OF THE WONDERFUL POWERS OF MEMORY OF SOME. AND THE FORGETFULNESS OF OTHERS

When I woke up in the morning my two calf-companions were already gone. I got up and slipped away to the pastor's house just as the adjutant was getting the key to open the city gates. I told the pastor everything that had happened to me in heaven and in hell. When he saw that my conscience was troubling me because I was deceiving my master and so many other people by pretending to be a fool, he said, "Don't let it bother you. The world is foolish and wants to be deceived. They left you your senses - use them to your own advantage. Just imagine that - like a phoenix - you arose through fire from ignorance to understanding and have been born to a new human life.

But remember, you're not over the hill yet. There is danger in covering your brain with a jester's cap. The times are so strange that no one knows if you'll come out of this with your life. It is easy enough to get into hell, but it takes a lot of panting and pulling to get out again. You're not at all mature enough to escape the danger facing you, even though you may think you are.

You'll need more caution and understanding than you did before you knew what understanding and ignorance are. Remain humble and wait patiently for the changes the future will bring."

He had deliberately changed his way of speaking to me and I imagined that he could read my mind because I was thinking that I must be quite a fellow to get by with such a clever deception. The expression on his face made me suppose that he was tired of me because he seemed to be asking what good I was to him. That made me change my way of talking, too. I thanked him heartily for the excellent things he'd given me to preserve my understanding. I even made the impossible promise that I would gratefully repay him for what he'd done.

That tickled him and got him into a better mood because he began to praise his drugs. He even told me that Simonides Melicus[92] had discovered an art which Metrodorus Sceptius had diligently perfected. With its help he could teach anyone to repeat word for word anything he'd ever seen or heard. This was only possible, he said, by means of the mind-strengthening drugs which he had given me.

"Yes, my dear pastor." I thought, "When I was with my hermit, I read a much different story about Sceptius and his memory aids." But I was smart enough not to say anything because I had become clever since becoming a fool. That's why I was now very cautious of what I said.

The pastor went on to tell me how Cyrus[93] could call each one of his 30,000 soldiers by their right names, and how Lucius Scipio[94] could speak to all of the citizens of Rome by name. He said that Cyneas[95], the ambassador of Pyrrhus, knew the names of all of the senators and nobles of Rome the day after he had arrived.

"Mithridates[96], the king of Pontus and Bithynia," he went on, "ruled over peoples speaking twenty-two different languages, but he could administer justice to each group in its own tongue and could speak to each one of them separately, as we are told in Sabell.[97] lib. 10 cap. 9. The learned Greek Charmides[98] could repeat anything you wanted to hear from any of the books in his library, even if he'd only skimmed through it once. Lucius Seneca could repeat two thousand names he'd heard spoken and, as Ravisius[99] tells us, he could repeat two hundred verses spoken by two hundred school children, from the last to the first. Esdras, according to Euseb.[100]. lib. temp. fulg. lib. 8 cap. 5, knew the five books of Moses by heart and dictated them word for word to scribes. Themistocles[101] learned the Persian language in a year. Crassus could speak five different dialects of Greek in Asia and administer justice to his subjects in each of them. Julius Caesar read, dictated and gave audiences all at the same time.

"I won't mention Aelius Hadrianus[102], Portius Latrone[103], the Romans and others, but only that Saint Jerome was fluent in Hebrew, Chaldean, Greek, Persian, Median, Arabian and Latin. The hermit Anthony knew the whole Bible by heart, though he'd only heard it read. Citing Marcus Antonius Muretus[104], Colerus[105] - in lib. 18 cap. 21, gives us a description of a Corsican who had heard the names of six thousand men and could quickly repeat them all in the right order.

"I'm only telling you this," he went on, "so that you won't think that it is impossible for a man to strengthen or maintain his memory by means of drugs, regardless of how he might otherwise be weakened or even destroyed. Plinius[106] writes in lib. 7, cap. 24, that nothing about a man is weaker than his memory and that it can even go away entirely or lose a great deal of its power through illness, shock, fear, sorrow or worry. A learned man of Athens wrote that he'd forgotten everything he had once studied, even the **ABC's**, after a stone had fallen on him from above. Sickness caused another man to forget the name of his servant. Messala Corvinus[107] didn't know his own name, even though he'd had a good memory before. Schramhans wrote in **Fasciculo Historiarum** f d. 60 - but it sounds as boastful as if Plinius himself had written it - that a priest drank blood from his own vein and this caused him to forget how to read and write, but left his memory otherwise unimpaired. When he came back to the same place at the same time the next year and again drank his own blood, he could read and write as before.

"More credible is Jo. Wierus[108] **De Praestigiis Daemon,** lib. 3, cap. 18, when he writes that if you consume bear 's brain, you will fall victim to such fantasies and imaginings that you'll think you've become a bear yourself. He proves this by the example of a Spanish noble who, after he'd eaten one, ran around in the wilderness and couldn't imagine that he was anything but a bear. Dear Simplicius, if your master had known this art, you would have more probably been

turned into a bear, like Callisto[109], than a bull, like Jupiter.

The pastor told me a lot more things like this, and he gave me some more drugs and instructions for the future. Then I began to make my way home, bringing more than a hundred boys along with me. They all went after me bawling like calves and causing my master, who'd just got up, to run to the window to see so many fools at one time. It pleased him to laugh heartily about it.

THE 9TH CHAPTER: SOME ODD PRAISE FOR A BEAUTIFUL LADY

As soon as I entered my master's house, I had to go into the chamber because some ladies visiting my master had wanted to see and hear his new fool. When I made my appearance, I just stood there as if I were dumb. This caused the lady I'd grabbed at the dance to remark that - though she had heard that this calf could talk - she had the feeling that he couldn't.

I replied, "And I'd always thought that apes couldn't talk, but I'm hearing one now."

"What!" my master exclaimed, "Do you mean that these ladies are apes?"

"Well, if they're not," I replied, "they may soon be. Who knows? I never thought that I'd become a calf, but here I am." When my master asked me how I could tell that they might become apes, I replied, "Apes expose their backsides and these ladies expose their breasts, though other maids usually keep theirs covered."

"Wiseacre!" my master said, "You're a foolish calf and you talk like one, too. These ladies let us see what's worth seeing, but apes go naked out of poverty. Now hurry up and make amends, or I'll have you whipped and let the dogs chase you back to the goose-pen. That's what will happen to calves who don't know how to behave. So let's hear you praise a lady as she deserves."

Then I looked the lady over from head to foot and from top to bottom, and stared at her as lovingly as if I'd wanted to marry her. "Master," I finally said, "now I see what's wrong. That thief of a dress maker is to blame for everything. He put the material which is supposed to go around the neck lower down on the dress where it drags behind. They ought to chop the bungler's hands off if he can't sew any better than that."

"Madame," I said to her, "get rid of your tailor if you want to stop him from ruining you like that. See to it that you get my knan's; he's called Master Little Paul. He made such beautiful pleated skirts for my meuder, our Anne and our Ursule. They didn't drag in the dirt like your dress does. You wouldn't believe what beautiful clothes he could make for those hags."

Then my master asked me if my knan's Anne and Ursule were prettier than this lady, I replied, "Certainly not, Sir! This maid has hair as yellow as baby shit and the part in it has been made as white and straight as if they'd crowned her with hog bristles. Her hair is rolled up so nicely that it looks like she had hollow pipes, a couple of pounds of candles or a dozen sausages hanging from both sides.

"Just look at her smooth and beautiful forehead. Isn't it curved as nicely as a fat arse-cheek and isn't it whiter than a skull that's been hanging outside for years? It's really a shame that her tender skin has been so badly blemished by the powder in her hair. People won't know what it is when they see it. They'll think that the lady has inherited dandruff and it has been flaking off.

"And it's even worse with her sparkling eyes. Their blackness glitters more brightly than my knan's oven when our Anne was in front of it with wisps of straw to warm the room. You could believe there is enough flame in them to set the whole world on fire.

"Her cheeks are nice and red, but they're not nearly as red as the bright bands with which the Swabian teamsters of Ulm decorate their flies. But the bright red she has on her lips far excels that color. When she laughs or talks - I beg you, Sir, to pay careful attention to this - you can see the two lines of teeth in her mouth. They are so beautifully set in rows and so much like

sugar that you'd think that they had all been whittled out of a white turnip. They're such a wonderful sight, I can't imagine that it would hurt if she bit someone with them.

"And her neck is just as white as old curdled milk. Her tiny breasts below it are the same color. No doubt they're as hard to grasp as a goat's teat that's bursting with milk. And they are not limp like those of the old women who recently cleaned my backside when I was in heaven.

"Oh, Master! Just look at her hands and fingers. They are so subtle, so long, so limber, so pliant and seemly. Naturally they're just like the ones gypsy women have for reaching into your pocket when they're stealing.

"But what is all that in comparison to her whole body, even though I can't see it naked? Isn't it as tender, slim and charming as if she'd had diarrhea for eight whole weeks?"

There was such a burst of laughter then that they could neither hear me, nor could I talk any longer. I then slipped out because I had already let them tease me for as long as I pleased.

THE 10TH CHAPTER: TELLS ONLY OF HEROS AND FAMOUS ARTISTS

I bravely let myself be used again because I had resolved to criticize every folly and to scold and chastise every vanity - and the position I had was well suited for such work. No one at the table was too good not to be rebuked and flayed for his vices. When someone objected to me, he was either ridiculed by the others or reminded by my master that no wise man was ever provoked by a fool. I immediately began to step on the toes of my worst enemy, the crazy ensign.

At the prompting of my master, the secretary was the first to match wits with me. When I called him a title-smith, ridiculed him for vain degrees and asked him what kind of title the first father of men had received, he replied: "You are talking like a brainless calf because you don't know that our first parents were followed by various people who distinguished themselves and their families by such rare things as manly deeds of heroism and the discovery of useful arts. This caused them to be raised above all earthly beings, up to the very heavens as gods.

"If you were a man or at least had read history as we do, you would understand the distinctions which exist among men and be content to let others have their titles of honor. But you're a calf, and neither capable nor worthy of human honor. That's the reason you talk about the matter like a stupid calf and begrudge the noble human race that for which it should rejoice."

"I used to be a man just like you." I answered, "And I read quite a lot, too, so I know that you either don't understand the matter, or your own advantage forces you to say what you don't mean. Tell me, just what kind of glorious deeds were done and what praiseworthy arts discovered that were enough to ennoble a whole family for hundreds of years after the heroes and artists were dead. Didn't the strength of the hero and the wisdom and greater understanding of the artist die with them? If you can't understand that, and parents pass their qualities on to their children, then I'll have to think that your father was a codfish and your mother a flounder."

"Ha!" he replied, "If we could settle this matter by insulting each other, I could remind you that your knan was a crude Spessart peasant. Even though your family and area have the clumsiest oafs, you've degraded them even more by becoming a stupid calf."

"Right you are!" I answered, "That's just what I was saying: Parents don't pass on all their virtues, so children aren't always worthy of their parents' claims. It was no disgrace for me to become a calf because that brought me the honor of following in the footsteps of the mighty king, Nebuchadnezzar[110]. Who knows? It might please God to make me into a man again like He did him; then I could become even greater than my knan. So I'll praise those who have become noble through their own virtues. "

"Now just suppose," said the secretary, "that children do not always inherit the talents of their parents. You'll still have to admit that those who ennoble themselves by their own deeds

are worthy of honors. If that's so, it follows that it's right to honor children for the sake of their parents because, as they say, 'like father, like son'.

"Who wouldn't be ready to praise the descendants of Alexander the Great, if any were still around, because of the valiant military courage of their forefather. He showed his desire for combat as a youth who was not yet ripe for weapons by crying because he was afraid that his father would conquer everything and leave nothing for him. Hadn't Alexander subdued one world before he was thirty years - then wanted to struggle for another? Didn't he, after he had been abandoned by his own men in a battle with the Indians, even sweat blood in his anger? Isn't it true that, as if surrounded by blazing flames, he couldn't be seen and the barbarians had to flee in fear? Who wouldn't respect him as higher and more noble than others? Even Quintus Curtius[111] wrote that his breath was like balm, his sweat like musk and his corpse smelled of precious spices.

"I could also mention Julius Caesar and Pompey. Besides the victories won in the civil wars, one fought in the field fifty times and killed 1,152,000 men. The other, in addition to capturing 940 ships from the pirates, overcame 876 cities and towns from the Alps to the farthest reaches of Hispania. I needn't go into the glory of Marcus Sergius and of Lucius Sucius Dentatus[112], the guild master of Rome; I'll only mention that, when Spurius Turpejus and Aulus Eternius[113] were mayors, he took part in 110 battles and overcame those who challenged him eight times. He could point to 45 scars on his body. He received all of them while facing the enemy and none in the back. He took part in the triumphs which nine commanding colonels had earned through their valor.

"The military glory of Manlius Capitolinus[114] would not have been less, if he had not diminished it himself at the close of his life, because he could count thirty-three scars and singlehandedly preserved the Capitolium, with all its treasures, from the French. And what about powerful Hercules, Theseus and all the others? It's almost impossible to both recount and describe their immortal fame! So shouldn't we honor them in their descendants?

"But lets leave aside war and weapons and turn to the arts. Though they seem to be less important, they make those who master them famous. Just think of the skill of Zeuxe[115], who could deceive the birds of the air with his artistic mind and skillful hand, and don't forget Apelle[116], who painted a Venus that was so natural, so beautiful, so prodigious - and with all her lines so subtle and tender - that all of the young men fell in love with her.

"Plutarch writes that Archimedes pulled a large ship loaded with wares over the market place of Syracus with only one hand and a single rope, as if he were leading a pack animal. Twenty oxen couldn't have done that, let alone two-hundred calves like you. Shouldn't this honest master be given a special title of honor for his art?

"Who wouldn't want to exalt the man who made a glass construction for the Persian king Sapor[117]? It was so broad and large that he could sit in the center of it and see the stars rising and setting at his feet.

"Archimedes made a mirror with which he could set enemy warships afire. And think of the wonderful mirror of Ptolemaeus[118], which had as many faces as there are hours in the day.

"Who would not want to praise the one who first discovered letters? And who would not want to elevate above all other craftsmen the man who invented the noble art of printing, which is useful to the whole world? If Ceres is considered a goddess because she invented agriculture and the mill's mechanism, why isn't it right to celebrate others according to their qualities with titles of honor?

"It doesn't matter much if a crude calf like you can grasp the matter with your ox-brain or not. You are like the dog that lay on the hay and wouldn't let the cattle have it, even though he couldn't eat it himself. Because you are incapable of honor, you are not ready to grant it to those who are worthy of it."

When I saw myself being baited like that, I replied, "These glorious and heroic deeds could certainly be praised, if they hadn't been accomplished at the expense and destruction of other men. What kind of glory is it that is soiled with the blood of innocent men? And what kind of nobility is it which is won and achieved with the ruin of thousands of others? And what are the arts, but simply vanities and follies? They are as empty, vain and useless as the titles which are earned with them. They serve only greed, lust, luxury or the destruction of others - like the

terrible things I saw the other day on the gun-carriages .

"We could also do without printing and books according to the word and opinion of the holy man who believed that the wide world was book enough for him to view the wonders of his creator and to recognize the Divine Omnipotence."

THE 11TH CHAPTER: OF THE DIFFICULT AND DANGEROUS POSITION OF A RULER

Because my master also wanted to jest with me he said, "I notice that you have contempt for titles of nobility because you don't trust yourself to become noble. "

I answered, "Master, if I were offered a position of honor today, I would refuse it!"

My master laughed and said, "I believe it because oxen belong to oat straw. But if you had a high mind, like noble spirits should have, you would be ambitious for great honors and dignities. As far as I am concerned, I don't believe it's worthless to be elevated by Fortune above the others."

"Oh, troublesome happiness!" I said with a sigh. "Master, I assure you that you are the most miserable man in Hanau."

"Why, Calf?" my master asked. "Tell me why you think this. It doesn't seem so to me."

"If you don't know," I answered, "and you believe that, then you are burdened by cares and unrest as governor of Hanau and are being blinded by an excessive desire for the honor you enjoy. But if you are as insensitive as iron, you can give orders and everyone in sight has to obey you, but do they do it for nothing? Aren't you their servant? Don't you have to take care of every one of them? Look, you are surrounded by enemies and you alone are responsible for the safety of this fortress. You have got to try to gain advantages over your enemy and to take care that your attacks remain secret. Don't you often have to be on guard like a commoner standing watch?

"And you have also got to make certain that no lack of money, provisions or men appears in the ledgers. That's why you always have to keep the whole countryside paying tribute. And when you send your soldiers out to collect it, robbing, plundering, stealing and murdering will be their best work. They recently plundered Orb[119], captured Braunfels, and put Staden[120] to the torch. That brought you your spoils, but you'll have to answer to God for it.

"Granted that perhaps you enjoy pleasure as well as honor. But do you know who will enjoy the treasures that you gather? And suppose you keep these riches - which would be dangerous enough - you'd still have to leave them behind in this world when you take nothing with you but the sins you've committed to gain them. If you have the good fortune to make use of your spoils, you'll be squandering the sweat and blood of the poor, who are now suffering want, or even starvation.

"I notice now and then that the weight of your office distracts your mind while I and the other calves are untroubled and sleep quietly. It can cost you your head if you neglect to take care of anything to preserve the fortress or your subordinates. Look, I'm elevated above such sorrows! And because I know that Nature will require me to die, I don't worry about anyone storming my stall or struggling for my life. And if I die young, I'll be freed from the burdens of a draft animal.

"But others will certainly try to lay snares for you in a thousand different ways. That's the reason your whole life is nothing but continual worry and sleeplessness. And you have to fear both friend and foe, because they are always thinking of ways to rob you of your life, your money, your reputation, your command, or of something else, regardless of what you do. The enemy goes after you openly and your supposed friends are secretly envious of your fortune - and you can't always be safe from your friends.

"I won't mention how your burning ambition tortures you and drives you to and fro when you think of gaining a greater name and more glory, or of rising to higher commands, gathering

more riches, deceiving the enemy, taking this or that place by surprise, and - to make it short - of doing almost everything that will cause pain to others, injury to your soul, and displeasure to the Divine Majesty.

"But worst of all, you have been so spoiled by your flatterers that you haven't even come to know yourself. You have been so prejudiced and poisoned by them that you can't see what a dangerous road you are taking because they tell you that everything that you do is right, and they acclaim your vices and turn them all into nothing but virtues. Your wrath is justice for them and when you bring ruin to the country and its people, they call you a good soldier. They drive you on at the cost of others, so that they will keep your favor and fatten their own purses."

"You good-for-nothing!" my master replied, "Who taught you to preach?"

"Dearest master," I replied, "didn't I tell you that you have already been so spoiled by your toadies and idlers that you are beyond help? But other people quickly see your vices and pass judgment on you, and not only in high and weighty matters. They find enough to criticize in small and unimportant things. Important people of the past can give you examples enough: The Athenians murmured against their Simonide[121] only because he spoke too loudly. The Thebians complained about their Paniculus because of his spitting. The Lacedaemons criticized Lycurgus[122] because he always went around with his head bowed. The Romans thought that it wasn't fitting of Scipio to snore so loudly in his sleep. They thought that it was ugly of Pompey to use only one finger to scratch himself. They ridiculed Julius Caesar because he didn't wear his belt well. The Uticans spoke ill of their good Cato[123] because they thought that he ate all too greedily with his cheeks full. The Carthaginians slandered Hannibal because he always went around with his chest bare.

"What do you think now, dear master? Do you still believe that I should change places with someone who probably has more than a hundred, or perhaps even more than ten thousand, secret and open enemies, slanderers and grudging envier - in addition to twelve or thirteen spongers, toadies and parasites? What kind of bliss, gaiety or joy could a mind enjoy which had to shelter so many men? Aren't you required to watch out for all of them, to take care of them and to listen to every grievance and complaint? Wouldn't that be trouble enough, even without the hostile and the envious?

"I can certainly see how tiresome it must be for you and how many complaints you have to bear. Tell me master, what 'll be your reward? What 'll you get out of it? If you don't know, then let the Greek Demosthenes[124] tell you how, contrary to all justice, he was banished from his land and driven to misery like a terrible criminal after he had bravely and loyally served and protected the common good and the law of the Athenians. Hannibal was so ill-rewarded by his own people that he had to roam the world as a refuge. That also happened to the Roman Camillus[125]. The Greeks repaid Lycurgus and Solon by stoning the one and poking the other's eye out as a murderer before banishing him. So you can keep your command and its rewards. Don't share them with me because, if I get them, then you won't have anything left but a guilty conscience. But if you take care of your conscience, you'll soon be expelled as an incompetent, just as if you were a stupid calf like me."

THE 12TH CHAPTER: OF THE UNDERSTANDING AND KNOWLEDGE OF SOME DUMB ANIMALS

Everyone looked at me during my discourse because they were surprised that I could speak so well. They said my speech would have been more than enough for a man of understanding to give without any preparation.

Then I closed my speech by saying, "That's why, dear master, I wouldn't want to trade places with you - and I don't need to do so at all because the well gives me something healthy to drink instead of your precious wine, and He who was pleased to let me become a calf will

also know how to bless me with the fruits of the earth to serve as the food and subsistence of my life, as He did Nebuchadnezzar. Nature has furnished me with a good coat while you are often disgusted by the best, and wine tears your head apart and brings you this or that illness."

My master replied, "I don't know what good you are to me. You seem to me to have too much understanding for a calf. I even think that a rascal can be found under your calf's skin."

I pretended to be angry and said, "Do you men imagine that we animals are fools? Don't think that! I believe that if animals older than I am could talk as I do, they would tell you a thing or two[126] If you think that we are so stupid, tell me who taught the wild doves, cocks, blackbirds and partridges to purge themselves with laurel leaves - and the pigeons, turtle doves and chickens with St. Peter's weed? Who taught dogs and cats to eat dew-covered grass when they want to clean their full stomachs? And who taught the turtle to cure its bite with parasol mushrooms? Who told the wounded red deer that it should take refuge with the Dictamno or wild Polei? Who instructed the female weasel to use rue when she wants to fight with a bat or a snake? Who taught the wild swine to recognize ivy, or bears mandrake? And who told them that they were good medicines for them? Who advised the eagle to look for and use the eagle stone when it has difficulty laying its eggs? And who lets the swallows know that they should treat the dull eyes of their young with chelidonio? Who educated the snake to eat fennel when it sheds its skin and wants to cure its eyes? Who taught the stork to give itself an enema and the pelican to bleed itself - and the bear to scrape off bees? I believe I can say that you men have learned your arts and sciences from us animals. You eat and drink till you are sick and dead. We animals don't do that! If a lion or wolf gets too fat, it goes on a fast until it is lean, fresh and healthy. So who acts more wisely?

"But above all, observe the birds of heaven. Observe the different constructions of their cunning nests. Because no one can do the same, you must admit that they have more understanding and skill than even you men.

"Who tells the birds of the summer when to come to us in the spring to hatch out their young, or when they should return again to warmer lands? Who teaches them that they must then find a place to gather? Who shows them the way, or do you men lend them your sea compass so that they won't get lost?

"No, my dear people! They know the way without your help, and they know how long they will be underway when they have to leave one place to go to another - they have no need of either your compass or your calendar.

"Behold the industrious spider whose web is almost a wonder! See if you can find a single knot in all of its work. What hunter or fisherman taught them to spread their nets and sit themselves either in the center or in the farthest corner of their web to lie in wait for their prey, depending on whether they are using one net, or more than one.

"You men are amazed about the raven, though Plutarch tells us that one threw stones into a pitcher half full of water till the water was high enough for it to drink. But what would you think if you could live among the animals and could observe all of the things they do? Then you would be ready to admit that all of the animals have their own natural powers and virtues in all of their affections and feelings - in their caution, strength, apprehension, harshness, teaching and instruction.

They can recognize each other, and they seek what is useful and flee from what is harmful. They avoid danger, gather what they need to eat and outwit even you men. That's why many ancient philosophers seriously considered the question of dumb animals having intelligence. But I don't need to talk about these things: Go to the bees and see how they make wax and honey, and then tell me what you think.

THE 13TH CHAPTER: CONTAINS ALL SORTS OF THINGS. YOU HAVE TO READ IT YOURSELF IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT THEY ARE - OR YOU MUST HAVE SOMEONE ELSE READ IT TO YOU

Then my master's guests offered various opinions about me. The secretary thought that I should be considered a fool because I believed that I was an intelligent animal; the best or oddest of fools were those who had a screw loose, but still thought that they were wise. Others said that if I could be robbed of the illusion that I was a calf or be convinced that I had become a man again, I would be clever or intelligent enough.

But my master said, "I'd think he's a fool because he tells everyone the unvarnished truth. On the other hand, no fool would be capable of such discourses." Then they continued their discussion in Latin so that I wouldn't understand them.

When my master asked me if I had ever studied while I'd been a man, I replied that I didn't know what studying was. "Dear master," I went on, "what kind of things are studies? What do you use to study? After all, you do need a bowling ball to bowl with."

Then the crazy ensign said, "We've had enough of this fellow! He's got the devil in him - he's possessed! The devil is speaking out of him!" This remark caused my master to ask me if - now that I'd become a calf - I still prayed like men, and if I still hoped to go to heaven.

"Certainly!" I answered, "I still have my immortal soul, which - as you can well imagine - has no desire to go to hell because I suffered so much there before. I've only been changed like Nebuchadnezzar was. I may well become a man again as he did.

"I hope you do!" my master replied with a sigh. That made me conclude that he now regretted having turned me into a fool.

"But tell us," he continued, "how do you pray?" Then I knelt down and raised my eyes and hands to heaven like my hermit. When I noticed the contrition of my master, my heart felt such a wonderful consolation that I couldn't keep myself from crying. After I had said **The Lord's Prayer**, I went on to pray with the greatest reverence for all the concerns of Christendom, for my friends and enemies, and that God would be pleased to have me live in this temporal state in such a way that I would be worthy to praise Him in all eternity. I prayed with reverently conceived words which my hermit had taught me. Some of the soft-hearted onlookers almost started to cry because they pitied me, and even my master had tears in his eyes.

After the meal my master sent for the pastor and told him of everything I had done and let him know that he was worried about me: Perhaps I was conspiring with the devil because I had seemed simple and ignorant before, but now I knew how to expound amazing things.

The pastor, being well acquainted with me, replied that they should have thought of that before turning me into a fool. “Men”, he said, “are the images of God They are not to be jested with like beasts, especially when they are so young.” He said that he couldn't believe that the spirit of evil had been allowed to take part in the game because I had always commended myself to God in fervent prayer. If, contrary to his expectations, this had been permitted, then they would have to answer to God because there could hardly be a greater sin than for one man to rob another of his reason. - that could withdraw him from the praise and service of God for which he had been especially created.

"I assured you," he continued, "that he had wits enough. He couldn't take care of himself in the world because he was raised in complete simplicity by his father, a crude peasant, and by your brother-in-law, when he was in the wilderness. If you'd had a little more patience with him at the start, he would have gradually shown promise. He was just a simple, pious child who didn't yet know the wickedness of the world. Still, I'm sure that things can be set right again, if we can bring him to the point where he doesn't think that he is a calf.

"We read[127] of one man who firmly believed that he had become an earthen jug. He asked his family to hang him up high so that nothing would be able to break him. Another man

imagined that he was a cock and - in his illness - he crowed night and day. Still another thought that he was already dead and wandered about like a ghost, refusing medicine, food and drink. Then a clever doctor hired two fellows who pretended to be ghosts, too. They drank readily and, making the other's acquaintance, they convinced him that nowadays ghosts ate and drank. That's how the man became himself again.

"I once had a sick peasant in my parish. When I visited him he complained to me that he had three or four gallons of water in his body. He was sure that he would get well again, if he could get rid of it. He asked me to either cut him open so that it would run out, or to hang him up to be smoked so that he would dry out. I convinced him that I could rid him of the water in another way. I took a spigot like they use for beer or wine barrels. Then I tied one end of an animal intestine to it and the other end to the spigot of a keg which I had filled with water. Then I acted as if I were sticking the spigot into his stomach. We wrapped it up with rags so that it wouldn't sprinkle. Then I let the water in the keg run out through the spigot. That really made the simpleton happy. After this, he removed all the rags and was all right in a few days.

"Another man was cured, though he imagined that he had all sorts of riding gear, fences and so forth, in his body. His doctor administered a purgation and things like that were put under his privy so that he would believe that they had come out with his bowel movement.

"They also tell of a lunatic who believed that his nose was so long that it reached down to the ground. They hung a sausage on to it and gradually sliced it off. As soon as he felt the knife on his nose, he cried out that it was back in its right form again. Our poor Simplicius can probably be helped again like these people."

"I'd certainly like to believe that," my master replied, "but I still can't get over how he used to be so ignorant and now he can talk about things and recount them so perfectly that you would hardly find people older and better-read who could do as well. He told me about many of the habits of animals and described my own character as if he'd spent his whole life in the affairs of the world. It astonished me so much that I'm almost ready to believe that it must be an oracle or a warning from God."

"Master," The pastor replied, "that might all be quite natural. I know that he has read a great deal because both he and his hermit went through all the books that I had and I had quite a few. The boy does have a good memory - because his mind is idle now and he even forgets his own person, he can immediately recall what his brain had previously grasped. So I believe that he can be rescued in time."

This was the method the pastor used to put the governor between fear and hope. And though he did take good care of me and brought me good days again, he also gained access to my master at the same time.

The governor and the pastor came to the conclusion that they should keep watch on me for a while, but the pastor did this more for his own benefit than for mine. By going around and acting as if he were taking pains with me and that he was very concerned, he gained the favor of the governor, who called him into his service as chaplain of the garrison. In times as hard as those, that was no small thing, and I was certainly glad for him.

THE 14TH CHAPTER: OF THE NOBLE LIFE WHICH SIMPLICIUS LIVED AND HOW THE CROATS STOLE IT FROM HIM WHEN THEY STOLE HIM

From that time on, I lived in the good graces of my master and could truly boast of his complete favor and love. I lacked nothing for my happiness, except that I had too much calfskin and too little maturity - even though I didn't know it. And the pastor did not want me to become normal too soon because that would noIn this way, I gained a bit of money, most of which I gave to the pastor because I didn't know what to do with it then.t have been opportune or useful to him.

When my master saw that I enjoyed music, he let me take instructions. He even hired an excellent lute player from whom I quickly learned this art rather well. I even came to excel my teacher because I could sing better than he could. And so I was able to provide my master with enjoyment, amusement, delight and astonishment. All the officers paid deference to me, the richest burghers honored me, and the servants of the household and the soldiers wished me well because they all saw that I enjoyed the good graces of my master.

I received gifts from every side because people knew that roguish jesters are more valued by their masters than honest men. I was given these gifts because some people didn't want me to adulate them, while others wanted me to lay it on thick. In this way, I gained a bit of money, most of which I gave to the pastor because I didn't know what to do with it then. Because nobody dared to disdain me, I got no arguments, cares or trouble from any source. I devoted my attention to music and ways to cleverly reproach this person or that for his faults. And so I grew up like a pig in a cornfield, becoming larger and stronger every day. You could quickly tell that I was no longer mortifying myself on water, acorns, beechnuts, roots and herbs in the forest, but that the effects of Rhine wine and Hanau's stout beer were making themselves apparent.

In miserable times like those, that was a great gift of God, because all of Germany was being devastated by hunger, pestilence and the flames of war. Even Hanau itself was encircled[128]by enemies. But none of this bothered me in the least.

After this siege had been lifted, my master intended to make a present of me to either Cardinal Richelieu[129] or Duke Bernhard of Weimar[130] because, he said, it was impossible for him to bear having me in front of his eyes every day in such a foolish costume because I reminded him of his lost sister, whom I came to resemble more and more - and because he hoped to gain the favor of the Duke or Cardinal.

The pastor was against this plan because he thought that the time had come for him to perform a miracle and turn me into an intelligent human being again. That's why he advised the governor to get a pair of calf skins and have two boys put them on. Then he should get a third person to pose as a doctor, prophet or huckster - he would undress me and the two boys using strange ceremonies and pretending that he could turn animals into men and men into animals. In this way I might easily be made normal and come to believe that I, like others, had been turned into a man again. After the governor had consented to this idea, the pastor let me know what he and my master had in mind and he easily persuaded me to go along with it.

But jealous Fortune wasn't about to let me shed my fool's costume so easily or allow me to go on enjoying that good and splendid life any longer. While the tanner and tailor were still working on this comedy, I romped around with some other boys on the ice in front of the fortress. Someone, I don't know who, happened to be leading a party of Croats there which seized us all. They then put us on farm horses they'd just stolen and led us away.

At first they didn't know if they should take me along or not, but one of them finally said in Bohemian: "Mih weme doho blasna sebao, bo wedeme ho gbabo Obersto vi" Then another replied: "Prschis ambambo ano, mi ho nagonie possadeime, wan rosumi niemezki, won bude mit kratock ville sebao[131]"

But I had to get on the horse. That's when I found out that a single, unhappy little hour is enough to do away with all your prosperity and banish your whole happiness and well-being in a way you can never forget.

THE 15TH CHAPTER: SIMPLICIUS' LIFE WITH THE RIDERS AND WHAT HE SAW AND EXPERIENCED

Although Hanau was immediately alarmed and soldiers came riding out to delay and harass the Croats in a skirmish, they didn't regain anything because it was easy for the Croats to escape with this light baggage. They went on their way to Büdingen[132], where they ate, turned

over the wealthy youths they'd captured from Hanau to be ransomed, and sold their stolen horses and other goods to the burghers. Not waiting for dawn, they left there just as it was getting dark and went quickly through the Büdingen Forest in the direction of the Abbey of Fulda[133], taking everything they could steal along the way.

Robbing and plundering didn't slow their rapid advance at all because they were like the devil, of whom it is said that he can run and crap at the same time without slowing down. In the same night we arrived with plenty of booty at the Abbey of Hersfeld[134], where they had their headquarters. There they divided up everything, and I was given to Colonel Corpes[135].

Everything was disgusting and strange to me there. All of Hanau's delicious morsels were changed into coarse black bread and lean beef or, if things went well, a piece of stolen bacon. My wine and beer were changed into water and I had to content myself with sleeping on straw with the horses, in place of a bed. Instead of playing the lute for everyone's enjoyment, I often had to crawl under the table with the other boys and howl like dogs while being jabbed with spurs, which was no fun. Instead of taking walks in Hanau, I had to ride out to forage, curry the horses and clean out the stalls.

Foraging is nothing other than roving around to villages at great pains and often not without danger to life and limb in order to thresh, grind, bake and steal whatever can be found, and to torture and ruin the peasants, and even to ravish their maids, wives and daughters. And if the poor peasant didn't want to put up with this and made bold to rap the knuckles of one of the foragers while he was at his work (and there were many such guests in Hesse at that time) then he was struck down or, at least, his house was sent up in smoke.

My master didn't have a wife - this kind of soldier wouldn't take a woman along with him - and he didn't have a page, a valet or a cook. But he did have a pack of grooms and boys to take care of him and his horses, and he wasn't too proud to saddle a horse himself or to put out feed for it. He always slept on straw or on the bare ground and covered himself with a coat or fur. You could often see lice crawling on his clothes, but he wasn't in the least ashamed of this. He would only laugh if somebody picked one of them off of him. He wore his hair short and had a broad Swiss beard. This was useful to him because he used to disguise himself as a peasant and go out scouting. Although he was not in the habit of giving lavish banquets, he was respected, loved and feared by his men and by those who knew him.

We never stayed long in one place, but were always on the move. Sometimes we attacked and sometimes we had to defend ourselves. That's why we were never in a position to seriously challenge the Hessians. General Melander[136] gave us no rest and captured many of our brigands, who were sent off to Cassel[137].

I didn't like this restless life at all and I often wished in vain that I were back in Hanau. The greatest cross I had to bear was that I couldn't talk to the other fellows and I had to let them shove me around, harass me, hit me and chase me. The greatest amusement that the colonel had with me was to have me sing to him in German and blow a horn like the other boys, but that didn't happen often. But I did get my ears boxed till they bled, That's why I was so fed up.

Finally, I began to do the cooking and to clean my master's rifle, which he loved so much. But I was still too young to be much good at foraging. However things worked out so well for me that I gained the favor of my master, who had them make me a new fool's costume out of calf skin. It had much larger donkey's ears than I had worn before. I really didn't need much skill to be a cook because my master was not particular about what he ate. But I soon got tired of this trade because I often lacked salt, fat and spices.

I soon began to watch out day and night for a chance to escape, especially after spring had come. When the time came to make my attempt, I volunteered for the job of dragging away the entrails of sheep and cattle which lay around our camp, so that they wouldn't stink up the place. When the colonel approved, I began the work and was finally able to escape into a nearby forest after it had grown dark.

THE 16TH CHAPTER: SIMPLICIUS SNATCHES SOME GOOD LOOT AND BECOMES A THIEF IN THE FOREST

But the longer I was gone, the more things went downhill with me in every way. It got so bad that I imagined that I had been born for misfortune. I'd only been away from the Croats a couple of hours when some highwaymen caught me. They undoubtedly thought that they had made a good catch because they couldn't see my fool's costume in the dark of the night. Then two of them led me to a place in the forest. It was still pitch dark when we got there.

One of them wanted money from me, so he put down his gloves and gun and began to frisk me saying, "Who are you? Have you got any money?"

But as soon as he put his hands on my hairy costume and long donkey ears - which he thought were horns - and saw the sparks which hides normally give off when they are rubbed in the dark, he became frightened and lost his nerve. When I noticed that, I curried myself with both hands before he could come to his senses again. That made the hide shimmer as if I were full of burning sulfur. Then I answered with a terrifying voice, "I'm the devil and I'm going to ring your neck and your friend's, too!"

That frightened them so much that both of them sped off through the bushes and brush as if hellfire were after them. Though they often bumped into sticks, stones, logs and trees, and fell on their faces even more often, the darkness of night didn't slow their hasty departure at all, for they just picked themselves up again in a flash and went off till I couldn't hear them any more. In the meanwhile, I gave out such a terrifying laugh that the whole forest echoed with a sound that must have been frightening to hear in such a solitary place.

As I started off on my way, I stumbled over a gun; I took it with me because I had already learned to handle one from the Croats. Moving again, I bumped into a satchel which was made of calfskin, just like my costume. I picked it up and found a munitions bag well stocked with powder, lead and all the rest hanging from it. I slung them on, put the gun over my shoulder like a soldier and hid myself in a nearby thicket because I wanted to sleep for a while.

As soon as it was dawn, a whole party arrived there and began to search for the lost gun and bag. I pricked up my ears like a fox and kept as still as I could. When they didn't find anything, they began to ridicule the two who had run away from me. "You chicken-hearted louts!" they said, "You ought to really be ashamed of being frightened by a single man - who chased you off and took your gun."

But one of them swore that the devil could have him if it hadn't been the devil himself. He had even put his hands on his horns and his rough skin. The other one got angry and said, "I don't care if it was the devil or his mother, as long as I get my bag back again."

One of them - the one who seemed to be somewhat more dignified - answered, "What do you think the devil would want with your satchel and gun? I'll bet my neck that the fellow you so shamefully ran away from took them both with him."

Another man added that it could be possible that some peasants had been there late and they had found the things and taken them with them. They all agreed. Then the whole group solemnly concluded that the devil himself had fallen into their hands, because the one who had searched me emphasized what he had said with terrible oaths, saying that he could well describe my sparking skin and horns and they were unmistakable signs of my diabolical character. I suppose that if I had appeared to them then, the whole group would have fled again.

Finally, after they had searched long enough without finding anything, they went on their way. I then opened the satchel to have breakfast and immediately pulled out a bag containing some three hundred and sixty odd ducats. You don't have to ask if I were happy! But I assure the reader that I was even more delighted to find it well-filled with provisions than I was to find this tidy sum of gold. And because such an amount was much too rare among common soldiers to be carried around on a raiding party, I began to think that the fellow must have secretly come across the money on this foray and had quickly shoved it into his satchel so that he wouldn't have to share it with others.

Then I happily ate breakfast and soon found a pleasant spring, where I refreshed myself and counted my beautiful ducats. But to save my life, I couldn't tell you what land or area I was in. I remained in the forest till my provisions (which I used sparingly) were gone. But when my satchel became empty, my hunger drove me to the houses of the peasants, where I crawled into cellars and kitchens at night and stole everything edible that I could find and carry off. I dragged my loot out to where the forest was wildest There I lived the life of a hermit again, as I had done before, except that now I stole a great deal, prayed that much less, and I didn't have a permanent place to stay - I just meandered around. But it was lucky for me that summer was on the way and I could make fire with my gun whenever I wanted to.

THE 17TH CHAPTER: HOW SIMPLICIUS FLEW TO THE DANCE OF THE WITCHES

While wandering through the forests, I occasionally came upon peasants, who fled from me. I don't know if they ran because the war had made them timid and they'd been pursued so often that they were never really settled at home, or if it was because the highwaymen had spread news of the adventure they'd had with me throughout the country, so that the peasants thought that the Evil Enemy himself were walking around in the area when they saw me.

That made me worry about running out of provisions and finally coming to ruin. I didn't want to eat weeds and roots again because I wasn't used to them anymore. While thinking about this, I heard two woodcutters; I was so pleased that I followed the sound of their axes. When I saw them, I took a handful of ducats out of my sack, crept up to them, showed them the attractive coins, and said: "Gentlemen, if you'll help me, I'll give you this handful of gold." But as soon as they saw me and my gold, they took to their heels, leaving mallet and wedge behind, along with their lunches of cheese and bread which I packed into my satchel. After that, I lost my way in the forest and despaired of ever finding it again.

I turned the matter over in my mind for a long time. Then I concluded by thinking, "Who knows what will become of you. But you've got money, and if you bring it safely to good people, you'll be able to live on it for quite a while."

Because it also occurred to me that I should sew my money away, I made arm bands out of my frightening donkey ears. Then I put my Hanau ducats with those from the highwayman, and put them all into the arm bands, which I fastened well and bound on my arms above my elbows. After I'd secured my treasure, I began to pilfer from the peasants again, taking whatever I needed and could grab from their supplies. Even though I was simple, I was still smart enough not to return to a place where I'd ever stolen even a bit. That was the reason for my good fortune at theft. And I was never caught pilfering.

Once, toward the end of May, I wanted to get my food in my usual (though forbidden) fashion, so I made my way to the farm of a peasant and got into the kitchen. But I soon noticed that people were still up. (I never went where there were dogs.) So I opened the kitchen door, which led to the barnyard, so that I would be able to tear right out of there if any danger should arise. I sat as still as I could to wait till I thought that everyone had to be in bed.

In the meanwhile, I noticed a crack in the service window between the kitchen and the next room. I slipped over to it to see if the people wanted to go to sleep soon. I was disappointed because they had just finished dressing. A blue brimstone flame was burning on the bench instead of a candle. Near to it, they were greasing sticks, brooms, forks, chairs and benches. And one after the other, they flew out of the window on them.

I was horribly surprised and felt dreadful. But since I was used to even greater terrors and I had neither read nor heard of fiends, I didn't pay close attention. It was all happening so quietly, anyway.

As soon as they had all flown away, I went into the room and considered what I might want to take with me and where I should search for it. With these thoughts going through my mind, I

straddled a bench and sat down. But I had hardly got seated when I flew with the bench right out of the window. I left the satchel and gun, which I had put aside, behind to pay for the greasing.

Straddling, flying away and dismounting all took place in a twinkling. It seems to me that I arrived at once at a place where there was a great swarm of people. But perhaps I had been too shocked to notice how long the trip had lasted.

The people there were doing a strange dance - I'd never seen anything like it in my life. They'd all joined hands to form a number of rings, one inside the other. Their backs were turned like the three graces are often pictured, so that they were facing outward. The inner ring consisted of about seven or eight people. The next ring had about twice as many. The third ring had more than these two rings together, and so on, so that there were over two hundred people in the outer ring. Because one of their dancing rings or circles moved to the left while the next one went to the right, I wasn't able to see just how many rings they had formed or what they had standing in the center to dance around. It was horribly strange to see their heads reeling ludicrously past each other.

Their music was as strange as their dance, and I believe that each of the dancers was singing and making a strange harmony. The bench which had brought me there had put me down near the musicians, who were standing around outside the rings. Instead of flutes and shawms, some of them were piping merrily on adders, vipers and slow-worms. Some had cats; when they blew into their backsides and fingered their tails, they made sounds like bagpipes. Others fiddled on horses' heads as if on the best of soprano violins. Others harped on cow ribs such as you can find in a knacker's yard. One man held a bitch while he twisted her tail and fingered her teats. There were devils there who trumpeted on their noses till the whole forest echoed.

As soon as the dance was over, the whole diabolic company began raging, crying out, becoming frantic, rushing about, screaming, roaring and raving as if they had all been crazy and insane. In the middle of this uproar, a fellow came up to me with a monstrous toad under his arm which must have been as big as an army drum. Its intestines had been pulled out of its backside and stuffed into its mouth again. It looked so disgusting that it made me vomit.

"Look, Simplicius," he said, "I know that you are a good lute player. Let's hear you play something nice." I was so frightened that he had called me by my name that I almost collapsed. I was too shocked too speak; I imagined that I was having a dream, so I begged to myself in my heart that I might wake up. But the man with the toad I was staring at pulled its nose in and out like a turkey, and then struck me so hard on the chest that I almost suffocated. I cried out to God as loudly as I could and the whole army disappeared. In a twinkling it became pitch dark and my heart was so plagued that I fell down to the ground and must have made the sign of the cross a hundred times.

THE 18TH CHAPTER: WHY YOU SHOULD NOT THINK THAT SIMPLICIUS IS JUST TELLING A TALL TALE

Because many people - some of them refined and learned - do not believe that there are any witches or fiends, let alone that they fly around through the air, I don't doubt that they will say that Simplicius is just telling tall tales. I don't want to argue with them because lying is not an art nowadays, but such a common trade that I won't claim that I can't do it because then I really would seem to be a poor boob.

But those who deny that witches can fly contradict Simon the Magician[138], who was lifted up into the air by an evil spirit and who fell to the ground again when Saint Peter prayed for him.

Nicolaus Remigius[139],who was a brave, learned and intelligent man, had half a dozen

witches burned in the duchy of Lorraine. And, as Johanne von Hembach tells us, when he was sixteen, his mother - a witch - took him to a gathering. Because he knew how to play a pipe for their dance, he climbed into a tree to play his pipe and observe the dance. Perhaps because it seemed so strange to him, he finally said, "God preserve! Where does all this foolish and witless rabble come from?" He had hardly spoken these words when he fell from the tree and sprained his shoulder. He called to them for help, but he was alone there. When he made known what had happened, most people thought it was all a fable until shortly thereafter Catharine Praevotia was arrested for sorcery. She had also been at that dance and confessed everything that had happened, although she had known nothing of the common rumors that Hembach's story had caused to be spread.

Bishop Majolus[140] gives us the example of two other men: One of them was a servant who was excessively attached to his wife; the other was an adulterer who took a jar of salve from his adulteress and smeared himself with it so that they could fly off to a gathering of sorcerers together. He also tells that the servant rose early in the morning to grease his wagon. But in the dark he grabbed the wrong jar by mistake and the wagon was elevated into the air and had to be pulled down again.

Olaus Magnus[141] tells us in lib. 3 **Hist. de gentibus Septentrional.** 1. cap. 19, that Hadingus, the king of Denmark, returned to his kingdom after having been driven out by rebels by flying through the air over the sea on the spirit of Othinus[142], which took the form of a horse. And we know all too well how women and single girls in Bohemia had their lovers brought long distances to them at night on billy-goats. And you can read what Torquemadius[143] writes about his school companions in his **Hexamerone.**

Ghirlandus [144] writes about a nobleman who noticed his wife rubbing herself with salve and then she flew out of the house. He once forced her to take him with her to a gathering of sorcerers. As they were eating there and no salt was available[145], he asked for some. When they finally gave it to him, he said, "God be praised! The salt is here." Then all the lights went out and everyone disappeared. When day came he learned from some shepherds that he was not far from the city of Benevento in the Kingdom of Naples, about a hundred miles from his home. Although he was rich, he had to beg his way back home. When he got there, he turned his wife over to the authorities as a sorceress - she was then burned.

We know well from his history how Doctor Faust, like others, flew through the air from one place to another, though they were not wizards. I even knew a woman and a maid. They are both dead now, though the girl's father is still alive. The maid was once greasing the woman's shoes by the fire. When she was finished with one shoe and put it down so she could start smearing the other, that's when the greased shoe flew right up the chimney. But this story was kept quiet.

I am telling about all these things so that you can believe that sorceresses and wizards sometimes actually do fly to their gatherings, and not because I traveled that way myself. It is all the same to me whether you believe me or not, but if you don't, you'll have to think of some other way to get me from the Abbey of Hirschfeld or Fulda (I don't really know myself where I had been wandering around) to the Archdiocese of Magdeburg[146] in such a short time.

THE 19TH CHAPTER: SIMPLICIUS BECOMES A FOOL AGAIN JUST AS HE WAS BEFORE

But to resume my story, I'll assure the reader that I lay on my stomach until broad daylight because I was afraid to pick myself up. Anyway, I wasn't sure that I hadn't been dreaming all these things. And although I was very much afraid, I was still bold enough to go to sleep because I thought that I couldn't be at any worse place than a wild forest. Because I'd spent so much of my time in such places since I'd left my knan, I was rather used to it.

It was about nine o'clock in the morning when some foragers came and woke me up. That

is when I saw that I was in the middle of an open field. They took me with them to some windmills. After they'd had their grain ground, we went to a camp by Magdeburg, where I was turned over to an infantry colonel. He asked me where I came from and what master I'd served. I told him everything in great detail. Because I couldn't name the Croats, I described their clothes, gave examples of their speech and said that I'd run away from these people. But I kept quiet about my ducats. What I told them about my flight through the air and the dance of the witches was considered to be fantasy and foolishness, especially because I got things all mixed up when I was talking.

Meanwhile, a crowd of people had gathered around me because one fool can make a thousand more. Among them was a man who had been a prisoner in Hanau the year before and who had served there, but had later returned to the Imperial forces. He knew me and immediately said: "Hoho! This is the calf of the commander of Hanau!" The colonel asked him about me, but he could only say that I could play the lute well and that Croats from Colonel Corpes' regiment had taken me away from outside of the fortress at Hanau. He also said that the commander had been very sorry to lose such a talented fool.

Then this colonel sent to the wife of another colonel. Because she could play the lute fairly well and always had one along with her, he asked her for it. When the lute arrived, it was presented to me along with the order to play something, but I was of the opinion that they should first give me something to eat because an empty stomach didn't go well with the round belly of the lute. This was done and, after I'd stuffed myself and swallowed a glass of Zerbst[147] beer, I showed them what I could do with the lute and with my voice. Because I babbled whatever came into my mind on the side, it wasn't hard to convince the people that I was what my costume indicated.

The colonel then asked me where I wanted to go. When I answered that it was all the same to me, we agreed that I should stay with him and become his page. Then he wanted to know what had become of my donkey's ears.

"Well," I said, "if you could find them, they wouldn't look bad on you." But I could well be silent about what they were being used for because all of my riches were inside of them.

Within a short time I became known to most of the high-ranking officers in the camps of the Elector of Saxony and the Imperial forces, especially to the ladies. They decorated my cap, sleeves and trimmed-off ears with silk ribbons of every color so that I could almost believe that some dandies have copied today's fashion from it.

I generously spent all of the money that the officers gave me by drinking it away with good companions on the beers of Hamburg and Zerbst (which agreed excellently with me) though I could sponge enough everywhere I went.

But my colonel, thinking he'd keep me forever, soon got me my own lute. Then I wasn't allowed to buzz back and forth between the two camps. He presented me with a tutor to watch over me and I was to obey him. He was a man after my own heart: He was quiet, sensible and learned. His conversation was good, but not superfluous. Best of all, he was completely pious and well-read, and he knew all kinds of sciences and arts.

At night I had to sleep by him in his tent and I wasn't allowed to go out of his sight during the day. He had once been the advisor and official of a noble prince; he had also been very rich, until the Swedes ruined him completely. His wife had died and his only son had been forced to discontinue his studies because of poverty. This son now served as a regimental secretary in the army of the Elector of Saxony. My tutor earned his keep as the colonel's equerry or stable master in order to tide himself over until the dangerous courses of the war along the banks of the Elbe changed. Then the sun of his precious fortune might shine once more.

THE 20TH CHAPTER: THIS IS RATHER LONG AND DEALS WITH THROWING DICE AND WHAT GOES WITH IT

Because my tutor was more old than young, he couldn't sleep the whole night through. That was why he was able to discover my secret in the first weeks, for he heard for himself that I was not the fool I pretended to be. He had already noticed this and he had arrived at his opinion because of my appearance: He knew physiognomy[148] very well.

I once woke up about midnight and started having all sorts of thoughts about my own life and the strange things that had happened to me. Then I got up and gratefully told of all the blessings my dear God had shown to me and all the dangers he'd saved me from. Sighing deeply, I went to bed again and slept soundly till morning. Though my tutor had pretended to be asleep, he'd heard all of this. This same thing went on for several nights in a row; then he felt sure that I had more understanding than an older man who might think he knew a great deal. But he didn't mention anything about this to me in the tent because its sides were too thin and he had his reasons for not wanting anyone else to learn this secret before he could convince himself of my innocence.

One day I went for a walk behind camp. He was glad to let me go because he could then look for me and have an opportunity to talk to me alone. He found me, as he had intended, at a lonely spot, for I had wanted to entertain my thoughts. "My dear friend," he said, "because I want to find out what's best for you, I'm glad that I can talk to you here alone. I know that you're not the fool you pretend to be and that you don't like staying in this wretched and contemptible trade. If your own welfare is dear to you, trust in me as an honest man, then you can tell me all about yourself. I'll be ready with word and deed to help you to get out of your fool's costume, if I can."

I then embraced him and joyfully acted as though he were a prophet who'd come to free me from my fool's cap. After we'd sat down on the ground, I told him the whole story of my life. Looking into my palm, he was astonished at the unusual things which had already happened and at what was to come. He was not inclined to advise me to take off my fool's costume for a while because he could see in my palm that my fate would then threaten me with an imprisonment which would endanger life and limb. I thanked him for his concern and the advice he'd given me. Then I asked God to reward him for his loyalty. I also asked the old man to be my true friend and father because I had been abandoned by the whole world.

After that, we got up and went over to the playing square, where dice were thrown and all of the oaths about a hundred thousand times a thousand galleys, racing boats, kegs and moats all filled up, and so forth, were cursed. The square was about as big as the Old Market in Cologne and it was covered everywhere with coats and tables which were all surrounded by players. Every group had three dice made of bone which were entrusted with their fortunes. They were the ones who divided up the money - giving it to one and taking it from another.

Every coat or table had a crookier. (I wanted to say croupier and almost said crook.) It was his office to judge and to see that nothing improper was done. He also lent out coats, tables and dice, and he knew how to collect his share of the winnings so well that he usually grabbed off the most money. But that didn't profit these people much because they would often play it away again or, if they invested it well, the sutler got it, or the army surgeon, for they often had to have their heads patched up.

The astonishing thing about these foolish people was that they all thought that they were going to win, which would have been possible only if they all gambled out of someone else's pocket. Though they all hoped to win; there was, as they say, as many opinions as people, for each one of them had only his own fortune in mind. So some hit it, and some missed; some won and some lost. That's why some swore and some thundered, some deceived and others were cut down with the sword. And so the winners laughed while those who played and lost gnashed their teeth together.

Some sold clothes and whatever else was dear to them. Others won this money away from them. Some demanded honest dice while others wanted loaded ones - and would slip them into the game unnoticed until still others would throw them out, smash them, crush them in their teeth and tear the coupler's coat to pieces.

Among the dishonest dice were "Dutchmen". They almost had to be slid when they were released. The sides which carried the five and six were as sharp as those of the lean mules the soldiers had to ride on. Others were named "High Country", because you had to give them a Bavarian altitude when they were thrown. Some were made of stag horn, which made them light above and heavy below. Others were made by using quicksilver or lead. Others were lined with small snips of hair, sponge, chaff or charcoal. Some had sharp corners, while others were ground off. Some were long clubs, and others looked like wide turtles. All of these variations had been fabricated for no other purpose than to cheat. And they did just what they were made to do. You could rattle them or let them glide out easily. No combination would help except two fives or two sixes, and you had to come back with either two aces or two deuces. With these rascals' bones they snatched, ambushed and robbed each other of the money which they had probably stolen or had risked life and limb to get or had undergone trials and tribulations to obtain.

As I stood there observing the gaming square and the players in their folly, my tutor asked me if I liked what I had seen. "I don't like to hear them blaspheming God so terribly," I replied, "but otherwise I can't tell if it's of any use because I don't know anything about it and I don't understand what they're doing."

"Then you should know," my tutor went on, "that this is the worst and most disgusting place in the whole camp: Here you're after other people's money and you lose your own in the process. If you set foot in this place with the intention of playing, you have already broken **The Tenth Commandment**, which says: 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods.' If you play and win, especially if you cheat, or use dishonest dice, you'll transgress against **the Seventh and Eighth Commandments**. It can even happen that you'll be the murderer of the man whose money you have won, if his loss is so great that it causes him to fall into poverty, extreme want and desperation, or into some disgusting vice. It will be no excuse then to say that you had risked your money and had won honestly, because only a knave goes to the playing square with the intention of enriching himself at someone else's expense. And if you do lose your money, you haven't made amends by having to do without it. Like the rich man, you'll have much to answer for to God because you have wasted what He lent to you to support of yourself and your family.

"He who goes to the playing square to gamble brings himself into the danger of losing not only his money, but also life and limb, or - worst of all - of losing even the blessedness of his own soul. I am telling you all this, dear Simplicius, because you've said that you know nothing of gambling. You should guard yourself against it all your life."

"Dearest Master," I replied, "if gambling is such a terrible and dangerous thing, why do the senior officers permit it?"

"I have to tell you," he answered, "that it's because some of the officers play themselves. It's also because the soldiers wouldn't want to stop, or even couldn't stop. Whoever yields to gambling and gets into this habit or, I should say, once the gambling devil gets into him, he will gradually become obsessed with it, regardless of whether he wins or loses. He will sooner do without his natural sleep than without gambling. You can even see some men gamble all night long and pass up the best of food and drink to go on playing, even though they may go home without their shirts.

"Gaming has been forbidden under pain of death or even torture at various times in the past by the generals. It has also been publicly suppressed with weapons and force by the heads of the military police, justice officials, executioners and bailiffs. But that didn't do any good because gamblers met together in secret corners and behind hedges to win each other's money, to fall out with each other and to break each other's neck.

"Because of all the murder and manslaughter, but especially because many a man had gambled away his gun and horse or even the little barrack bread he got, they not only had to openly allow gambling again, but they even had to set aside special areas for it so that the

military police could be at hand to meet with any incidents that might occur. But even they can't prevent some of them from being left lying on the ground there.

"Because gambling is the pestering devil's own invention and is very profitable to him, he has ordered special gambling devils to swarm around in the world for no other purpose than to tempt men to gamble. Various wanton fellows surrender themselves to them by certain pacts and alliances, which also allow them to win. Nonetheless, you will hardly find one rich gambler among ten thousand. Most of them are poor and needy because they think so little of their winnings that they wantonly play them away.

"There is a miserable old saying which is all too true: 'The devil never lets gamblers go, he just lets them bleed.' He also robs them of hearth, heart and honor, and he doesn't release them again till he finally even takes away the salvation of their souls, if God's endless mercy doesn't intervene.

"If a gambler is by nature so jolly and bighearted that he can't be made melancholy or discouraged, or be made to succumb to some other such dangerous vice by misfortune or loss, the cunning and fiendish enemy will let him go on winning. so that he will finally be able to bring him into his net with extravagance, pride, gluttony, drunkenness, whoring and pederasty."

I crossed and blessed myself because the things which had been invented by the devil were allowed to be used in a Christian army, and it was plain and clear that they were causing havoc for both time and eternity. But my tutor said that he hadn't told me anything yet: Anyone who wanted to describe all of the damage that gambling had caused would have an impossible task because it is said that dice belong to the devil as soon as they leave the hand: I should imagine that a little devil goes running after every die to leave the player's hand and rolls upon the coat or table. He wants to guide it or give it eyes so that it will best serve the interests of his master. He said that I should remember that the devil hasn't eagerly lent his support to a game for no reason. He certainly knows how to get a fine profit for himself out of it.

"You should also notice that traders and Jews are usually near the playing square to buy up rings, clothes or jewels which have been won or which players want to turn into money to play away again, In the same way devils also lie in wait there so that they can arouse and encourage perfidious thoughts in the minds of the players who have finished, regardless of whether they have won or lost. They build terrible castles in the air for the winners; for the losers, whose minds are totally confused and easy prey for their ruinous suggestions, they have just those thoughts and ideas which aim towards nothing but destruction.

"I can assure you, Simplicius, that I am going to write a whole book on the subject as soon as I can settle down again with my family. I want to describe the loss of noble time which gambling usually causes, and also the terrible curses with which the players blaspheme God. I want to tell of the reproachful terms with which they abuse each other. I want to bring in many terrifying examples and stories which have taken place around, in and during gambling. And here I won't want to forget the duels and killings which gambling has caused. In their own vivid colors I want to paint and present the greed, anger, envy, ambition, deceit, fraud, selfishness, and theft - with one word - all of the senseless follies of both dice and card players. Then those who read my book but once will gain the same aversion for gambling they would get from swilling sow 's milk (which is given gambling addicts without their knowledge to cure them).

"It'll show the whole of Christendom that the blessed Lord receives more blasphemy from a company of gamblers than he does service from an entire army."

I praised his plan and wished him the opportunity to carry it out.

THE 21ST CHAPTER: IS SOMEWHAT SHORTER AND MORE AMUSING THAN THE PREVIOUS ONE

As time went by, my tutor and I became increasingly devoted to each other. Needless to say, we kept our friendship very secret. Though I still played the fool, I didn't come out with any crude obscenities or coarse jokes - although my humor was simple enough, it showed more wit than buffoonery.

My colonel, an ardent hunter, once took me with him when he went out to hunt partridges. He used a net for catching the birds which I especially admired. But our bird dog was so eager that he would spring in before we could make use of it. As a result, we netted very few birds. I advised my colonel to have the bitch bred with a falcon or a golden eagle, just as people breed a mare and an ass when they want to get a mule. That way the pups would have wings and could then be used to catch the partridges in the air.

Because our siege of Magdeburg was dragging on, I suggested making an enormously long rope as thick as a barrel; we could put it around the city and hitch all of the men and beasts in both camps onto it; in this way, we could level the city in a single day. I thought up a flood of such fantastic ideas every day because it was my trade, and my workshop was never empty.

My master's secretary, a mischievous customer and a cunning rascal, gave me a lot of material to support me on the roads which fools usually take. Whatever this wiseacre convinced me of, I didn't keep to myself, but told others about it when I was discussing something and the subject came up. I once asked him what sort of fellow our regimental chaplain was because he dressed differently from the others. "He is Sir **Dicis-et-non-facis**[149]." he replied. "In plain language that means a fellow who gives wives to other men but doesn't take one himself. He's the mortal enemy of thieves because they don't say what they do, and he doesn't do what he says. But then thieves can't be too happy with him, either, because they are usually hanged when they get to be his customers." Because I later called the good and honest pastor by this name, he was ridiculed. But I was considered a bad and roguish fool - and I was given a beating because of him.

The secretary even told me that all of the public brothels behind the walls of Prague had been torn down and burned, and that the sparks and dust, like the seeds of a weed, had spread throughout the whole world. He also said that, (of the soldiers), no brave heroes or hearty fellows went to heaven, but only simpletons, misfits and others who were ready to be satisfied with their wages. There were no fashionable cavaliers or charming ladies there, only patient Jobs, henpecked men, boring monks, melancholy parsons, prayer-sisters, charity-whores, all kinds of misfits who hadn't got along anywhere in the world, and also a lot of children to fill up the benches. He also lied to me and said that an innkeeper was called a host only because he worked more eagerly than others to be allotted to either the hosts or heaven, or those of hell.

He convinced me that in war, they sometimes shoot with golden cannon balls. The more precious they were, the more damage they usually did. He even said that whole armies, with artillery, munitions and baggage, were led around on golden chains as prisoners! And he also got me to believe that more than half of the women wore pants, even though you couldn't see them. He said that though these women could neither perform magic nor were they goddesses like Diana, some of their husbands sported bigger horns on their head than Acteon[150]. And I was such a stupid fool that I believed everything that he told me.

But whenever we were alone together, my tutor instructed me with conversation of an entirely different sort. Through him I got to know his son. He was, as I said, a regimental clerk in the army of the Elector of Saxony. His qualities were very different from those of the colonel's secretary, and so my colonel not only liked him, but he also intended to bargain him away from his captain so that he could have him for his regimental secretary - an office our clerk was after himself.

This honest regimental clerk was called Ulrich Heartbrother, like his father. We became such close friends that we even swore eternal brotherhood together. We promised that we

would never abandon each other regardless of fortune or misfortune, sickness or health. And because we did this with his father's knowledge, we kept our pledge that much more firmly. After that, nothing became more important to us than finding an honorable way to rid me of my fool's costume so that we could honestly serve each other.

But the elder Heartbrother, whom I admired and honored as my father, didn't approve of this and expressly said that if I were to change my station in the near future, it would bring me imprisonment and danger to life and limb. And because he also foresaw coming ridicule for himself and his son, he felt he had good reason to behave carefully and cautiously. He wanted to avoid mixing in the affairs of a person whose future danger he could see so clearly. He was afraid that he would share in my misfortune if I revealed myself because he had already known my secret for a long time and he knew me inside and out, but he had not told the colonel what I was really like.

Shortly afterwards, it became even clearer to me that my colonel's clerk was terribly envious of my new brother because he was worried that Heartbrother would be promoted to the secretary's position instead of him. I could well see how he occasionally grumbled and was troubled by envy. I even noticed that he sighed thoughtfully every time he looked at either the elder or the younger Heartbrother.

That forced me to come to the conclusion and conviction that he was thinking of how he could trip Heartbrother up. Out of affection and obligation, I told my brother what I suspected so that he could guard against this Judas. But this didn't trouble Heartbrother because he was confident of his superiority with both pen and sword. Besides, he already had the grace and favor of the colonel.

THE 22ND CHAPTER: A ROGUISH BIT OF THIEVERY TO STEP INTO SOMEONE ELSE'S SHOES

Although it is usual in time of war to choose military constables from among the old and experienced soldiers, we had one in our regiment who was such a crafty old bird and arch-villain that you could have said that he had much more experience than was necessary, because he was also a conjurer, a coscinomancer[151] and an exorcist. He was not only literally as hard as genuine steel itself, but he could even make other men just as hard as well. He was also capable of leading whole squadrons of mounted soldiers in the field. He looked like the descriptions which painters and poets give us of Saturn, except that he had neither crutches nor a scythe[152]. The poor soldiers who fell into his merciless hands as prisoners could consider themselves to be very unfortunate because they were subject to his evil character and continual presence.

Nonetheless, there were people who liked to be around this grim individual, especially the colonel's clerk, Olivier. The more Olivier's envy of the good-natured young Heartbrother grew, the more the intimacy between him and the constable increased, so that it was easy for me to conclude that the conjunction of Saturn with Mercury would mean nothing good for honest Heartbrother.

About this time my colonel's wife was blessed with a young son, and the dinner they served at his christening was of almost princely proportions. Being a polite and obliging person, Young Heartbrother had agreed to help them serve the dinner, and this is what gave Olivier the opportunity he had long sought, because he was ready to give birth himself - to the bit of roguishness with which he had long been pregnant.

When the evening was over, my colonel was missing a large golden goblet which he was not ready to give up for lost because it had still been there after all the visiting guests had departed. Although the page said that he had last seen Olivier with it, he wouldn't confess to taking it. Then the constable was called in to help. He was ordered to go about his work in such a way that the thief would be made known only to our colonel - if he regained his cup. Some of the officers from the colonel's regiment were still present, and he did not want to disgrace

anyone, if one of them had perhaps made a slip.

Because everyone was certain of his own innocence, they all went willingly into the colonel's tent, where this sorcerer was about to proceed with his investigation. We all looked at each other and wanted to hear what would happen and see where the lost goblet would come from.

First he mumbled a few words and then, one, two, three and more puppies sprang out here and there from the pockets, sleeves, boots, flies and everywhere else clothes are open. Then they squirmed and jumped quickly all around the tent. They were very pretty and colorful, because each one had its own distinctive markings. But it was a merry show, though my tight Croatian calfskin trousers were swarming so full of puppies that I had to take them off. Because my shirt had already rotted off my body in the forest, I had to stand there naked.

Finally, one lively puppy wearing a gold collar sprang out of young Heartbrother's fly and devoured the other puppies that had been filling the tent with their scrabbling so much that you couldn't have put your foot down. When the puppy had finished eating up all of the others, it became smaller and smaller. At the same time, the collar grew larger and larger until it finally turned into the colonel's goblet.

Then the colonel and everyone else there had to conclude that young Heartbrother had stolen the goblet. The colonel then said to him: "Look, you ungrateful guest! Is this theft - which I would never have expected from you - the thanks I get for all that I have done for you? Just think! I wanted you to become my secretary tomorrow, but instead of that, I should have you hanged today! And that is just what I would have them do to you if I didn't want to spare your honest old father. Now get out of my camp, and never let me set eyes on you again as long as I live!"

Heartbrother wanted to defend himself, but they wouldn't even listen to him because his guilt was as clear as crystal to everyone. When he went out, the old Heartbrother fainted away and they had quite a time reviving him. Even the colonel tried to console him by telling him that a pious father was not responsible for a child who didn't turn out right.

And so, with the devil's help, Olivier got what he had been seeking for such a long time, but had been unable to get in any honest way.

THE 23RD CHAPTER: ULRICH HEARTBROTHER SELLS HIMSELF FOR A HUNDRED DUCATS

As soon as young Heartbrother's captain found out what had happened, he dismissed him as clerk and put a pike on his shoulder. From then on, he was held in such contempt that even the dogs could have pissed on him. It often made him wish that he were dead! His father became so worried that he fell seriously ill and prepared himself for death. Since he'd even foreseen that he would have to endure danger to life and limb on the 26th of July (a day which was already approaching) he went to the colonel and got permission to send for his son once again to talk to him about his inheritance and reveal his last wishes to him.

I wasn't excluded from this sad meeting, but took part as the third person. I saw that the son needed to make no excuses to his father because he already knew his character and upbringing well enough to be certain of his innocence. Because he was wise and understanding, circumstances told him that Olivier had connived with the constable to run this bath for his son. But what could he do against a sorcerer? He could expect even worse, if he attempted to avenge himself. Though the old man had foreseen his own death, he was not ready to face it calmly because he didn't want to die and leave his son in such disgrace. But it was this very disgrace which had robbed his son of the desire to live and had strengthened his wish to die before his father. You can be sure that it was so miserable to see these two dejected creatures that I had to cry with all my heart. Finally they decided that they would wait patiently and leave this matter to God. But now the son should try to think of ways and means to obtain a

release from his company so that he could seek his fortune somewhere else.

But when they thought the matter over, they saw that they lacked the money to buy his release from the captain of his company. And while they were contemplating and bemoaning the misery in which their poverty had imprisoned them (thus robbing them of any hope of improving their lot) it occurred to me that I still had the ducats which were sewn up in my donkey ears. When I asked them how much money they needed, young Heartbrother replied: "If someone would come along and give us a hundred thalers, I don't think that we would have any more problems."

"Oh, Brother," I answered, "if that'll help you, then take courage because I even give you a hundred ducats."

"Brother," he responded, "what are you talking about? Are you really a fool, or are you so flippant that you want to make fun of us in our misery?"

"No! No!" I said, "I'll pump you the money." Then I stripped off my coat, took one donkey ear from my arm, opened it and let him count out one hundred ducats for himself.

I kept the rest and said, "I can take care of your sick father with what's left, if he needs it." Then they embraced me and kissed me, and were beside themselves with joy. They even wanted to make out a document which would assure me that I would share in the inheritance of the elder Heartbrother along with his son, or that they would repay this sum with interest when God helped them to regain what was theirs. But I wanted nothing from them, but their continuing friendship. Then young Heartbrother wanted to swear to avenge himself on Oliver or die trying! But his father assured him that the man who killed Olivier would be done in by me, Simplicius.

"But I'm certain," he said, "that you won't kill each other, because neither of you is to die by arms." Then he insisted that we both solemnly swear to love each other until we died, and come to each other's aid in any emergency.

Then young Heartbrother bought his way out for thirty thalers of the realm and was given an honorable discharge from his captain. He went on to Hamburg with the rest of the money and good prospects. There he got himself two horses and joined the Swedish army as a volunteer cavalryman. He'd left his father in my care.

THE 24TH CHAPTER: TWO PROPHECIES ARE FULFILLED AT ONE TIME

None of the colonel's men was better suited than I was to care for old Heartbrother in his illness. Because the patient was more than satisfied with me, the colonel's wife, who was also of great service to him, put me in charge of his care. Because he was receiving such good care and didn't need to worry about his son, he improved so much from day to day that he had almost recovered completely before the twenty-sixth of July. Nevertheless, he wanted to bide his time and pretend to be ill until that dreaded day was over.

Meanwhile, various officers from both armies visited him to find out what fortune or misfortune the future held in store for them, because he was a good mathematician and astrologer, as well as an excellent physiognomist and palmist. And his predictions were seldom wrong. He could even name the day on which the battle of Wittstock[153] later took place, because many men came to him who were threatened by violent death on the very same day. He assured the colonel's wife that she would have her child in the camp because Magdeburg would not be surrendered before six weeks had passed. To the deceiving Olivier, who tried all too clumsily to court his favor, he expressly said that he would have to die a violent death and that I would avenge his death by killing his murderer, regardless of when he died. This made Olivier have more respect and regard for me for a while.

He also told me the entire course of my future life in such detail that it almost seemed that it was already over and he had been by my side all the while. I didn't pay much attention then,

but later I remembered many of the things which he had said to me after they had already come true. He especially warned me against water, because he was afraid that I could meet my doom in it.

When the twenty-sixth of July arrived, he strongly admonished me and a corporal I had just got from the colonel to let nobody into his tent, where he lay alone and prayed without ceasing. But as it became afternoon, a cavalry lieutenant came riding up and asked for the stable master. When he came up to us, we immediately refused to admit him, but he insisted on going in. That's why he approached the corporal with pleas and promises - he insisted on seeing the stable master. He simply had to speak to him that very evening. When that didn't help him, he started to curse up a storm and said that he had already ridden here several times to see Heartbrother, but he had never been able to see him. Now that he was here this one time, he wanted the honor of at least having a word with him. He dismounted and couldn't be stopped from unbuttoning the tent. When I bit his hand, he gave me a sharp blow to the mouth.

As soon as he saw the old man he said, "I beg you to forgive me for using insolence in order to have a word with you."

"Well," the stable master replied, "what can I do for you?"

"I just wanted to ask you to cast my horoscope." he answered.

"I hope," the stable master responded, "that you will have the kindness to forgive me, if my illness will not permit me to do that now This work requires a great deal of calculation, which my stupid head just couldn't do today. But if you can be patient until tomorrow, I hope I'll be able to satisfy you then."

"Sir," the lieutenant went on, "could you please read my palm, then?"

"My dear sir," old Heartbrother replied, "because this art is miserable and deceptive, I beg that you will spare me. I will gladly do everything you ask tomorrow."

But the lieutenant, not wanting to be put off like this, went up to my father's bed, presented his palm and said, "Sir, I'm only asking for a few words about the end of my life. I assure you that, if they should be bad, I will accept them as a warning from God to take better care of myself. I am asking you for the sake of God, not to keep the truth from me."

The honest old man replied briefly and said, "Well, come on then! You had better watch yourself carefully, or you will be hanged before this hour is over."

"You old rascal!" said the lieutenant - who was in his cups. "Do you think you can talk that way to a cavalier?" Then he drew out his sword and stabbed my beloved old Heartbrother to death in his bed!

The corporal and I yelled bloody murder and everyone ran for his gun. But the lieutenant took to his heels without delay and would have escaped, if the Elector of Saxony himself had not been riding by just then with some of his men. They caught up with him and, when he'd heard what had just happened, he turned to von Hatzfeld[154], our general, and said, "It would be poor discipline in an Imperial camp, if a sick man couldn't be sure of being safe from murderers!"

That was a severe sentence and enough to cost the lieutenant his life, because our general immediately had him hanged by his precious neck.

THE 25TH CHAPTER: SIMPLICIUS IS CHANGED FROM A YOUTH TO A MAIDEN AND IS COURTED BY VARIOUS LOVERS

This true story shows us that you shouldn't reject all prophecies, as do some wiseacres who don't believe in anything. You can also learn from it that a man can hardly avoid the fate which has been ordained for him, even when he has learned of his misfortune in advance. As to whether it is necessary, useful and good to hear prophecies and to have a horoscope made, I can only answer that old Heartbrother told me so many things that I have often wished (and still

do) that he had kept silent about them because I have never been able to avoid the turns of ill-fortune that he foretold, and I am getting gray worrying vainly about those which still await me. Like the rest, they will happen to me regardless of whether I try to get away from them or not.

As far as the turns of good-fortune he foretold are concerned, I think that they often deceive, and they are not as useful as the predictions of ill fortune. What good did it do me that old Heartbrother swore by heaven that noble parents had given me birth and had educated me when I didn't know of anyone except my knan and meuder, who were crude Spessart peasants? And what good did it do Wallenstein[155], the Duke of Friedland, to hear that he would be crowned king while violins played? Who doesn't know how he was rocked to sleep in Eger? Let others ponder over these matters - I'll get back to my story.

Now that I had lost my two Heartbrothers (as I told you) I got sick and tired of the whole camp by Magdeburg[156]. For me it was only a city of linen and straw with earth walls. Because I was as fed up with my job as if I'd had to eat it with an iron kitchen spoon, I finally decided that I wouldn't be the butt of everybody's jokes anymore - I would rid myself of my fool's costume, even if it should cost me life and limb. I went about it in such a disorderly fashion because I couldn't find any better way to do it.

Olivier, who had become my tutor after the death of the elder Heartbrother, often allowed me to go out foraging with the servants. Once we went into a large village where some mounted soldiers had kept their baggage. While the men were going from house to house in the hope of discovering something worth taking, I stole away to see if I could find some peasants' clothes to trade for my fool's cap. Though I didn't find anything I wanted, I did come across an old woman's dress. Finding myself alone, I put it on and threw my clothes into a privy, imagining that I had then been rescued from all my troubles.

Dressed like this I went across the street towards some officers' wives, taking little steps like Achilles must have done when his mother brought him to Lycomedus[157]. But I'd hardly left the house when some foragers saw me and taught me how to move quickly, because when they cried "Halt, halt!", I quickened my pace and reached the officers' wives before they did.

I fell to my knees in front of them and begged them in the name of womanly honor and virtue to protect my virginity from these lustful men! Not only was my request granted, but I was also taken on as a maid by a cavalry captain's wife, and I stayed on with her while our soldiers captured Magdeburg and the entrenchments by Werben, Havelberg and Perleberg[158].

Although she was not old, the captain's wife was no child,either. She became so infatuated with my smooth skin and slim figure that - after long efforts and vainly beating around the bush - she finally let me know all too plainly where the shoe was pinching her. But I was very conscientious in those days and acted as if I hadn't noticed anything because I still behaved myself in the way expected of a pious virgin.

When the cavalry captain and his servant both came down with the same illness, he ordered his wife to put me into some better clothes, so that she would not have to be ashamed of my disgusting smock. She did as she was told and I was spruced up like a French doll, which only stirred up the fires in all three of them even more. It finally got so bad that the master and the servant became eagerly desirous of what I could not give them and what I had elegantly been refusing the lady.

Finally, the captain decided to seize an opportunity to forcibly take what was impossible for him to get. His wife was aware of this and, hoping that I would finally submit to her, she blocked his every path and was always ahead of him till he thought that he was going mad.

Once, when the gentleman and his wife were asleep, the servant stood in front of the wagon where I had to sleep every night and tearfully confessed his love and reverently begged for grace and mercy! But I showed myself to be harder than a stone and let him know that I wanted to preserve my chastity for the state of marriage. But when he proposed to me at least a thousand times and still had to hear that it was impossible for me to marry him, he finally began to despair - or at least he pretended to. He drew his sword and put the point to his breast and the hilt against the wagon and acted as though he were going to stab himself.

"Satan is a rogue!" I thought, and so I tried to console him. I told him that I would give him my final answer in the morning. That satisfied him, so he went to sleep. But I stayed awake and

thought about the strange situation I was in. I knew well that things would only get worse, because the captain's wife was pressing me more and more with her charms, the captain was becoming ever bolder with his demands and the servant got more and more desperate in his love. I just didn't know how to get out of this labyrinth.

The lady often had me catch her fleas in broad daylight so that I could see her alabaster-white breasts and get to touch her tender body. And being only of flesh and blood, it would have been hard for me to stand this for very long.

If the woman left me alone, her husband hounded me. If I had my peace from these two at night, then the servant tormented me so much that my woman's clothes became much harder to endure than my fool's cap. I thought then - though much too late - of the prophecy and warning of the deceased Heartbrother, and I believed that I must really be caught in that mortal danger and prison which he had told me about, because I was being held captive by a woman's clothes. I couldn't get away, and the captain would play hell with me if he ever found out about me and caught me while I was removing fleas from his beautiful wife.

But what could I do? I finally decided to reveal myself to the servant as soon as dawn began to break because I thought: "His passion will die down then. Then you could give him some of your ducats, And he might help you to get some men's clothes and solve all your problems." It would have been a good plan if, Fortune would have favored me - but she didn't.

My Hans got up right after midnight, hoping to hear me say yes to him. That's why he started rattling the wagon just when I had begun to sleep most soundly: "Sabina, Sabina, get up my precious, and keep your promise."

The servant had shouted so loudly that he woke up the captain before he did me. (His tent was right next to my wagon.) Though this made him turn green because he had already been overcome by jealousy, he didn't come out to disturb us. He just got up to see what was going to happen. When the servant's persistency had finally woken me, he urged me to either come out of the wagon to him or to let him come in to me. But I scolded him and asked him if he thought that I was a whore. When I had agreed the day before, I had been talking about marriage. He wasn't going to get me before that!

Then he told me to get up anyway because it was beginning to get light and I would have to prepare the food for the servants on time. He would fetch firewood and water, and start a fire for me right away. "If you do that," I replied, "then I can sleep a little longer. Just go right ahead; I'll come soon." But because the fool wouldn't stop, I arose - but more to do my work than to please him, because I thought that he had forgotten his desperate folly of yesterday.

I could pass fairly well for a girl in the field because I had learned to cook, bake and wash while I was with the Croats, and soldiers' women don't usually spin in camp. Anyway, the captain's wife had overlooked the fact that I didn't know how to do other kinds of woman's work, such as brushing and braiding hair. She could see that I had never learned them.

As I climbed out of the wagon with my sleeves rolled up high, my Hans got so violently inflamed at the sight of my white arms that he couldn't keep from kissing me. Because I didn't do much to defend myself, the captain couldn't bear to watch what was going on right in front of him. He sprang out of the tent with his naked sword to take care of the servant, who ran off and forgot to come back again.

"You damned whore!" the captain said to me, "I'll teach you!" He was too angry to say any more, but just began hitting me as if he'd gone insane. When I began to scream, he had to stop because he didn't want to raise the alarm, for the Saxon and Imperial armies were encamped next to each other, and the Swedish army under General Baner[159] was approaching.

THE 26TH CHAPTER: HOW HE IS HELD CAPTIVE AS A TRAITOR AND SORCERER

When day came and both armies began to break camp, my master turned me over to the stable boys. They were such a pack of riff-raff that the torment I had to endure was terrible. They hurried off with me to some bushes to better gratify the bestial desires that these devil's children get inside themselves when a woman is turned over to them like that.

A lot of other boys followed after them to watch this miserable kind of fun, and my Hans was among them. He never lost sight of me, and when he saw what they were going to do to me, he wanted to rescue me by force, even if it cost him his head. Because he said that I was his fiancée, he found supporters who sympathized with us and wanted to help him. But this meant trouble from the stable boys, for they thought that they had a better right to me, and they weren't ready to let such a good catch slip out of their hands. So they prepared themselves to meet force with force until the blows began to rain from both sides. The longer it went on, the more the crowd grew and the louder they became until it almost seemed like a tournament in which everyone gives his best for the sake of a fair lady.

The terrible sounds they made attracted the provost marshal, who got there just as they were tearing the clothes from my body. When they saw that I wasn't a woman at all, they all became silent. The boys who had been fighting disappeared when he arrived because they were much more afraid of him than they were of the devil. He quickly found out what had happened and, though I was hoping to be rescued, he took me prisoner because it was unusual and suspicious for a man who was dressed up like a woman to be with an army. That's why he and his servants were taking me along. We passed in front of the regiments, which were getting ready to march, so that they could deliver me to the chief provost marshal or the general in charge of police affairs.

But as we were going by my colonel's regiment, the colonel recognized me and spoke to me. Then he had me dressed and turned over to our old constable, who bound me hand and foot in chains.

It made me bitter to be marched along in irons, and I would have suffered greatly from hunger, if Olivier, the secretary, hadn't provided for me. I couldn't bring out my ducats, which I had used before, because I would have lost them all and brought myself into even greater danger. Olivier told me that very evening why I was being treated so harshly. Then our regimental magistrate was ordered to examine me immediately so that my statement could be sent to the chief provost marshal. They believed that I was not only a scout and a spy, but also that I knew witchcraft, because (just after I'd run away from my colonel) they had burned some witches[160] who had admitted that they had seen me at the meeting they'd called to dry up the Elbe so that Magdeburg could be captured that much sooner. Here are the questions I was to answer:

First, had I studied, or at least learned to read and write? Second, why had I approached the camp by Magdeburg dressed like a fool, even though I was clever enough while in the captain's service and now? Third, why had I disguised myself in woman's clothes? Fourth, had I been at the dance of the witches along with the other fiends? Fifth, what was my native area, and who were my parents? Sixth, where had I been before I had come to the camp by Magdeburg? Seventh, where and for what purpose had I learned to do women's work, such as washing, baking, cooking, etc? And the same for lute playing.

I wanted to answer by telling the story of my whole life, because the circumstances of the strange things which had happened to me would clarify everything. That would make it possible to truthfully answer the questions in an understandable way. But the regimental magistrate was not that curious. Marching had made him tired and peevish, and so he wanted only short and simple answers to his questions.

For that reason I gave the following answers, even though it was not possible to find out anything basic or specific from them. One: Though I had not studied, I could read and write in

German. Two: Because I didn't have any other clothes, I had been forced to dress like a fool. Three: Because I had been tired of wearing my fool's costume and I didn't have any men's clothes. Four: Yes, I'd been flown there against my will, but I didn't know witchcraft. Five: My native area was the Spessart, and my parents were peasants. Six: At Hanau with the governor and with a Croatian colonel named Corpes. Seven: I had learned to wash, bake and cook against my will while I was with the Croats. I'd learned to play the lute in Hanau because I'd wanted to.

After my statement had been written down he said, "How can you deny it and say that you've never studied. During the Mass you answered the words **"Domine non sum dignus"** in Latin while everyone still believed that you were a fool. You couldn't have said that if you hadn't already known it."

I answered, "Sir, other people taught me that and told me that it was a prayer which had to be said at Mass when our chaplain performs divine services. "

"Yes, of course!" the regimental magistrate replied, "I can see that you're just the right man to have your tongue loosened with torture."

"God help me," I thought, "if things go your thick-headed way."

Early the next morning the chief provost marshal ordered our constable to keep a careful eye on me because he wanted to interrogate me himself as soon as the armies had come to a halt. Then I would have had to endure torture, if God had not ordained otherwise.

While I was still a prisoner I thought continually of my pastor in Hanau and of the late elder Heartbrother because they had both foretold what would happen to me when I got out of my fool's costume.

THE 27TH CHAPTER: WHAT THE CONSTABLE HAD TO GO THROUGH AT THE BATTLE OF WITTSTOCK

We had hardly made camp when I was taken to the chief provost marshal. With my statement and his writing material in front of him, he started to examine me more carefully. I told them everything I'd done just as it had happened, but they didn't believe me. The chief provost marshal didn't know for certain if he had a fool or a cunning rogue in front of him, because, although I had an answer for everything, the matter itself was quite strange.

He told me to pick up a feather and write so that he could tell if my handwriting was familiar or if anything could be learned from it. I held the feather and paper as skillfully as someone who used them every day and asked what I should write. Being a bit grouchy because the interrogation had lasted until well into the night, he replied, "Then write: **Your mother is a whore!"** I put these words down and, when they were read, they made my situation even worse, because the chief provost marshal said that now he really did believe that he had the right bird.

Then he asked the constable if he had searched me and if papers had been found on me. The constable answered: "No, why search him? He was practically naked when the provost marshal brought him to us." But, alas! That wasn't enough. The constable had to search me in everyone's presence. He did his work so well that he found - oh, misfortune! - my two donkey ears with the ducats which were tied around my arms.

Then they said, "What do we need any more evidence for? The traitor must have had the intention of performing some important piece of treachery. Why else would an intelligent person be found in a fool's costume or a man be disguised as a woman? And why do you think he would be carrying around such an impressive amount of money, if he didn't have something important ahead of him? Didn't he even say himself that he'd learned to play the lute by the governor of Hanau, who is the wiliest soldier in the whole world? And what other kinds of cunning tricks do you gentlemen think that he learned from those knaves? The only thing to do with him is to torture him tomorrow and then to have him burned because he keeps company with sorcerers and doesn't deserve anything better."

You can easily imagine how I felt then. I knew that I was innocent and had great trust in God, but I realized the danger I was in and mourned the loss of my beautiful ducats, which the chief provost marshal had put into his own pocket.

But before I had to undergo this painful process, Banér's troops got into our hair. The two armies started to fight to gain an advantage, then to gain the heavy artillery, which we had promptly lost at the very start. Although our constable stayed rather far behind the fighting with his men and prisoners, we were so close to our own brigade that we could recognize every soldier from the back by the clothes he was wearing. When a Swedish squadron clashed with ours, we were in just as much danger just as those who were fighting because bullets immediately began to fly so thick and fast through the air around us that it seemed that volleys had been fired just for our benefit.

The men who were most afraid ducked down as if they had wanted to hide themselves, but those who had more courage and had often enjoyed this kind of fun before just let the bullets skim past them without turning pale. In the clash itself each soldier tried to prevent his own death by cutting down the nearest of those pressing in upon him. The horrible shooting, the rattling of harnesses, the crash of pikes and the cries of wounded men and attackers - all of these sounds, together with the noise of trumpets, drums and pipes, made a dreadful and terrifying music! There was nothing to be seen but heavy smoke and dust, which seemed as though it wanted to cover the detestableness of the wounded and dead. And through it all, you could hear the pitiful wailing of the dying and the joyous cries of those who were still packed full of courage.

Even the horses gave the appearance of becoming fresher so they could help to defend their masters, and they proved themselves to be ardent about the duty they were forced to do. Many of them fell under their masters, full of wounds they had undeservedly received as repayment for their loyal service. Others, which had been killed, fell upon their riders, so they had the honor in death of being carried by those they had been forced to carry in life. Still others discharged the hearty burdens which had commanded them so they could escape and seek their first freedom in some distant field.

The earth, whose custom it is to cover the dead, was itself strewn with dead men who varied from each other in different ways: Heads which had lost their natural masters lay in one place while bodies which lacked heads were somewhere else. Some had lost their entrails in terrible and pitiable ways. Others had had their heads crushed and their brains had spurted out. You could see lifeless bodies robbed of their own blood, while the living were covered with the blood of others. Here lay a shot-off arm whose fingers still moved as though they had wanted to get back into the fray - there men ran away who hadn't lost a drop of blood. In one place lay separated thighs - though freed from the burden of their body, they seemed much heavier there than they had been before. At another place you could see mutilated soldiers begging for a speedy death, while other men begged for quarter and wanted their lives to be spared. In short, it was nothing else but a miserable and distressing scene.

The victorious Swedes drove us vanquished soldiers out of the position where we had struggled vainly. After they had split us up, they scattered us in all directions with their hot pursuit. In these circumstances, the constable and his prisoners also fled, although we alone of the defense had done nothing to deserve the hostility of the victor.

By threatening to kill us, the constable forced us to join in his flight. But just at that moment, young Heartbrother came galloping up with five others and greeted him with a pistol shot. "Hey, you old dog!" he shouted, "Isn't it about time for you to come out with puppies again? I'm ready to pay you for your trouble now." But the shot had injured the constable no more than it would a steel anvil.

"Oh, you're that kind, are you?" said Heartbrother, "I didn't come here in vain to get you. Now you've got to die, even if your soul has taken root in your body!"

Then he forced one of the musketeers who had been on guard to beat the constable to death with an ax, if he wanted to receive quarter himself.

That's how the constable got what he had coming. When Heartbrother looked around, he recognized me and freed me of my bonds. Then he put me on a horse and had his servant lead me to safety.

THE 28TH CHAPTER: ABOUT A GREAT BATTLE IN WHICH THE TRIUMPHANT HERO IS TAKEN CAPTIVE AT THE MOMENT OF HIS VICTORY

Just as my rescuer 's servant was leading me out of any further danger, his master - desirous of glory and plunder - plunged into it until he had hacked his way in too far and was taken prisoner.

The victorious conquerors then divided the spoils and buried their dead. Because my Heartbrother was missing, his captain inherited me along with his servant and horses. I had to become his stable boy for no more than the promise that, if I behaved myself and got a little older, he would "set me up". That is, he would see to it that I could become a cavalry man. Till then, I would just have to be patient.

Shortly afterwards, my captain was promoted to lieutenant-colonel. I then got the office which David had had in times of old with King Saul: In quarters I played the lute and on the march I had to carry his body armor for him - it was a heavy load for me. And although this armor was invented to protect the wearer against hostile blows, I discovered the opposite to be true. The young lice I'd hatched myself were better able to persecute me under its protection. Underneath it they had a free run and a playground of their own. It seemed that I was wearing this piece for their protection, and not my own, because I couldn't get underneath it with my hands to do anything to them.

I tried to think of all kinds of tricks to destroy this armada, but I had neither the time nor the opportunity to exterminate them with fire (as in an oven) with water, or with poison, though I knew well what mercury could do. Nor did I have the means to get rid of them with other clothes or a white shirt. I just had to drag them with me and keep giving them my body and blood. When they were nibbling and plaguing me under the harness, I would pull out a pistol as if I were going to trade bullets with them, but I would only take out the ramrod and push them away from their meal with it. Finally I discovered the art of wrapping a piece of fur around the rod to make a fine trap for them. When I used this louse-hook, I was able to fish dozens of them out of their lairs. Then I would break their necks by throwing them from the horse, but it didn't do much good.

One day, my lieutenant-colonel was ordered to go to Westphalia with a large number of horses and men. But if he'd had as many cavalrymen as I did lice, he would have been able to frighten the whole world. But since he didn't, he had to proceed with caution. That's why we had to keep hidden in the Günner Mark (as a forest between Hamm and Soest is called). My enemies had reached their high point by that time and were torturing me so badly with their subversive activity that I was afraid they were even going to get themselves lodged in between my hide and my flesh.

The way they oppress you, it's no wonder that the Brazilians eat their lice out of anger and vengeance. Once, I didn't think that I could stand the pain any more. Because some of the cavalrymen were feeding the horses while others were sleeping or were standing watch, I just strolled under a tree to do battle with my enemy. I took off my harness for that purpose, though others put theirs on when they do battle.

Then I started such a murdering and strangling that both swords (my thumbs) were dripping with blood and loaded with dead bodies (or with bits of skin). Those I didn't want to be killed, I banned into exile and let them walk around under the tree. Whenever I think back on this encounter, my skin starts pinching me all over as though I were still in the midst of the battle. I thought that I really shouldn't rage so against my own blood: they were servants loyal enough to be hanged or broken on the wheel with me and I had often rested on them upon the hard earth of open fields.

I went on with my tyranny so mercilessly that I didn't notice that the Imperials were charging my lieutenant-colonel till they finally closed in on me to relieve the poor lice by taking me prisoner, for the Imperials were not impressed by the courage with which I'd just

killed many thousands and surpassed the claim of the tailor (who had killed seven with one blow).

When a dragoon captured me, the best loot he had got for it was my lieutenant-colonel's body armor. He was able to sell it for a rather good price to the commander at Soest[161], where he was stationed. That's how he became my sixth master in this war because I then had to serve him as his stable boy.

THE 29TH CHAPTER: HOW A PIOUS SOLDIER PROSPERED IN PARADISE BEFORE HE DIED AND HOW THE HUNTER TOOK HIS PLACE AFTER HIS DEATH

Because my landlady did not want me to populate her and her whole house with my inhabitants, she was faced with the task of ridding me of them, and she made short work of it by sticking my rags into the bake oven and roasting them as cleanly as an old tobacco pipe. It was like living in a rose garden for me. Yes, it's hard to believe how nice this seemed to me after having spent months in something like an anthill.

But I soon had another cross to bear because my master was one of those soldiers who thought he wanted to go to heaven. That's why he let himself be satisfied with his pay and wouldn't harm a baby. His entire wealth consisted in what he had earned standing guard for others and what he had been able to scrap together from his weekly wages. Although it was little enough, he treasured it more than Oriental pearls. He sewed every penny into his clothes. I and his poor horse had to do without so that he could put a few more coins aside. That's why I had to live on dry pumpernickel and water or, when things went well, small beer. I got sick and tired of this life because my throat was raw from the black, coarse bread, and my body was emaciated. If I wanted anything better to eat, I had to steal it. But I had to be very careful so he wouldn't find out about it.

They needed neither gallows, nor wooden horses, nor hangmen, nor bastinadoes, nor army surgeons for my master - and no sutlers, or drummers to play taps. His heart and soul were far removed from gluttony, drunkenness, gambling and duels. Whenever he was ordered out on a convoy, a raid, or some kind of attack, he would plod along like an old woman with a cane. I do believe that if this good dragoon had not had such heroic military virtues, he would never have taken me prisoner - he would have been pursuing my lieutenant-colonel.

I had no hopes of clothes from him because he went around with as many patches as my hermit. His saddle and gear were hardly worth a mite and his horse was so weakened by hunger that neither Swedes nor Hessians needed to fear that he would be able to pursue them for long.

These are the reasons which persuaded his captain to station him as a guard in a convent called Paradise[162]. It was not that he would be good at it, but he could fatten up there, reequip himself and anyway, the nuns had asked for a pious, conscientious and quiet fellow.

So he rode there and I walked along beside him because he, unfortunately, had only one horse. On the way there he said, "Good gracious, Simbrecht," (He couldn't remember Simplicius.) "when we get to Paradise, we'll eat our fill!"

"The name is a good omen." I replied, "Let's hope to God that the place really lives up to it."

"Sure," he said, not having really understood me, "even if we drink two kegs of the best beer every day, they won't mind. Just behave yourself. I'm going to have a fine, new coat made for myself and you can have my old one. It'll still serve you well."

He was right to call it the old one because it looked so weathered and worn-out that I believe it could even remember the battle at Pavia[163]; I could see I wasn't going to be very happy with it. Paradise turned out to be all that we had hoped for. There were beautiful young ladies there instead of angels. They treated us so well with food and drink that my skin soon became smooth, because I fattened up on the heaviest beer, the best Westphalian hams and

knackwurst, tasty and very delicate beef which had been boiled in salt water and eaten cold. There I learned to spread salted butter finger-thick onto black bread, and put cheese on top so that it would slip down better. When I got hold of a leg of lamb seasoned with garlic and a good mug of beer, I refreshed body and soul, and forgot all of the suffering I'd had to endure. In short, this Paradise was as good to me as the real one could ever be. There was nothing there to trouble me but the thought that it would not last forever and that I still had to go around in rags.

But just as misfortune had been heaped upon me, it now seemed to flee from me. I began to think that good fortune had replaced it because, when my master sent me to Soest to pick up the rest of his baggage, I found a package along the road which contained several yards of scarlet cloth for a coat and some red velvet for the lining. I took it with me and exchanged it in Soest at a draper's for enough common green wool cloth for a suit and some buttons. The draper also agreed to make me a suit and throw in a hat. Since I only lacked a new pair of shoes and a shirt, I gave the shopkeeper the silver buttons and trimmings which went with the coat and he got me what I needed. That way I was all dressed up in brand new things.

When I returned to Paradise and my master, he went into a rage because I hadn't brought him what I had found. He even talked of giving me a beating. If he hadn't have been ashamed and the suit had fitted him,he would have had me take it off so that he could have wear it. And I had imagined that I had done the right thing!

Now the cheap skinflint had to be ashamed because his groom was better dressed than he was. That's why he rode to Soest, borrowed money from his captain and bought himself a nice outfit. He promised to repay the money from his weekly earnings for guard duty, which he conscientiously did. Though he already had the money, he was much too clever to harm himself. If he had repaid the money immediately, he wouldn't have been able to feather-bed in Paradise that winter, and another needy soldier would have been put in his place. But now the captain would have to let him stay there, if he ever wanted to see the money he had lent him.

From then on we led the laziest life in the world, for playing nine-pins was the hardest work we had to do. After I had curried, fed and watered my dragoon's nag, I lived the life of a squire and went for walks. The convent was also guarded by our enemy, the Hessians, who had sent a musketeer from Lippstadt. He was a furrier by trade and not only a master singer, but also a swordsman. To keep in practice, he fenced with me for a long time every day, using all kinds of weapons. I got to be so good that I wasn't afraid to take him on whenever he wanted. Instead of fencing, my dragoon played nine-pins with me, but only to see who had to drink the most beer at the table. That way, only the convent could lose.

The convent had its own game forest and employed a hunter for it. Because I was also dressed in green, I often accompanied him. I learned the secrets of his trade from him that autumn and winter, especially about small game. For that reason, and because the name Simplicius was somewhat unusual and easy for ordinary people to forget or to mispronounce, everyone called me "the Little Hunter".

I got to know all of the paths and pikes, and this later came in very handy. When I couldn't wander around in the fields and forests because of bad weather, I read all sorts of books which the steward of the convent lent me. But as soon as the noble ladies in the convent found out that, besides having a good voice, I could play the lute and pound on the clavichord a bit, they began to pay more attention to me. Because I was rather well-proportioned and had a pretty face, they thought that my manners, character and conduct were so aristocratic that I had to be a very popular noble. That's why they wondered why I was serving such a slovenly dragoon.

After having spent the winter as pleasantly as that, my master was relieved. He was so sad about his loss that he fell ill. Because he had come down with a bad fever and his old war injuries were plaguing him again, he made matters short, so that in three weeks' time I had to bury him. Here is the inscription I wrote for his grave:

Here lies a penny-pincher,
A soldier through and through,
Who never once in all his life,
His sword in anger drew.

By law and custom the captain should have got the horse and gun, and the sergeant whatever else was left. But since I was a fresh and well-grown youth who gave promise of one day being able to hold his own, they offered to leave everything to me, if I would take the place of my deceased master. I was more than willing to accept because I knew that my master had left a rather large amount of ducats. He had spent his whole life scraping them together and he had sewn them up in his old pants.

I then reported in and gave my name - Simplicius Simplicissimus - to the company clerk (who was called Cyriacus). Because he couldn't spell my name, he said to me: "No devil in hell has a name like that!" When I shot back and asked if there were any in hell called Cyriacus, he didn't know what to say, though he was clever. My captain enjoyed that so much that he thought well of me from the very beginning.

THE 30TH CHAPTER: WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE HUNTER STARTED TO PRACTICE THE SOLDIER'S TRADE. A YOUNG SOLDIER CAN LEARN SOMETHING FROM IT

Because the commander at Soest thought that he lacked a boy like me in his stable, he was not ready to let me become a soldier. He tried to get me by using my youth as an excuse because he didn't want to let me pass for a man. When he reproached my master because of this, he also sent for me. "Listen Hunter-boy," he said, "you ought to become my servant." When I asked what he had in mind for me, he replied: "You . can help take care of my horses."

"Sir," I answered, "we don't belong together. I would rather be in the service of a master who would let the horse take care of me, but since I'll never find one like that, I want to stay a soldier."

"Your beard is still much too small!" he responded.

"Oh, no!" I answered, "I think I can get the best of a man of eighty. If beards could kill, then billy goats would be worth a lot more."

"If you've got as much courage as you have lip, I'll let you pass." he said.

"We can give it a try the next chance we get." I replied. That's how I let him know that I didn't want them to use me as a stable boy. When he let me stay where I was, he said that the proof would be in the pudding.

Next, I took out my dragoon's old pants and performed an autopsy on them. Out of their entrails I was able to get a good military horse and the best gun I could find, so that I shined like a mirror. I had dressed in green again because I liked the name **Hunter** very much. I gave my old suit to my groom because it had become too small for me. And so I rode around like a young noble and thought that I was certainly no pig. I was even bold enough to decorate my hat with a tuft of feathers, like an officer. That's why I soon had grudgers with whom I exchanged a few rather irritated words and finally even blows. But as soon as I had shown one or two of them what I had learned from the furrier in Paradise, they, stopped bothering me and even began to seek my friendship.

I often went raiding on foot or horseback, for I had a good mount and was faster on foot than the others. When there was trouble with the enemy, I flew into the fray like chaff being winnowed from grain. Because I always wanted to be among the first, I soon became known to friend and foe. I became so famous that both thought well of me, because I was entrusted with carrying out the most dangerous attacks and was given command over entire raiding parties. That's when I started helping myself with both hands, and when I got anything of value, I gave my officers so much of it that they even allowed me to practice my trade in forbidden areas.

General Götz[164] had left three enemy garrisons in Westphalia - one each in Dorsten, Lippstadt and Coesfeld - and I harassed them a great deal by appearing almost every day with small parties here and there in front of their very gates to capture a lot of valuable booty. Because I succeeded in getting through everywhere, people came to believe that. I could make

myself invisible and was as hard as iron and steel. Because they came to fear me like the pest, thirty of the enemy were not ashamed to flee from me when I approached with only fifteen men. I even had to do all of the work alone when we had only one place to extract contributions from.

That caused my booty to be as great as my name, and my officers and comrades came to love their Hunter. The most prominent enemy raiders were in a state of panic, and the peasants were on my side out of love and fear because I knew how to punish my adversaries and richly reward those who had done me even the smallest favors. That's the reason I was giving away nearly half of my booty to get favors and information.

Because of this situation, a raiding party, convoy or traveler could not leave from the enemy's camps without me finding out about it. As soon as I figured out what they were up to, I made my attack. Because fortune was so often on my side, everyone was amazed to discover how young I was, and many officers and soldiers of the enemy even wished to see me.

Besides, I was so considerate to my prisoners that they often cost me more than I was able to gain from them. Whenever I was able to show a courtesy to an enemy, especially an officer, I never let the chance go by, if it could be done without violating my sense of duty or loyalty, in spite of the fact that they were all strangers to me.

Conduct of this kind would have soon caused me to be made an officer, if I had not been so young. If someone wanted to be commissioned at my age, he had to be both good **and** of the nobility. But my captain didn't want to promote me anyway, because there were no vacant positions in his company and he wouldn't let anyone else have me because he would have lost more in me than just a cow to milk. But I did become a corporal.

Though the honor of being preferred to older soldiers was as insignificant as the praise I received, these things were enough to spur me on to even greater deeds. I racked my brains night and day to think of feats to attempt that would make me even more renowned. These foolish speculations sometimes even robbed me of my sleep. And whenever I saw that I lacked an opportunity to prove my courage, I realized that I was sorry that I didn't have the chance to match arms with the enemy every day. I often wished for the Trojan War, or the Siege of Ostend[165], but I was too much of a fool to realize that, if I went on like this, even my luck would run out.

But it can't be otherwise when a rash young soldier has money, luck and courage, because then vanity will follow. And because of my vanity, I kept two mounted servants dressed in fine clothes instead of just a groom. In this way, I incurred the envy of all of the officers.

THE 31ST CHAPTER: HOW THE DEVIL STOLE THE PARSON'S HAM AND HOW THE HUNTER TRAPPED HIMSELF

I've got to tell a few stories of what happened to me before I had to leave the dragoons. Though they aren't important, they are entertaining because I not only attempted great things, I didn't disdain from small ones, if I imagined that they would help me to arouse admiration.

My captain was ordered to the area of Recklinghausen[166] with fifty foot-soldiers to carry out an ambush there. Because we thought that we would have to spend a day or so hiding in the bushes before we could get our work done, everyone took a week's provisions with him. But when the rich convoy we were waiting for didn't appear on schedule, we ran out of bread and we couldn't steal any without giving ourselves away and ruining all our plans, so we just had to bear the hunger. Because I didn't know anyone in this area who could secretly help us (as I did in other places) we had to think of some other way to get something to eat, if we didn't want to have to go home again with nothing.

My comrade, who had been grinding away at Latin before running away from school to find a meal-ticket, sighed in vain for the barley soup his parents used to serve him, though he

had once scorned it and left it untouched. When he thought of the food he used to get, he also remembered the things he had once studied.

"Oh, brother," he said to me, "isn't it a shame I never learned an art which would help me to get something to eat now. I know **re vera**[167] that if I were only allowed to go to the pastor over in that village, I would find a great dinner there. I thought this over a while and sized up our situation. Since the ones who knew their way around the area couldn't go out without being recognized, and those who are unknown didn't know where to steal or buy anything, I took the student at his word and brought the matter to our captain. Although it would be dangerous, he had so much confidence in me (and our situation was so miserable) that he consented to my plan.

I traded clothes with another soldier and trotted along towards the village with my student. Though it was only about half an hour away from us, we took a roundabout way. When we did get there, we recognized the parson's house next to the church because of the urban-way it was built and because it stood against a wall which enclosed the whole parsonage. I had already told my comrade what to say. He was still wearing his threadbare student's clothes and I pretended to be a journeyman painter because I didn't think that I would have to practice this trade in the village because few of the peasants had painted houses.

The parson was polite when my comrade paid him his respects in polished Latin. When he told him a cock-and-bull story about being plundered along the way and having all of his provisions stolen, the parson offered him some bread and butter, and a beer. I pretended that we didn't belong together and said that I would eat something at the inn and call him later so that we would still be able to put some distance behind us before dark.

So I went on my way to the inn, though I was more interested in what I could steal that night than I was in stilling my hunger. Along the way I had the good fortune of meeting a peasant who was sealing up his oven[168]. It was full of large loaves of pumpernickel, which were supposed to be baked in there for twenty-four hours.

I didn't stay long at the inn because I had found out where I could get bread, but I did buy some "stutes" for my captain. (That is a kind of white bread.) When I came to the parsonage to tell my comrade to leave, he'd already filled his craw and told the parson that I was a painter who intended to go to Holland so that I could perfect my art. The pastor welcomed me heartily and asked me to accompany him to the church because he wanted to show me some objects which were in need of repair. Because I didn't want to give the game away, I had to go along.

He led us through the kitchen and when he opened the night-lock on the great oak door which opened into the church courtyard, oh marvelous! I saw the heaven black with lutes, flutes and violins, which were all suspended up there. (I'm talking about the hams, knackwursts and sides of bacon which were hanging in the fireplace.) I looked wistfully at them because I imagined that they were smiling at me. I dreamed in vain that my comrades in the forest could have them, but they were so stubborn that they just kept hanging up there to spite me. I tried to think of a way to put them with that oven full of bread, but it wasn't easy because the parsonage was surrounded by a wall, the windows were guarded by iron bars and two monstrously large dogs were lying in the courtyard. I was afraid that they would not be asleep if someone tried to steal what they could chew on as a reward for their loyal service as guards.

When we were inside the church, we talked a lot about the paintings. The parson even wanted to turn several pieces over to me for restoration. When I tried to find excuses and mentioned my journey, the sacristan or bell-ringer said,"Hey you, you look more like a runaway soldier to me than a journeyman painter."

Though I wasn't used to that kind of language any more, I had to put up with it, so I just shook my head a little and said, "If you'll hurry up and get me a brush and colors, I'll paint a fool that looks like you in no time."

The parson made a joke out of this by saying that it was not fitting for us to be oracles in such a holy place. In this way he let us know that he believed that we were both right. Then he gave us another drink and we went on our way. But I had left my heart there with the knackwurst!

We returned to camp before dark. After I had got my gun and clothes again, I told the captain what we'd done and I chose six stout fellows to help carry the bread. We got to the village about midnight. We could remove all of the bread from the oven in silence because we

had someone with us who could beguile the dogs.

When we went by the parsonage, I couldn't bear to go on without the ham, so I stood still for a while and tried to discover a way to get into the parson 's kitchen. But I couldn't see any other way to get in except through the fireplace, which would have to be my door.

We carried the bread and guns from the courtyard to the charnel-house and got a ladder and rope out of a shed. I could climb in and out of the fireplace as well as a chimney-sweep because I had learned to do this in hollow trees as a boy. When I climbed up onto the roof, I found that it had a double layer of hollow tiles and was just right for what I was going to do. I rolled my long hair up into a bun, and then I had them lower me down to my beloved hams. One after another I tied hams and sides of bacon onto the rope while the man on the roof fished them up and gave them to the others to carry to the charnel-house. But then, curses! I'd just finished and was ready to go up again when a railing broke beneath me. Then poor Simplicius fell down and the miserable Hunter found himself caught like a mouse in a trap. My comrades on the roof lowered the rope to haul me up again, but it broke even before they could lift me off the ground. "Well," I thought, "Hunter, now you'll have to put up with being hunted. And you may get your hide torn to pieces like Acteon." My fall had awakened the pastor, who told his cook to make a light. She came into the kitchen (where I was) in her nightshirt, with a robe over her shoulders. She came so close to me that she even touched me with it. She reached for a live coal, held the candle up to it and began to blow. But I blew a lot harder than she did and that frightened the good woman so much that she dropped the candle and the coal and retreated to her master. That gave me a chance to think up some way to try to get out of there, but I couldn't.

My comrades let me know through the chimney that they were ready to break into the house and free me by force, but I wouldn't let them do that. I ordered them to stand by their guns and to leave only Springinsfeld[169] up on the roof. They should wait and see if I were able to get away without any noise or commotion, then we wouldn't have to drop our raiding plans. But if that didn't work out, they would have to do the best they could.

While the parson was striking a light, his cook told him that a frightful ghost with two heads was in the kitchen. (Perhaps she had seen my bun of hair and had thought that it was a head.) When I heard this, I rubbed myself in ashes, soot and coal. That made my face and hands so disgusting that I certainly didn't have the look of an angel, like the nuns in Paradise had said. If the sacristan had seen me then, he would have let me pass for a fast painter.

Then I started to make a terrible racket in the kitchen by throwing all sorts of kitchen utensils around. I got my hands on the kettle ring, hung it around my neck and picked up a poker to defend myself, if I had to.

But these things didn't stop the pious parson. He and the cook entered like a procession. She was holding two candles in her hands and a vessel of holy water on one arm. He was armed in his surplice and stole. He also had an aspergillum in one hand and a book in the other. He started to exorcise me and asked who I was and what I was doing there. Since he believed that I was the devil himself, I thought that it would be fair enough if I acted the part, so I helped myself with lies and said, "I'm the devil and I'm going to ring your neck and the cook's, too!"

He just continued his exorcism and reproached me for having troubled him and his cook. Then, with his holiest incantation, he ordered me to return to the place from which I had come. But with a frightening voice I answered that I couldn't do that even if I had wanted to.

Meanwhile, Springinsfeld, who was a cunning knave who did whatever came into his head, had understood what was going on down there in the kitchen because he had heard that I was pretending to be the devil and that the pastor believed me. He began to hoot like an owl, bark like a dog, neigh like a horse, bleat like a billy goat and bray like a donkey. Then he roared through the chimney like a pile of cats rutting in February and like a hen about to lay an egg, for this rogue could imitate the sounds of every kind of animal. He could even howl like a whole pack of wolves. These sounds really frightened the pastor and his cook, but I got a bad feeling about being exorcised as the devil just because the parson had read or heard somewhere that the devil liked to be seen in green clothes.

Right in the middle of this frightening situation, I luckily noticed that the door leading to the courtyard had only been barred, but not locked. I quickly shoved it back and slipped out into the graveyard, where I found my comrades waiting with their guns cocked. I let the parson go

right on exorcising devils for as long as he wanted.

After Springinsfeld had brought me my hat from the roof, we put our provisions into sacks. Then we went back to our camp because we had taken care of everything in the village, except returning the ladder and rope we had borrowed.

The entire party was able to refresh itself on what we had stolen and we were lucky that no one even got the hiccups from it! And we all had enough to laugh about. Only our student wasn't happy because I had robbed the parson who'd stuffed his face so splendidly. He even swore by everything dear to him that he would gladly pay him for the ham, if he only had the means. But that didn't stop him from eating any less than if he had.

We waited two days more for the party we'd been watching for and we didn't lose a single man in our attack, but took over thirty prisoners and the most splendid booty I'd ever helped to share. Because I'd done so well, I got a double share, three beautiful Friesland stallions loaded with all the merchandise they could carry away in a hurry. If we'd had time to search and secure the booty, each of us would have taken enough to make him wealthy because we could steal more than we could carry off. But we had to hustle as fast as we could to escape with what we did. After that, we withdrew to our garrison in Rheine, where we fed the horses and divided up the booty.

There I thought again of the parson I'd robbed of the ham. The reader may think that I had a bold, outrageous and ambitious head on my shoulders. Not only had I stolen from a pious clergyman and frightened him terribly, but I was proud of it, too. That's why I took a gold sapphire ring I'd netted and sent it by messenger to my parson with the following note:

Very honored etc.!

If I had had something to eat, I would not have had any reason to steal your grace's bacon and to perhaps give you a fright. Because I swear by the Almighty that I did not want you to be frightened, I hope that you will forgive me. As far as your bacon is concerned, it is only right that I pay for it, so I am sending this ring instead of money. It is being paid for by those who gave us cause to take your property. I beg your grace to be satisfied with it. I assure you that you have an obliging and faithful servant in the man your sacristan did not think was a painter, though he called himself one.

The Hunter

Our party also sent sixteen thalers out of their common booty to the peasant whose oven had been emptied because we had learned that we could keep the peasants on our side only in this way. They could often help a party out of serious difficulties or they could betray you by selling you out at the cost of your neck.

From Rheine we went on to Münster, Hamm, and finally home to our quarters in Soest. A few days later I received an reply from the parson which read:

Noble Hunter, etc.!

If the man whose bacon was stolen had known that you would appear to him in diabolical form, he would never have wished to see the famous Hunter. But inasmuch as the borrowed meat and bread were much too dearly paid for, the fright is easier to forget, especially as it was unwillingly done by such a famous person. We now forgive you and pray that you will not be afraid to call again on the man who was bold enough to exorcise the devil.

Farewell

I made myself a great reputation in this way and the more I spent and gave away, the more booty I got in return. I imagined that I had invested this ring very well, although it was worth about a hundred thalers. And that's the way the second book ends.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK

THE THIRD BOOK

THE FIRST CHAPTER: HOW THE HUNTER BEGAN TO GO ASTRAY

In the previous book the gentle reader learned how ambitious I'd become in Soest and how I had sought and found honor, fame and favor through deeds which would have otherwise been criminal. Now I'll tell how my folly led me further astray and caused me to live in continual danger to life and limb.

As I mentioned, I was so intent upon chasing after honor and fame that I couldn't sleep nights. I would lie awake trying to think up new notions and tricks until I could come up with some wonderful idea. That's how I invented a shoe which could be put on backwards, so that the heel was underneath the toes. I had thirty different pairs made at my own expense. When I passed them out to my boys and went out on a raid with them, it was impossible to follow our trail, for we would wear these, and then our regular shoes, while we put the others in our knapsacks. When someone came to a place where I had told my men to change shoes, the tracks looked like two parties had met together there and then simply disappeared. But if I kept the first shoes on, it looked as if I'd gone first to the place I'd previously been or, that I were coming from the place I was just going to. For that reason my tracks were more confusing than a labyrinth, and those who were trying to find my trail or who were chasing me were never able to get me. I was often very close to the enemy when he wanted to look for me a long distance away. Even more often, I was miles away from the bushes they were surrounding and combing through to catch me.

I also took raiding parties out on horseback as well as on foot, and it was not unusual for me to dismount at a road-fork or crossroads and have the horses re-shod with the horseshoes pointing the other way. The usual tricks which are used when a party is weak, but wants to appear strong, or when it is strong, but wants to be thought weak, were so normal to me and I thought so little of them that I won't bother to tell about them here.

I also invented an instrument with which (on a still night) I could hear a horn sounded three hours' travel distance away, a horse neighing or a dog barking two hours away, and men talking an hour away. I kept this secret to myself and became renowned, for this feat seemed impossible to everyone. This instrument, which I usually kept in my bag along with my telescope, wasn't much use to me by day, unless I was at an especially lonely and quiet place, for everything - from horses and cattle to the smallest bird in the air or frog in the water - that moved or made a sound could be heard as though the listener were surrounded by men and animals at a market where everything is making noise and people can't understand each other because of the racket.

Although I know that there are people who won't believe me, this is true, nonetheless. Using this instrument at night, I can recognize a man by his voice when he is talking normally, even when he is as far away from me as from someone who is just able to recognize him by his clothes during the day through a good telescope. But I wouldn't blame you for not believing me because nobody wanted to believe me then, even though they saw me use this instrument with their own eyes. I told them that I recognized mounted raiders because their horses were shod and that I heard peasants coming because the horses had no shoes. I could not only hear teamsters, but I could tell by their language when they were only peasants. When musketeers were coming, I could estimate about how many of them there were by the rattling of their bandoleers. If there was a village in the area, I could hear roosters crow and dogs bark. If a herd of animals was moving, I could hear the sheep bleating, the cows mooing, the pigs grunting and so forth.

At first, even my own comrades thought that I was just bragging. But when they found out that everything I'd said was true, they thought that I used magic and had even been helped by the devil and his mother. I suppose that is what the gentle reader will also believe.

Nevertheless, I was often able to escape the enemy when he was pursuing me by making use of these unusual methods. But remember, if I had revealed my knowledge, everyone would have made use of it, for it is very useful, especially for sieges. But now I'll get on with my story.

When I could not go out with a raiding party, I went out and robbed on my own. Then neither horses, nor cows, nor sheep in their folds were safe from me. I stole all of them I could from miles around. I knew how to put shoes or boots on cattle and horses until I could get them onto a busy road where nobody could follow their tracks. When I got there, I reversed the horses' regular shoes or, if I had cows or oxen, I put special shoes on them - and that is how I was able to escape with them.

I also had a clever way to sneak off with big, fat pigs. Being too lazy to stir at night, they just grunted and didn't want to get started. That's why I made a salty mush for them out of meal and water. Then I soaked this into a sponge on which I had tied a strong cord. After that, I let the pig I was angling for gobble this up while I held on to the cord. Then it went patiently along with me without another word and paid the bill with sausages and ham. When I brought something like that home, I loyally shared it with my officers and comrades. That's why I was always allowed to go out; and, if some illegal theft was betrayed or discovered, they were ready to help me out. I considered myself to be much too good to rob from the poor, or to steal chickens or other such unimportant things.

I gradually began to lead an epicurean life by indulging myself with eating and drinking because I had forgotten what my hermit had taught me and I didn't have anyone to control my youthful ways or to guide me. My officers were ready to go along with anything I did so that they could keep on sponging off from me. The ones who should have punished or admonished me led me on to all the vices which finally made me so godless and despicable that there was no knavery too contemptible for me to try.

I finally came to be secretly envied by my comrades because I was a better hand at stealing than others. My officers also envied me because my daring and good fortune had earned me a greater reputation for raiding than any of them had. I am certain that either my comrades or my officers would have eventually discarded me, if I had not been so generous with them.

THE 2ND CHAPTER: THE HUNTER OF SOEST GETS RID OF THE HUNTER OF WERL

While I was carrying on like that I once had them make me some devil masks and frightening costumes which had animal hooves to go with them because I wanted to be able to scare the enemy and rob from my friends without being recognized, because stealing the ham had given me an idea.

It was just about that time that I got word that a fellow in Werl, an excellent raider, had also dressed himself in green. Now he was going all over the country (especially to our contributors) to commit all kinds of excesses in my name, such as shameful acts against women and plundering. Such horrible complaints were heaped on me that I would have had to pay dearly, if I hadn't shown that I had been somewhere else when he was pulling off one trick or another. I wasn't about to let him get away with this, much less with using my name, for he was robbing and bringing me into disgrace.

With the knowledge of the commander in Soest, I invited him to be my guest in an open field with swords or a brace of pistols. But when he didn't have the courage to appear, I let it be known that I wanted to avenge myself, even if I had to do so in Werl at the residence of the commander, who had not punished him for what he was doing. Yes, I even publicly said that if I caught him when I was out raiding, I would treat him like an enemy! For that reason, I put aside the masks for which I had made such great plans. I even cut all my green clothes to pieces and had them publicly burned in front of my quarters in Soest, though my clothes alone, without my feathers and harness, were worth more than two hundred ducats. I was so angry

that I swore that the next man who called me a hunter would either have to kill me or I would kill him with my own hands - even if it cost me my neck!

I wouldn't lead any raiding parties (not being an officer, I wasn't obliged to) before I'd got my hands on my enemy from Werl. So I stayed home and did nothing more military than my guard duty. When they ordered me to do any more, I acted as indifferently as any other loafer. When this became known in the neighborhood, the enemy raiding parties got so bold and sure of themselves that they practically camped right in front of our turnpikes everyday. I couldn't put up with that for very long, either. But what I really couldn't bear was that the hunter from Werl went right on pretending to be me and taking rich booty.

Meanwhile, when everyone thought I was just laying down on the job and wouldn't be getting up again for a while, I tried to find out what my enemy in Werl was up to. I discovered that he was not only aping my name and dress, but he was also in the habit of stealing secretly by night whenever he found something worth snatching. So I awoke from my slumber and began my attack. I had gradually trained my two servants like spaniels till they were ready to walk on coals for me, because I gave them everything they wanted to eat and drink, as well as a rich share of booty.

I sent one of them to my enemy in Werl. There he pretended that his old master had started to live like any other slacker and had even sworn never to go raiding again. That's why he had not wanted to remain with me and had come to Werl to serve him - he had put on the hunter's dress in place of his master and had acted like a real soldier. He also told him that he knew all the trails and paths in the country and could give him some ideas that would bring rich booty, and so on.

This good and simple fool believed my servant and let himself be talked into hiring him. He was even persuaded to take his men and my servant to a sheep farm to get some fat rams. But I, Springinsfeld and my other servant had already bribed the shepherd to tie up his dog and let the intruders worm their way into the barn without stopping them - that's where I intended to bless their mutton!

After they had made a hole in the wall, the Hunter of Werl wanted my servant to crawl in first, but he replied: "No, someone might just be watching out inside and they might hit me over the head. I can see that you don't really know how to pilfer. We've got to take a look around before we do anything." Then he drew his sword, hung his hat on to the tip of it and shoved it through the hole several times, saying, "You've first got to see if anyone is in there." After he'd done this, the Hunter of Werl himself crawled inside - but Springinsfeld grabbed him by the arm with which he was holding his sword and asked him if he wanted quarter. His companion heard what had been said and started to run, but - since I didn't know for certain if he were the Hunter or not and I was fleeter of foot than he was - I ran after him and caught him before he could go more than a few steps. "Which side?" I asked.

"The Imperial." he answered.

"Which regiment?" I asked again. "I'm on the Imperial side, too, and only a rascal would deny his master."

"We are from the dragoons in Soest," he replied, "and we've come to steal a couple of rams. Brother, if you are Imperial, I hope you'll let us go."

"Well, who are you with from Soest?" I asked.

"My comrade in the barn is the Hunter." he answered.

"Rascals are what you are!" I exclaimed. "What are you plundering your own side for? The Hunter of Soest isn't fool enough to let himself get caught in his own sheepfold!"

"Oh, well I'd actually meant to say that we're from Werl." he replied.

While we were arguing like this, my servant and Springinsfeld came up to us with my enemy. "We'll have a good look at this bird." I told them. "So, this is where we meet, is it? If I didn't respect the Imperial arms which you've taken up against our foes, I'd put a bullet right through your head! I've been the Hunter of Soest up till now, and I'll think that you're a rascal if you don't take up one of these swords and cross it with me like a soldier."

Then my servant - who, like Springinsfeld, was wearing a repulsive devil's costume with ram's horns on it - laid two identical swords at our feet and let the Hunter of Werl choose the one he wanted. But the poor Hunter became so frightened that he acted like I did in Hanau

when I ruined the dance, for he filled his pants so full that no one could stand to be near him. He and his comrade trembled like wet dogs, and even fell on their knees to beg for mercy!

But in a voice that sounded as if it had come out of a hollow crock, Springinsfeld roared to the Hunter, "If you don't fight, I'll break your neck!"

"But very honorable Mister Devil," he replied, "I didn't come here to fight. If Mister Devil will spare me from this, I'll do anything you want me to."

While he was chattering like this, my servant put one of the swords into his hand and gave me the other. But he trembled so much that he couldn't hold onto it. The moon was shining brightly, and the shepherd and his hired man could see and hear everything from their huts. I called him over so that I'd have a witness to this deal. When the shepherd got there, he pretended that he didn't see the two who were dressed like devils, so he asked me what I was arguing about with these fellows in his sheepfold. If I had any problems with them, I should settle them somewhere else, because it was none of his business. He told us that he gave his "contribution" every month and so he just wanted to be left in peace with his sheepfold. He asked the other two why they put up with so much from me instead of just knocking me down.

"You roughneck!" I said, "They wanted to steal your sheep."

He answered: "Then I wish they'd have to kiss my rear end and those of my sheep, too!" With that, he went off.

I insisted on fighting, but my poor Hunter was so frightened that he could hardly stay on his feet. I even felt sorry for him. He and his comrade came out with such moving words that I finally forgave everything. But Springinsfeld wasn't satisfied with that - he forced the Hunter to kiss the backsides of three sheep, because that's how many he'd wanted to steal. Then he scratched his face so badly that he looked as if he'd eaten with cats. That was enough revenge for me.

The Hunter soon disappeared from Werl because he was so ashamed of himself. His comrade had spread the word and he even swore to high heaven that I really did have two genuine devils serving me. For that reason, I came to be feared more and loved less.

THE 3RD CHAPTER: THE GREAT GOD JUPITER IS CAPTURED AND REVEALS THE DESIGNS OF THE GODS

Because I soon became aware of this, I abandoned my godless life and devoted myself to virtue and piety. Although I still went out raiding, I treated friend and foe so kindly and discreetly that everyone I met believed that I was much different from what they had heard of me. I also stopped my unnecessary extravagance and gathered many beautiful ducats and jewels. I occasionally hid these in hollow trees in the countryside around Soest because the famous sorceress of Soest had advised me to do so. She also told me that I had more enemies inside that city and my own regiment who were after me and my money than I had outside of it or in the garrisons of the enemy.

While the news was spreading that the Hunter had run away, I was already breathing down the necks of those who were tickled over that information. Before one place found out that I had raised havoc somewhere else, they were forced to discover that I was active right there. I traveled around like a whirlwind from one place to another, so people began to talk more about me than they had when the other fellow was still pretending to be the Hunter.

I waited near Dorsten one day with twenty-five muskets. We were expecting a convoy of teamsters which was supposed to come through there. As usual, I stood watch because we were near the enemy. Suddenly a nobly dressed man came riding up alone. He was talking to himself and carrying on a strange kind of fight with the elegant walking-stick he had in his hand. All that I could understand of what he was saying was this: "If the great divinity lets me, I'll punish the world again."

That made me think that he must be some powerful prince who went around disguised like

that so that he could find out about the lives and customs of his subjects. But he had now decided to punish them because he had discovered that they were not what he had wanted them to be. I thought, "If this man is from the enemy, he'll be worth a good ransom. If not, you can treat him politely and gain his love. Then you'll have things good from now on."

So I sprang out with my gun cocked and said: "Sir, if you'd care to go into the bushes ahead of me, you won't be treated as an enemy. He replied very earnestly, "People like me are not accustomed to this sort of treatment."

But I politely urged him on by saying, "You shouldn't have anything against doing what you are told for a while - just this once."

When I had taken him to my men in the bushes and sent someone else out to guard, I asked him who he was. He replied quite magnanimously that it wouldn't mean much to me even if I did know, but he did say that he was a great god. I thought that perhaps he knew me and was a nobleman from Soest who was playing a joke. (The people of Soest are used to being teased about the "great god" and his golden apron (which is actually a large Roman crucifix with a silver figure of Christ wearing a golden loincloth that is in their cathedral).

But it soon became clear that I hadn't captured a crown - but only a crank! He had studied too much and had really gone overboard with poetry, for when he warmed up a little to me, he said that he was the great god Jupiter.

By then I wished that I had not made this catch, but because I had the fool, I had to keep him until we moved out of our position. Because time had been weighing on my hands anyway, I thought that I would tune this fellow up and enjoy his talents. So I said to him, "Now then, my dear Jove, why is it that your high divinity has left his heavenly throne and come down to us here on earth? Forgive me, oh Jupiter, for my question, which you might consider inquisitive. But we are also related to the heavenly gods, for we are all Silvan spirits born of fauns and nymphs, so your secret will be safe with us."

"I swear by the River Styx," Jupiter answered, "that even if you were Pan's own son, you wouldn't find out anything if you didn't look so much like Ganymede[170], my cup-bearer. I can tell you that a great commotion about the sinfulness of the world has penetrated through the clouds to me and the council of the gods has given me permission to destroy the face of the earth by water as in the days of Lycaon[171]. But because I have an unaccountable fondness for mankind and always prefer kindness to severity, I'm now roaming around to find out about the ways of men. And although everything is even worse than I'd imagined, I'm still not ready to wipe out everyone at the same time without exception. I'll just punish those who deserve it, and then I'll educate those who are left as I see fit."

I couldn't help laughing, even though I'd tried to suppress it as best I could. Then I said, "Ah, Jupiter, I fear your pains and labor will be all in vain if you don't want to afflict the world again with water or fire: If you send a war, then all bold and evil rascals will work with you to torment peaceful and pious men. If you let the prices rise, that will be good for the hoarders because then their grain will be worth much more. If you cause men to die, then misers and survivors will be the winners, because there'll then be plenty to inherit! You'll have to destroy the whole world, root and branch, if you really want to punish them."

THE 4TH CHAPTER: ABOUT THE GERMAN HERO WHO WILL SUBDUE THE WHOLE WORLD AND BRING PEACE TO THE NATIONS

Jupiter replied, "Now you are talking about this matter like a mortal, as if you didn't know that we gods can devise means to punish the wicked while sparing the good: I shall raise up a German hero[172] who will accomplish everything with the edge of his sword. He will kill all of the wicked while preserving and elevating the pious."

I said, "A hero like that will also need soldiers - and where you have soldiers, you have

war. And when there is war, the innocent as well as the guilty are made to suffer."

"Do you earthly gods also think like earthly men?" Jupiter asked. "Can't you understand anything? I shall send a hero who doesn't need any soldiers, but who can still reform the whole world. At the hour of his birth I shall give him a comely body stronger than that of Hercules. He will abound in foresight, wisdom and understanding. Venus herself will give him such a beautiful face that he'll surpass Narcissus[173], Adonus[174] and even my Ganymede. And because I'll give her a friendly glance, she will add a special delicacy, attractiveness and charm to all his virtues, so the whole world will love him. Mercury[175] will endow him with an incomparably ingenious intelligence, and an inconstant moon will not be a hindrance to him, but a help, for it will plant an incredible speed in him. Pallas Athene[176] will raise him on Parnassus[177]; at the hour of Mars[178] in the heavens. Vulcan[179] will forge his weapons, particularly the sword with which he will subdue the whole world and strike down the godless without the help of a single soldier. He'll need no help, because every great city will tremble in his presence and every otherwise impregnable fortress will submit to him before a quarter of an hour has passed. Ultimately he will command the greatest potentates on Earth and rule over sea and land so marvelously that both gods and men will acclaim him."

Then I asked him: "How can the godless be destroyed without bloodshed and domination over the whole world established without great violence or a strong arm? Oh, Jupiter, I confess without reservation that I am even less able to grasp these things than a mortal man."

"That doesn't surprise me," he replied, "because you don't know what special power my hero's sword will have. Vulcan will forge it out of the same materials which he uses to make my thunderbolts. It will have such powers that my hero will only have to stroke through the air with it to chop off the heads of a whole host of armed men, even when they are behind a mountain and a country mile away from him. The poor devils will lie there without heads before they know what has happened to them!

"And when he comes to a city or fortress, he will act like Tamerlane by raising a white flag to show that he wants to promote peace and welfare for everyone. If they come out and yield to him, well and good; if not, he'll draw his sword and, by virtue of its power, he'll chop off the heads of all of the wizards and witches in the whole city. Then he'll hoist up a red flag. If no one shows himself after that, he'll kill all of the murderers, usurers, thieves, rascals, adulterers, whores and pimps - then he'll run up a black flag. If those who are still left in the city don't come to him and humbly yield right then and there, he will want to destroy the entire city and all of its inhabitants for their stubbornness and disobedience. But he will only execute those who kept the others from yielding sooner.

"That's the way he will go from one city[180] to another, giving each one its due portion of surrounding territory to govern in peace. He will also call two of the wisest and most learned men to him from every city in the whole of Germany - he'll create a parliament with them. He'll unite the cities forever and abolish serfdom, duties, imposts, interest, mortgages and dues throughout all of Germany. He'll also do what is necessary to abolish all memory of socage, guard service, contributions, payments, wars and other troubles, so that the people will then be far more blessed than those in the Elysian Fields[181].

"Then," Jupiter went on, "I'll often take the whole chorus of gods and descend to the Germans so we can take delight in their vines and fig trees. I'll set the Helicon[182] inside their borders and transplant the Muses there. I shall bless Germany with more prosperity than blissful Arabia, Mesopotamia or even the area around Damascus. Then I shall swear off the use of the Greek language and speak only German - in a word, I shall prove myself to be so German that I shall even let them rule the whole world, as I once did the Romans."

"Highest Jupiter," I asked, "tell me what the princes and nobles will say if this future hero takes away what belongs to them and forces the cities to yield? Won't they resist with force, or at least protest to gods and men?"

"That," Jupiter replied, "won't bother my hero a bit. He'll separate the mighty into different groups: First, he will punish those who have lived wickedly and disgracefully just as though they were commoners, for no earthly power will be able to resist his sword. He'll give those who are left the choice of staying in the country or of leaving it. Those who love their native land and stay will have to live like common people. But then the private lives of Germans will

be much happier and more pleasant than the life and station of a king is today. All Germans will then be like Fabricius[183], who would not share a realm with King Pyrrhus because he loved his native land, his honor and his virtue too dearly. That was the second group.

"The third group, those who want to go on ruling and being rulers, he will lead through Hungary and Italy into Moldavia, Wallachia, Thrace, Greece, and even beyond the Hellespont into Asia. He will win these lands, give them to the bloodthirsty mercenaries of Germany and make them all into kings. Then he'll capture Constantinople in a single day, lay the heads of all the Turks who do not become Christians in front of their backsides, and re-establish the Roman Empire.

"Then he'll return to Germany and appoint the pairs of parliamentarians he has gathered from all of the cities of the land to be the teachers and guides of his native Germany. He will then build a city right in the center of the land which will be much larger than Manoah[184] in America and have more gold than Jerusalem did in Solomon's days. Its walls will compare to the mountains of Tyrol and its moats to the straits between Spain and Africa. He will build a temple in it out of diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sapphires. He'll have an art gallery built in which all of the rarities of the world will be gathered from the rich gifts he will receive from the kings of China and Persia, the Great Mogul in Oriental India, the Great Khan of Tartary, Prester John[185] in Africa, and the Great Czar of Moscow. The Turkish emperor would have sent him more if our hero had not taken his realm and given it as a fief to the Roman emperor."

When I asked Jove what would become of the Christian kings, he replied, "Those in England, Sweden and Denmark - being of German blood and descent - and those in Spain, France and Portugal, where the Germans of old once conquered and ruled, will voluntarily receive their crowns, kingdoms and lands as fiefs from the German nation. Then, as in the time of Augustus, there will be an eternal peace among all of the nations of the whole world."

THE 5TH CHAPTER: HOW THIS HERO UNITES THE RELIGIONS AND MOLDS THEM INTO ONE

Springinsfeld, who had been listening in, almost discouraged Jupiter from going on and nearly ruined the game by saying, "And then Germany will be just like a lotus-land, where it rains muscatel and little meat pies spring up overnight like mushrooms, and where I'll have to eat with both cheeks full like a thrasher and gulp down malmsey wine till my eyes start watering."

"Yes, of course," Jupiter answered, "especially if I curse you with the hunger of Erysichton[186], because it seems to me that you are ridiculing my majesty." Then he turned to me and said, "I thought that I was around nothing but Silvan spirits, but I see now that I ran into the envious Momus and Zoilus[187]. Should we reveal the counsels of heaven to such traitors and cast pearl before swine? I ought to shit on his shoulders so he'll have a scarf!"

"What an authentic and obscene idol!" I thought, "He's able to handle soft materials as well as lofty subjects." I could easily see that he didn't like being laughed at, so I suppressed it as well as I could and said, "Benevolent Jove, surely you won't refuse to tell your other Ganymede what will happen in Germany just because of the insolence of one crude faun?"

"Oh, no!" he answered, "But first tell this Theon[188] to hold his tongue before I turn him into a stone, as Mercury did to Battus[189]. But now confess that you are my Ganymede and tell me if my jealous Juno[190] chased you out of the heavenly realm while I was gone."

I went along with him because I wanted him to go on. Then he said, "Dear Ganymede, and don't deny it because I can see that it's you, making gold in Germany will then be as certain and common as the potter's trade is today, because every stable boy will be carrying around the **philosophers' stone[191]."**

"But how," I asked, "will Germany be able to have enduring peace with so many different religions? Won't the various pastors preach hate to their people and provoke a new war?"

"Oh, no!" said Jupiter, "My hero will wisely anticipate this problem. Above all, he will unite all of the Christian religions in the world."

"A miracle!" I said, "That would be a great work. But how' ll he do it?"

"I'll be very glad to reveal that to you." Jupiter replied. "After my hero has brought universal peace to the whole world, he will address the spiritual and secular leaders and heads of the Christian peoples and various churches. With a very moving sermon he will impress them with the damage which division in matters of faith has caused. With very intelligent reasons and indisputable arguments, he will move them to desire a general unification, Then they will want to turn the whole matter over to his lofty and wise direction.

"Then he will assemble the wisest, most learned and most pious theologians from all the sects, as Ptolemaus Philadelphus[192] once did for the seventy-two translators. He will have a pleasant and quiet area prepared for them where they will be able to think over these matters without disturbance. There he will provide them with food, drink, and all of the other necessities - then he will give them the task of settling the differences existing between their religions quickly, but with the most mature and diligent reflection. With genuine unanimity they will put into writing the real, true and holy Christian religion of the Holy Scriptures, ancient tradition and the tested opinions of the Holy Fathers.

"While this is going on, Pluto[193] will start to scratch himself behind his ears because he will be so worried by the losses to his realm. He'll even make use of all kinds of devices and tricks to delay the matter and, if he can't thwart it, he'll try his best to make it **ad infinitum** or **indefinitum**. He will vividly remind each and every theologian of his interests, his station, his peaceful life, his wife and child, his reputation and anything else he can think of to persuade him to maintain his own opinion.

"But my brave hero won't take a holiday, either. As long as this council lasts, he will have all the bells in Christendom rung so that Christians can be admonished to pray ceaselessly to the highest Deity to send the spirit of truth. But if my hero notices that someone or other is letting himself be taken in by Pluto, he will torture the whole group with hunger, as in a conclave. And if they still won't get busy and promote his great work, he'll talk to them about hanging or show them his marvelous sword. He will first use kindness and then severity and threats in order to persuade them to get to the point and stop hoaxing the world with their false and obstinate opinions - as they've always done.

"After unity has been achieved, he will prepare a great celebration and announce this purified religion to the whole world. But if anyone still doesn't believe in it then, he'll torture him with hot pitch and brimstone or decorate the heretic with box-tree branches and send him to Pluto as a New Year's gift.

"Now, dear Ganymede, you know everything you wanted to know. Now you can tell me the reason that you left heaven, where you poured so many drinks of nectar for me."

THE 6TH CHAPTER: WHAT THE ENVOY OF THE FLEAS WAS DOING ON JOVE

I thought to myself that the fellow might well be something other than the fool he seemed. Perhaps he was only acting, as I had done in Hanau, in order to get off more easily. That made me want to provoke him to anger, because that is the best way to recognize a fool, so I said: "The reason that I left heaven was that I missed you there. I took the wings of Daedalus[194] and flew to Earth to look for you. But when I asked about you, I found that your reputation had suffered because Zolius and Momus have vilified you and all the other gods as wanton and detestable. Now you've lost all your standing among men. They've even said that you've got crabs and are an adulterous whore-monger who has no right to punish the world for these vices.

"Vulcan is supposed to be a patient cuckold who had to put up with the adultery of Mars without having taken any particular kind of revenge on him. And what sort of weapons could a

limping ninny like that be able to make? Venus herself is called the most contemptible slut in the world because of her lack of chastity. What sort of charms and grace is she supposed to be able to offer? Mars, they say, is a murderer and robber; Apollo, a shameless whore-hound; Mercury, a useless gossip, thief and procurer; Priapus[195], a crude swine; Hercules, a numb-headed brute. In short, the whole pack of gods is supposed to be so disgusting that they should be quartered in the stinking stables of Augeas[196] "

Alas!" said Jupiter, "Would it be a surprise if I were to put aside my usual kindness and go after these mischievous detractors and blasphemous slanderers with thunder and lightning? What do you think, my true and beloved Ganymede? Should I punish these jabberers with eternal thirst, like Tantalus? Or should I have them hanged on the top of Mount Thorex along with the malicious gossip Daphitas[197]? I could have them stamped to death in a mortar with Anaxarchus[198] or put into the glowing ox of Phalaris in Agrigent! But no, no, Ganymede! All these plagues and punishments together are not enough!

"I will fill Pandora's box again and have it dumped on the heads of these rascals. Nemesis[199] can wake Alecto, Megaera and Tesiphone[200] and send them down upon them and Hercules will borrow the Cerberus[201] from Pluto and set it upon these knaves like wolves. When I've chased and tormented them enough like that, I will have them bound to a column near Hesiod and Homer in the house of Hell. There I'll have them punished mercilessly by the Eumenides forever."

While he was making these threats, Jupiter shamelessly pulled down his breeches in front of us and started to pick the fleas off. You could see by his spotted skin that they had been torturing him cruelly. I couldn't imagine what he was up to when he said, "Shoo, you little pest! I swear by the River Styx that you will never get what you are after!" When I asked him what he had meant by these words, he answered that the tribe of fleas, when it had heard that he'd come to Earth, had sent their envoys to pay him their compliments. These had given him to understand that, though he had assigned them to dogs, some of them had strayed into the furry regions of women because of the qualities which can be found there. But these poor, straying boobs had been treated brutally by the women. If the fleas were captured, they were not merely murdered - they were first so cruelly tortured and grated between their fingers that even a stone could have shown pity for the poor fleas.

"Yes," Jupiter went on, "they presented their case in such a moving and piteous way that I had to have compassion for them and promise to help them. But when I said that I would first have to hear the women, they replied that, if the women were allowed to dispute the matter, they would probably know how to benumb my piety and kindness with their poisonous dogs' tongues, and drown out the fleas - or they would deceive me with lovely words and charms till I was misled into making a false decision. Then they asked me to remember the humble loyalty which they had always shown to me and which they intended to continue to show, because they had always been right next to me and knew very well what had been going on between me and Jo, Callisto, Europa[202] and others more, and they had never whispered a word to Juno,though they were quite close to her, too because they had practiced a silence such as no one up to that time had ever done, even though they had been right there in all my amours. But no one had found out anything from them like Apollo had from the ravens[203].

"But if I permitted the women to hunt, catch and slaughter them on their premises according to the laws of the chase, they begged to die like heroes, to be felled with an ax like oxen or to be struck down like game. They just didn't want to be shamefully crushed and broken between the ladies' fingers; for they had even turned them into instruments of execution by pressing against something else, which was a complete disgrace."

I said, "You gentlemen must have been torturing them cruelly to make them act so viciously."

"Certainly," they replied, "but perhaps they are also against us because they are worried that we see, hear and feel too much and they can't be certain of our silence. But they don't even tolerate us in our own territory. They curry through their lap-dogs so much with brushes, combs, soaps, lyes and other such things that we have been forced to leave our native land to seek new homes elsewhere. They could make much better use of their time by cleaning the lice off their own children!"

"I then allowed them to come to my human body so that I could learn of their doings and be in a position to pass judgment. But that rabble has now started to pester me so much that I have to get rid of them again, as you see! I'll defecate a charter for them right on their noses which will allow them to torture and torment the women as much as they like. And when I catch a tough customer myself, I'll do the same thing to him."

THE 7TH CHAPTER: THE HUNTER AGAIN CHASES DOWN HONOR AND SPOILS

We couldn't really laugh because we didn't want to make too much noise and because this crackpot wouldn't have liked it, though Springinsfeld could have split his sides. Just then our lookout called down from the tree to let us know that he could see something approaching in the distance. I climbed up the tree and saw through my telescope that the teamsters we were waiting for were approaching. They had no infantry with them but were being accompanied by about thirty riders in a convoy. For that reason we knew that they wouldn't come through the woods where we were, but would use the old road through an open field, where we wouldn't be able to do anything to them, though it crossed the flat field only about six hundred paces from us and about three hundred from the edge of the woods. Because I despised the thought of having waited for nothing but a captive fool, I quickly tried to think of another scheme.

Our camp was situated by a stream which flowed down towards the field through a narrow gully that would be no obstacle for a horseman. I ordered twenty men into position at the place where the stream emerged from the woods, and I took my stand with them. I had left Springinsfeld to wait back where we had been camped. I then told the men that when the convoy approached, each one should pick out a man. I also told them who was to fire and who was to reserve the charge in his barrel.

Some of the older men asked what I had in mind because they wanted to know why I thought that the convoy would go out of its way to pass here, where no peasant had probably come for a hundred years. But some who thought that I could work magic (I was well known for that.) believed I would charm the enemy into our hands. But I didn't need any diabolic arts to do that, only Springinsfeld, When the ranks of the convoy were passing directly in front of us, he began to roar as terribly as an ox and to whinny like a horse, just like I'd told him to do. The whole forest resounded so loudly with this sound that you would have sworn that droves of cattle and horses had been there.

As soon as the convoy heard this noise, they thought they could plunder something here that wasn't to be found in the whole area because the entire country had been pretty well pillaged. They rode into our trap as fast and disorderly as if each one of them had wanted to be first, so that he could get the best blow. And these same blows then fell so rapidly that thirteen saddles were emptied with our first welcome and some of the others were thrown off their mounts.

Springinsfeld ran down the gully towards them shouting, "Riflemen, this way!" This frightened and confused them so much that they could neither ride forwards nor backwards, nor escape to the side. When they tried to dismount and escape on foot, we captured all seventeen of them, including the lieutenant who was in charge.

Then I rushed to the wagons and unhitched twenty-four horses. But I only got a little silk and some Dutch cloth because I couldn't take the time to plunder the dead, let alone to search through the wagons thoroughly because the teamsters had ridden off as soon as the action had started. They would soon report me in Dorsten, and then all the booty could have been taken away from us again.

When we had packed up, Jupiter came running out of the woods and cried after us to ask if Ganymede wanted to leave him behind. I answered that he would - if he didn't grant the fleas the charter they'd wanted. "I would rather see them all in Cocytus[204]!" he replied. I had to

laugh, and, because I still had some free horses, I let him mount. But because he couldn't ride any better than a walnut, I had to have him strapped to the saddle. He said that our skirmish had reminded him of the battle which the Lapithae[205] had started with the centaurs at Peirithous' wedding.

Now that it was over and we had hurried away with our prisoners as if someone had been chasing us, the captured lieutenant got to thinking about the clumsy mistake he'd made in leading such a fine troop of riders into the hands of the enemy and getting thirteen good fellows slaughtered. He became so depressed that he refused the quarter I'd given him and even wanted to force me to kill him. He thought that his error would be a disgrace to him - he would be considered irresponsible and would not be promoted in the future, even if he didn't have to pay for the damage with his head.

I reminded him that inconstant Fortune had shown her perfidy to many an honest soldier, but I hadn't seen a man yet who'd lost heart or even despaired on that account. His attitude was simply a mark of despondency. Brave soldiers should think of how to make up later for the damage they'd received. I continued by telling him that he would never bring me to break an agreement or to commit such a shameful deed against justice and laudable military tradition.

When he saw that I didn't want to do anything, he started to curse me, because he thought he could move me to anger by saying that I had not fought fairly, but had behaved like a rogue and a highwayman by stealing the lives of the soldiers he'd had with him.

Even his own men were shocked by this, and mine were so furious that they would have riddled him like a sieve, if I'd have let them. It was difficult enough to hold them back. But I didn't let his talk make me angry. I let both friend and foe be witness to what had happened, then I had the lieutenant tied up and guarded like a madman. I also promised that, if my superiors approved, I would let the lieutenant take his choice from among my own horses and guns at the garrison - then I would publicly prove to him with weapons that one was rightly allowed to deceive his enemy in time of war. After all, why hadn't he stayed by his wagons as he was supposed to do? And if he'd wanted to see what was in the woods, why didn't he have it scouted out first? That would have been better for him than to begin this silly and useless clowning. Both friend and foe agreed with me, saying that they had not met one raider in a hundred who wouldn't have reacted to such insults by shooting the lieutenant dead and sending the other prisoners along after him.

The next morning I brought my booty and prisoners safely back to Soest, and I got more honor and glory from this raid than I'd ever received before. Everyone said, "He's a second young Johann de Werd!", and that really tickled me.

The commander wouldn't allow me to trade bullets or tussle with the lieutenant - he said that I had already overcome him twice already. But the more my fame grew, the more the envy of those who begrudged me my good fortune increased.

THE 8TH CHAPTER: HOW HE FOUND THE DEVIL IN A TRUNK AND HOW SPRINGINSFELD CATCHES SOME FINE HORSES

I couldn't get rid of my Jupiter and the commander didn't want him because he didn't have any feathers to pluck. Because he gave him to me, I got my own fool without buying him, although I'd let myself be used as one just a year before. So astonishing is fortune, and so mutable the times! Just a short time ago, the lice had been plaguing me and now I had the god of fleas in my power. A half-year ago, I was the stable boy of a poor dragoon and now I had two servants who called me "Master". Not a year ago, boys had chased me and tried to turn me into a whore, and now the maids made fools of themselves over me. That's how I learned early that nothing in the world is more constant than inconstancy. This made me afraid that, if Fortune ever frowned on me, she would make me pay dearly for my present prosperity.

About that time, Count von der Wahl[206], the military governor of the Westphalian district, was gathering men from the various garrisons to campaign through the Münster area and across the River Vecht against Meppen, Lingen and other places. He particularly wanted to mop up two companies of Hessian cavalry that had been giving our men a lot of trouble in the area of Paderborn. I was taken along with the dragoons. After some troops had gathered at Hamm, we quickly advanced against the quarters of the cavalry, which were in a poorly protected little town. Meanwhile, the others followed after us. The enemy tried to break out, but we drove them back to their nest. We offered to let them pass through without their horses and guns, but with everything they had in their belts, but they would have no part of this and fought on with carbines and muskets.

That's how it happened that I had to try my luck at storming them that very night, because the dragoons were to lead the attack. I succeeded so well that Springinsfeld and I arrived unscathed among the first men inside the town. We soon emptied the streets, because everyone found with a gun was cut down - but the burghers didn't want to defend themselves anyway.

Then we turned to the houses. Springinsfeld said that we should find a house with a big pile of manure in front of it because that was where the richest figures usually lived and where the officers were probably quartered. We soon came across such a house. Springinsfeld was to take the stalls while I searched the house. We agreed that each of us would share what he got with the other. Then we each lit a candle and I called out for the master of the house, but I didn't get an answer because the people inside had hidden themselves.

I then made my way into a room, but I found nothing there but an empty bed and a locked chest. I hammered at it in the hope of finding something precious inside, but when I got the lid off, a coal-black figure rose up in front of me. I thought that it must be Lucifer himself. I swear that I have never been so frightened in my life as I was when I unexpectedly caught sight of this black devil!

"I'll brain you!" I said in spite of my shock. Then I raised the hatchet I'd used to open the chest, but I didn't have the heart to hit him on the head.

He got down on his knees, lifted up his hands, and said in an accent: "Dear Sir! I beg ya for the sake o' God to spare my life!" I then knew that he wasn't a devil because he had mentioned God and begged for his life. I told him to get out of the chest. When he did, he stood there as naked as God had made him. I cut a piece from my candle and gave it to him to light the way for me. He obediently did so, leading me into a little room where I found the master of the house together with his servants. They all watched this merry spectacle and now they were trembling and begging for mercy! I could easily grant it, because we weren't allowed to harm the burghers, anyway. The master of the house then turned over a cavalry captain's baggage, which included a locked and rather well-filled knapsack. He added that the captain and his men, except for a servant and this Moor, had gone to their posts to defend themselves.

Meanwhile, Springinsfeld had caught the servant and six fine horses with saddles in the stable. We put them into the house, barred it and had the Moor get dressed. Then we told the owner what he was to report to the cavalry captain.

When the gates had been opened and the guards posted, our quartermaster-general, Count von der Wahl, was admitted. He took up quarters in the very same house where we found ourselves, so we had to look for other lodgings in the dark of night. We found them with our comrades, who had also come into the town with the attack. We made ourselves comfortable there and spent the rest of the night eating and drinking after I and Springinsfeld had divided our booty. For my share I got the Moor and the two best horses. One of them was a Spaniard on which a soldier would be proud to let the enemy see him. Later I used to show off a lot with it.

From the knapsack I got various precious rings and a small portrait of the Prince of Orange[207] in a gold case studded with rubies. Though everything else went to Springinsfeld, I was able to sell my share (at half-value) along with the horses, for over two hundred ducats. The general gave me only two dozen thalers for the Moor who had frightened me so much.

From there we quickly went on to the Ems River, but we weren't able to accomplish much. While we happened to be moving towards Recklinghausen, Springinsfeld and I got permission to visit the parson whose ham I had once stolen. I had an enjoyable time with him and told him that the Moor had avenged him for the fright I'd given him and his cook. I also gave him a

beautiful watch which rang the hours. It was a friendly farewell present which I'd taken out of the cavalry captain's knapsack.

This was my way of making friends out of people who had good reason to hate me.

THE 9TH CHAPTER: AN UNEQUAL STRUGGLE IN WHICH THE WEAKER PREVAILS AND THE VICTOR IS TAKEN PRISONER

My vanity kept pace with my good fortune until I got to the point where my downfall became inevitable. We were camped about a half an hour from Rehnen when I requested permission to go into the town with my best comrade to have our guns repaired, and it was granted. But because we really intended to have a good time together, we went into the best inn and called for the musicians to fiddle the beer and wine into us. We had a great time and left out nothing which might do harm to our purses. I even treated men from other regiments and acted like a young prince who had land and servants and a great income to spend.

That's why the innkeeper served us better than a group of cavalrymen which wasn't spending as lavishly as we were. Because that annoyed them, they began to quarrel with us.

"Why is it," they said to each other, "that these trampers spend their money like that?" (They thought that we were musketeers because there is no animal in the world that more resembles a dragoon - if a dragoon falls off his horse, a musketeer will get up again.) "That brat must be some dunghill squire whose mother sent him her nest egg. Now he is spending it on his comrades so that they'll pull him out of the mud or a ditch some day."

They aimed these words at me because they thought I was a young nobleman. The serving girl told me this, but since I hadn't heard it myself, I couldn't do anything else but fill up a large beer glass with wine and let it go around so that we could all drink to the health of honest musketeers. We were making such a racket that no one could hear his own words. Because this made them even more irritated, one man loudly exclaimed, "Hell, what a life those trampers lead!"

That did it! "What's that to you boot-smearing jockeys?" Springinsfeld retorted - then he stared at them so grimly and made such threatening and terrible faces that no one wanted to get in his way.

That irritated them, especially one handsome young fellow, so much that he said, "If these fortress-farts can't show off on their own dunghill, where can they?" (He thought that we were from the garrison there because our clothes didn't look as weather-worn as those of musketeers who have to spend day and night in the field.) "Everyone knows that on an open battle-field we could bag them all just like a falcon takes doves." he added.

"We have to capture cities and fortresses," I replied, "and we're trusted to defend them, too. But when you cavalrymen get to the littlest rat's nest, you run out of wind. Why shouldn't we enjoy ourselves here? This place belongs to us more than it belongs to you!"

"The master of the field also takes the fortresses." The cavalryman answered, "And just to prove that we're the ones who have to win on the field of battle, I am ready to take on three brats with muskets like you - I'd put two of you in my hip pocket and ask the third where the others had gone. If we were alone, I'd box your ears a couple of times to prove it."

"I think I've got as good a pair of pistols as you do," I replied, "even though I'm not a cavalryman, but just a cross between one and a musketeer. But this kid with his musket has got the courage to face a mounted blow-hard like you with all your weapons - alone in an open field."

"You rascal!" he answered, "I'll consider you're a rogue, if you don't put action behind your words like an honest nobleman."

Then I threw my glove to him and said, "Look, if I can't get that back from you in the open field on foot with my musket, then you can call me what you just did and tell everyone about it like you've just dared to do."

Then we paid the innkeeper. The cavalryman readied his carbine and pistols and I my musket. As he rode off with his comrades to the place we'd agreed upon, he told Springinsfeld to order a grave for me. He replied that he should take the precaution of telling his comrades to order one for himself. But Springinsfeld reproached me for my recklessness and told me frankly that he was afraid that I might not make it through this encounter. I just laughed because I'd figured out long ago how to deal with a well-mounted horseman, if I were ever attacked by one in an open field when I was on foot with my musket.

When we got to the place where this beggar's dance was supposed to take place, I'd already loaded my musket with two balls, put on a fresh primer, and smeared the cover of the touch-pan with tallow, as cautious musketeers always do when they want to protect the touch-hole and the powder in the pan from water in rainy weather. Before we went at each other, our comrades on both sides agreed that we would attack each other in an open field. One of us was to enter an enclosed field from the east, the other from the west. Then each of us was to do his best against the other like good soldiers do when the enemy is in sight. No one was to help his comrade before, during or after the fight - nor was anyone to avenge his death or injury.

After we had all promised this with word and hand, I and my opponent shook hands and forgave the other for his own death. In this most nonsensical of follies which an intelligent man can ever commit, each of us hoped to establish the superiority of his own type of soldier, just as if the honor and reputation of one party or the other depended upon the result of our diabolical undertaking.

I entered the field on my side with my priming fuse burning at both ends. When I saw my opponent, I acted as though I were shaking off the old primer as I went along, but I wasn't. I only touched the priming powder on the top of the lid of my touch-pan, blew it off and, as usual, attended the pan with two fingers. Before I could see the whites of his watching eyes, I opened it up and burned up the false primer on the lid of the pan. My opponent, thinking that my musket had failed me and that my touch-hole was blocked, rushed all too eagerly towards me to pay me back for my outrage. But before he could look around, I'd opened the pan, taken aim and given him such a welcome that roar and score were one.

After that, I went back to my comrades, who were nearly ready to receive me with kisses. Meanwhile, his friends removed him from his stirrups. Being honest men, they showed their regard for him and for us by returning my glove to me with their praise.

But just when I thought my honor was greatest, twenty-five musketeers from Rehnen came to arrest me and my comrades. I was immediately put in irons and sent to headquarters because dueling had been forbidden on pain of death.

THE 10TH CHAPTER: THE QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL SPARES THE HUNTER'S LIFE AND GIVES HIM HIGH HOPES

Because our quartermaster-general was in the habit of enforcing strict military discipline, I was worried about losing my head. But I still had hopes of getting off, because I'd already conducted myself well against the enemy and had won a great reputation for myself, despite my blossoming youth. But these hopes were uncertain because the daily occurrence of such deeds had made it necessary to set a warning example.

Meanwhile, our men had just attacked a fortified rat's nest and demanded its surrender, but they had been refused because the enemy knew that we didn't have any heavy ordnance. That caused Count von der Wahl to march the entire corps up to this place. He demanded its surrender again and threatened to storm it, but nothing came out of it but the following letter:

Well-born Count, etc.

From what your Excellency, the Count, has condescended to send me in the name of the Holy Roman Emperor, I perceive your desire. But because of the great intelligence of your

very noble Excell., you know how dishonorable or even irresponsible it would be for a soldier to give up a place like this to his opponent without extreme necessity. For that reason, I hope that you will not think ill of me, if I endeavor to persist till the weapons of your Excellency prove equal to my position.

But if your Excellency has any need of my humble obedience concerning anything but my duty, I will be

Your Excellency's most willing servant,

N. N.

This letter caused various discussions in our camp. Though it was inadvisable to bypass this position, it would cost a great deal of blood to storm it without having first breached it. Anyway, the outcome would have been uncertain, and it would cost a great deal of trouble, time and expense, if we had been forced to bring the cannons and accessories here from Münster or Hamm.

While both nobles and commoners were deliberating, it occurred to me that I should make use of this opportunity to rescue myself. So I gathered my wits together and tried to think of how the enemy could be deceived, for all we lacked were cannons. And because something occurred to me immediately, I let my lieutenant-colonel know that I had a plan of attack by which we could take this position without trouble or expense, if only I could be pardoned and set free again. Some old and experienced soldiers laughed and said, "If you're going to die, you're going to try. This fine fellow thinks that he can talk his way out of this!"

But my lieutenant-colonel and others who knew me accepted what I had claimed as if it had been an article of faith. That's why he went to the general himself to reveal my plan to him and to tell him many of the things he knew about me. Because our general already knew something about me, he had me brought to his dinner table and freed of my bonds for the time being.

My lieutenant-colonel told the Count that last spring, when I was standing guard under the gates of St. Jacob in Soest, there was a sudden downpour, with heavy thunder and wind gusts which caused everyone in the fields and gardens to seek shelter in the city. Because of the crowd of people on foot and on horseback was rather thick, I had been alert enough to call the guards to arms, because a city can be easily captured in such confusion.

"At last," the lieutenant-colonel continued, "an old woman came by, dripping wet. As she went past the Hunter, she said, 'Yes, I've had this weather in my back for the last two weeks!' The Hunter happened to have a staff in his hands when he heard this, so he beat her on the back with it, saying: 'You old witch, couldn't you have let it out sooner? Did you have to wait until I was on guard.' When his officer cautioned him, he said, 'It serves her right! The old crow-bait could hear everyone crying for a good rain four weeks ago. Why didn't she let the good people have it sooner? Maybe the barley and hops would have been better.'"

Though this story made the general laugh heartily (even though he was usually a serious gentleman) I had to think to myself: "If the colonel tells the count of such buffoonery, he has certainly not been silent about my other mischief." Nevertheless, I had been admitted into his presence.

When the general asked me what I had in mind, I answered: "Gracious Sir, etc., although both my crime and the lawful commands and prohibitions of your Excellency demand that my life be forfeit, the most humble and absolute loyalty which I owe to my most gracious Lord, His Imperial Roman Majesty, demands that I humbly bring forth another way to deal havoc to the enemy and promote the advantage and arms of our first and most beloved Imperial Roman Majesty."

The Count interrupted me at that point and asked, "Didn't you recently bring me the Moor?"

I replied: "Yes, gracious Sir."

Then he said, "Well, your diligence and loyalty might merit the sparing of your life - but what's your plan to dislodge the enemy without excessive loss of time or men?"

I answered, "Because the place can't stand up to cannon, I humbly believe that the enemy would soon give up if he only believed that we had such pieces with us."

"Any fool could have told me that!" the Count replied, "But what will persuade them to believe such a thing?"

"Their own eyes." I answered. "I saw their lookout with my telescope. They can be fooled by loading blocks which look like round beams onto wagons and bringing them into the field with heavy teams. They'd believe they were heavy cannon, if your noble Excellency would have some digging done somewhere in the field, as though pieces were to be set up there."

"My dear boy!" the Count replied, "They aren't children in there. They wouldn't fall for this bluff. They would want to hear the pieces, too. And when the farce didn't work," he went on, now speaking also to the surrounding officers, "the whole world would ridicule us."

"Gracious Sir," I replied, "I'll have the pieces sound in their ears, if we only get a couple of heavy muskets and a rather large barrel. Except for the noise, it won't have any effect. But if, contrary to our hope, we don't get anything out of it but ridicule, I - as the author of this plan - would take the ridicule away with me by paying for it with my life, for I would have to die anyway."

Although the Count was not impressed with my idea, the lieutenant-colonel persuaded him to agree to it by saying that I was so lucky at such things that he was sure I could also make this farce work. So the Count ordered him to take care of the matter as he saw fit, and he jokingly told him that the honor he gained would belong to him alone.

So three such mock cannons were prepared and twenty-four horses were hitched in front of each one, although two would have been enough to pull the weight. Towards evening we drove them within view of the enemy. Meanwhile, I'd also obtained three large muskets and a keg of powder which we had taken from a castle. Then I prepared them the way I wanted them to be and had them taken out at night to our bizarre artillery. I loaded the heavy muskets with a double charge and fired them through a cask from which the lid had been removed, just as though they had been three signal shots. These roared so that everyone would have sworn by stone and bone that they had heard heavy pieces.

Though the general had to laugh at this mummery, he again offered the enemy terms and added that, if they did not yield that evening, they would not enjoy the next morning. Then both sides exchanged hostages, terms were agreed upon and a gate of the city was surrendered to us that very night.

This really helped me, because the Count not only granted me the life that his injunction had caused me to forfeit, but he also set me free the same night. In my presence he then ordered my lieutenant-colonel to promote me to the rank of ensign as soon as there was an opening. But that didn't suit the colonel very well because he had many cousins and in-laws who would try to make sure that I did not get promoted before they did.

THE 11TH CHAPTER: CONTAINS ALL SORTS OF THINGS OF LITTLE IMPORTANCE AND GREAT IMAGINATION

I didn't encounter anything else unusual on that campaign. But when I returned again to Soest, the Hessians from Lippstadt had captured my servant, who had been left in my quarters along with my baggage. They had also taken a horse from the meadow. When the enemy tried to find out what I was up to from him, they came to have a higher opinion of me than before because they had previously been persuaded by common gossip that I could work magic. My servant also told them that he had been one of the devils who had frightened the Hunter of Werl so much in the sheep-fold. When the Hunter found this out, he deserted the Lippstadters and went to the Dutch. But it was my good fortune that they had captured my servant, as the continuation of my story will show.

I started to live a somewhat more reputable life than before because I now had such fine prospects of soon becoming an ensign. I gradually began to associate with officers and young nobles, who were also eagerly awaiting the prize I imagined I would soon be getting. For this reason they were actually my worst enemies, even though they pretended to be my best friends. And the lieutenant-colonel didn't especially care for me either because he had been given orders to promote me ahead of his own relatives. And my captain disliked me because I kept better horses, clothes and guns than he did - and anyway, I didn't give the old miser as much as I had before. He would have rather seen me get my head chopped off than receive the promise of promotion to ensign, because then he would have inherited my beautiful horses.

My lieutenant hated me because of a single word which I had carelessly let fall not long before. It had happened like this: On our last expedition we had both been ordered out on a dangerous watch. We had to perform this task lying down, though the night was pitch dark. When it was my turn, the lieutenant crawled up to me on his stomach like a snake and said, "Guard, do you see anything?"

"Yes, Lieutenant." I answered.

"What then? What then?" he asked.

"I see," I replied, "that the gentleman is frightened."

From that time on I'd been out of favor with him, and I became the first to be ordered out when things were most dangerous. Everywhere he could, he looked for a chance to see to it that I got the stuffing knocked out of me before I got promoted to ensign, But I was not yet in a position to protect myself from him. All of the sergeants were hostile to me, too, because I had been favored over them. Even the common soldiers began to waver in their love and friendship because I didn't spend as much time with them as I had.

As I said, I passed my time with the big wigs - who didn't come to like me any more because I did. But worst of all, not a single person told me that everyone was against me, so I never noticed anything. The very people who were saying fine words to my face would have liked to see me dead. So I just went on living in the security of a blind man, and I became even more vain as time went on. Though I knew that I was irritating one person or another when I surpassed nobles and distinguished officers with my splendor, it didn't cause me to change.

After I'd become a corporal, I didn't hesitate to wear a collar worth sixty Imperial thalers, red-scarlet hose and white satin sleeves embroidered all over with gold and silver - that was the kind of clothes that the highest officers were wearing then. So, I was an eyeful for everyone.

But I was also a terrible young fool to let things like this happen. If I had behaved differently and greased the right palms with my money instead of wasting it to decorate myself, I would have soon become an ensign and wouldn't have made myself so many enemies. But even then I didn't want to stop. I even decorated my best horse (which Springinsfeld had taken from the Hessian cavalry captain) so splendidly with a beautiful saddle, gun and other gear that, when I was mounted on it, I could have been taken for another St. George.

Nothing irritated me more than the knowledge that I was not a nobleman and could not dress my servant and my groom in my own livery. I thought to myself that everything had to have a beginning: If you have a coat of arms, you can have your own livery, and when you become an ensign, you'll have a seal, even if you aren't a gentleman.

I had not been pregnant with such ideas for long before I began to dream of having a count palatine give me a coat of arms with three red masks in a field of white; on my helmet would be the bust of a young fool dressed in calfskin with a pair of hare's ears, and decorated in front with bells. I thought that these would best fit to my name, because I was called " Simplicius". I wanted to make use of the fool in this way so that (when I reached this high state in the future) I would remember what kind of fellow I had been in Hanau and not become too vain - though I didn't think that I was a nobody then. I would rightfully be the first of my name, family and coat of arms - and if anyone had tried to ridicule me because of this, I would have challenged him to a duel with swords or a pair of pistols.

Although I didn't pay any attention to women, I did go along with the nobles when they visited the maidens, of whom there were many in the city. I wanted to let myself be seen and to show off my beautiful hair, clothes and plumes. I must confess that I was preferred to all the others because of my appearance, though I was forced to hear on the side that the coddled hags

compared me to a beautiful and well-carved figure which, though beautiful, has neither dash nor drive, for there was nothing else about me they liked. Except for playing the lute, there was nothing else I could yet do or show which would have pleased them because I didn't yet know anything about love.

But the men who knew how to behave around women ridiculed me for my mulish manners and clumsiness so that they could make themselves more popular and show off their eloquence. I replied to this by saying that I was still happy to find my pleasure in a shining sword and a good musket. When the women approved of what I'd said, the men became so irritated that they secretly swore to kill me, though none of them had the courage to challenge me or to provoke my challenge, though a slap on the ear or biting word would have been enough. I'd been behaving rather overbearingly, but that only made the women think that I must be a resolute youth. They said that my appearance and honorable attitude spoke more eloquently to a maiden than all of the compliments which Cupid had ever invented - that had enraged the men who were present even more than before.

THE 12TH CHAPTER: FORTUNE UNEXPECTEDLY PAYS NOBLE HOMAGE TO THE HUNTER

I had two beautiful horses which were my only joy on earth. I rode them at the riding school every day or walked them when I didn't have anything else to do. It is not that they had anything to learn - I just did it so that the people would see that these beautiful creatures belonged to me. When I paraded them down a street like this, or rather, when they danced along with me, silly people watched and said to each other, "Look, there's the Hunter! Oh, what a beautiful horse!" or, "My God, what a fine fellow he is!" I really pricked up my ears and let such words caress me as gently as if the Queen of Sheba had compared me to the wise Solomon in all his glory.

But, fool that I was, I didn't hear what intelligent people thought of me or what the envious said about me. The latter, no doubt, wished that I'd break my neck because they couldn't do it for me. But some must have thought to themselves that, if everyone had what belonged to him, I wouldn't be prancing around like this. In short, the wisest must have thought I was a young dandy whose vanity couldn't continue long because it was built on such a weak foundation - it could be maintained only by unreliable booty.

If I had to confess the truth, I'd have to admit that they had not judged wrongly, although I didn't understand that at the time because I could really make my enemy sweat when he had to face me and I could have probably passed for a good common soldier, even though I was still only a child. But the reason for my greatness was that, just like today, the littlest snot-nosed boy can shoot the very bravest hero in the world. But if gunpowder hadn't been invented, I wouldn't have been blowing my horn like that.

While romping around, I had the habit of riding over all the tracks and trails, and all the ditches, bogs, bushes, hills and fords - that's how I came to know them, and I impressed them into my memory so that, when I had a skirmish at one place or another afterwards, I knew how to make offensive and defensive use of these places.

I once rode out to an old wall not far from the city, where a house once stood. When I first saw it, I thought that it would make a good place for a lookout or a retreat, especially for dragoons who were outnumbered and pursued by cavalry. I rode into the courtyard where the walls were tumbled down somewhat. I wanted to see if a man on horseback could take shelter there in an emergency and if an infantryman could defend himself there. That's why I wanted to look at everything very carefully.

I was just about to ride by the cellar where the walls were still intact, when my horse suddenly refused to go where I wanted him to. Though he'd never been shy of anything before, neither threats nor praise would help me. I dug my spurs into him till I regretted it, but it didn't

help! I dismounted and started to lead him down the ruined cellar stairs he feared, so that I would know how to do it at some later time, but he kept jumping back. I finally coaxed him down them with caresses and good words. But while I was stroking and caressing him, I became aware that he was sweating in fear and keeping his eyes continually on the corner of the cellar where he least wanted to go, but I didn't see anything there which could upset even the giddiest animal.

While I stood there in astonishment looking at my trembling horse, I began to shutter as if someone were pulling me up by the hair and pouring a bucket of cold water over me. Though I couldn't see anything, the horse was behaving so strangely that I imagined that I and the horse must have been cursed and that I would find my death there in that cellar. When I tried to get out, my horse wouldn't follow me. That made me so frightened and confused that I didn't know what I was doing.

I finally took out my pistol, tied the horse to a sturdy elderberry bush which was growing in the cellar and, just as I was about to leave to look for someone to help me with my horse, it occurred to me that perhaps a treasure was hidden inside these old walls and it was making the place seem so eerie. I took this impulse seriously and started to look around more carefully, particularly in the corner my horse was avoiding. There I noticed a section of the wall about as large as an ordinary strongbox, which didn't have the same color or workmanship as the rest of the wall. But when I started to go over there, it seemed to me that my hair was standing on end. This gave me the feeling that a treasure had to be hidden there.

I would have preferred exchanging bullets with someone ten or even a hundred times to suffering the dread I felt then. I was being tormented, but I didn't know by whom, because I could neither see nor hear anything. I took the other pistol off the horse and wanted to run off and leave him standing there, but I wasn't able to climb the stairs because a strong wind seemed to be holding me back - that really chilled my spine!

It finally occurred to me that I should fire my pistols so that the peasants working in the nearby fields could come to my aid. And that's what I did because I had no other way, idea or hope, and I couldn't get out of that weird and enchanted place. I was so angry, or rather, so desperate: I don't know myself what I was like then. I fired my pistols, aiming right at the place where I thought that the cause of my strange experience was hidden. I struck that piece of wall so hard with both bullets that I made a hole you could put two fists into.

After I'd fired, my horse neighed and pricked up his ears, which relieved me. I don't know if the monster or ghost had disappeared then, or if the poor animal was glad to hear the shots. I suddenly took courage and fearlessly went right over to the hole I'd opened up with the shots. When I started to break up the wall there, I found such a rich treasure of silver, gold and precious stones that I could still be enjoying it - if I had only known how to take care of it and invest it. There were six dozen old Franconian silver goblets, a great gold cup, some double-cups, four saltshakers of silver and one of gold, an old Franconian chain of gold, various diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds. They were mounted in rings and other jewelry. There was also a small box completely full of large pearls, but they were discolored or dull. In a moldy leather sack, I found eighty very old Joachim thalers of pure silver and eight hundred and ninety-three gold pieces bearing the French coat of arms and an eagle. No one could identify these coins exactly because the inscription was illegible.

I stuck the coins, rings and other jewelry into my pockets, boots, trousers and pistol holsters because I didn't have a sack with me. (I had only been out for a ride.) That's why I cut the blankets from the saddle and packed the rest of the silverware into them. Because they were lined, I could use them as sacks. I hung the golden chain around my neck and, joyfully mounted my horse, I rode back to my quarters.

But just as I was leaving the courtyard, I noticed two peasants who wanted to run away when they saw me. I easily caught up with them because I had six feet and level ground. I asked them why they'd wanted to run away and why they were so frightened of me. They told me that they had thought I was the ghost who lived in that deserted manor and who usually mistreated anyone who came too near. When I asked what the ghost was like, they told me that people had been afraid to come to that place for years, except perhaps a stranger who had lost his way, because - according to one story - the cellar harbored an iron trough full of money

which was guarded by a black dog and an enchanted maiden.

According to the old story they'd heard from their grandparents, a strange nobleman who knew neither his father nor his mother would come to release the maiden, open the door of the trunk with a fiery key and take the hidden money away. They told me many such silly fables, but because they all sounded ridiculous, I won't go on with them.

When I asked them why they'd come despite their fear of entering the ruins, they replied that they had heard a shot and a loud scream - they'd then come running to see if there was anything they could do. But when I told them that I had fired in fear because I'd wanted someone to help me, they replied, "You could shoot for a long time in this manor before anyone from the neighborhood would come running. It is so astonishing that we wouldn't have believed you when you said you'd been inside, if we hadn't seen you riding out ourselves."

Then they wanted to know all sorts of things from me, especially what it was like inside the cellar and if I'd seen the maiden and the black dog on the trunk. If I had wanted to show off, I could have told them some strange tales, but I didn't tell them anything at all - not even that I'd taken out the treasure. I just rode back to my quarters, looked over the find, and was very pleased.

THE 13TH CHAPTER: THE STRANGE NOTIONS AND CASTLES IN THE AIR OF SIMPLICIUS, AND HOW HE GUARDS HIS TREASURE

Those who know the value of money and consider it to be their god have good reason to do so, for if there is anyone who has experienced the powers and almost divine virtues of money, it is me. I know how it is to have a good supply of it and I've found out more than once how it feels not to have a single penny. Yes, I would venture to prove that its virtues and effects are much more powerful than those of precious stones[208], because it can drive off melancholy like diamonds and it brings joy and enthusiasm to learning, as does the emerald. That's why the children of the rich are more likely to study than those of the poor. Money takes inertness away and makes men joyous and blissful, like the ruby. But it can also rob you of your sleep, like the garnet; and it does have great power to promote rest and sleep, like the hyacinth. It strengthens the heart and makes men joyful, virtuous, fresh and mild, like the sapphire and the amethyst. It drives out bad dreams, makes you happy and sharpens your wits, so that if you quarrel with someone, it will help you to win, like the sard - especially if you bribe the judge with it. It extinguishes lecherous and unchaste desires, because you can buy beautiful women with money. In short, words can't tell all that money can do (as I stated in my book, **Black and White**) if you only know how to use and invest it.

The money which I had amassed by robbery and by finding this treasure turned out to have a strange effect on me: In the first place, it made me more vain than I'd ever been before, so much so that in my heart I found it irksome to be called just plain "**Simplicius**". Like amethyst, it disturbed my sleep. I often lay awake at night thinking about how I could invest it and get even more of it. It made a perfect mathematician out of me because I kept worrying about how much my unminted silver and gold could be worth. I added this to the amounts I'd occasionally hidden away and what I still had in my sack, and I came up with a considerable total, even without the precious stones!

It also tempted me with its own innate deceitfulness and evil nature by giving its own interpretation to the proverb which goes: "The more you have, the more you want." It made me so miserly that anyone would have liked to become my enemy. It also brought foolish plans and strange ideas into my head, but I didn't pursue a single one.

It once occurred to me to leave the war, settle down somewhere and stare out the window with a fat face. But I soon rejected this idea because I thought of the free life I was leading and my hopes I had of becoming somebody. Then I thought to myself: "Simplicius, get yourself

into the nobility and recruit a company of dragoons for the emperor out of your own pocket. Then you'll soon be a perfect young gentleman with good prospects for the future." But when I considered that a single unlucky encounter or a peace settlement could quickly put an end to both the war and my high position, I lost interest in this idea.

I started to wish that I was a full-grown man. I believed that I could then marry a rich and beautiful young woman, buy a noble estate somewhere and lead a peaceful life. I could even raise livestock and have a large and honest income. But because I knew that I was still too young for that, I had to give up this idea, too. I had lots of other plans like these, but I finally resolved to put my most valuable items into the hands of a wealthy man in some well-protected city somewhere. Then I could see what Fortune had in store for me.

My Jupiter was still with me then because I couldn't get rid of him. He talked very subtly at times, and for weeks he even seemed to be rational. He loved me beyond measure because of what I'd done for him, and when he saw me going around deeply sunk in thought, he said, "My dear son, give away your blood money, your gold and your silver!"

"Why, my dear Jove?" I responded.

"Do this to get friends with it and rid yourself of useless sorrows," he replied.

When I said that I would rather have even more of it, he said: "Then go out and get it, but you won't ever find friends or peace of mind. Let the skinflints be miserly - but you should keep your friends like a good young man. It would be much better for you to lack money than good friends."

I thought this over and I concluded that Jupiter knew what he was talking about. But avarice had already gained such a grip on me that I wouldn't have dreamed of giving any of my money away. But I finally did present the commander with a few silver and gold double-cups, and my captain with a couple of silver saltshakers - but I didn't accomplish anything, except make their mouths water for the rest of it, because these items were rare antiques. I gave twelve thalers to my trusted comrade, Springinsfeld, but he advised me to get rid of my wealth or bear in mind that it could bring misfortune upon me because officers don't like to see common soldiers with more money than they have - he'd probably already seen how one comrade had been secretly murdered by another because of this.

Springinsfeld also told me that I had been able to keep the amount of my booty secret before because everyone had thought that I'd spent it all on clothes, horses and guns. But now I wouldn't be able to hide anything or make people believe that I didn't have any money left. People would make the treasure I'd found even bigger than it really was because I wasn't as generous as I had been. He went on to say that he'd often heard why fellows were murmuring. If he were in my place, he'd let the war be, go to some safe place and let God's will be done.

"Listen, brother," I replied, "can I throw my hopes of promotion to the winds?"

"Certainly!" Springinsfeld answered, "Just tell me all about it. If you're supposed to get promoted, the men who were hoping for it themselves will be happy to help you break your neck in a thousand pieces when they see that there's a vacancy and you're going to fill it. Don't tell me about carp - my father was a fisherman. Take it from me because I've been able to see how things happen in war longer than you have. Haven't you seen many a gray-headed sergeant who deserved to have a company before a lot of others? Do you really think that they are not fellows who hope to achieve something? Anyway, they deserve a promotion more than you do, and you know it, too."

I had to keep silent because Springinsfeld had spoken from his sincere German heart - he had told me the truth and had not been a hypocrite. But I secretly clamped my jaw because I imagined that I was very important.

But I did think over carefully what he and my Jupiter had said and I remembered that I didn't have a single relative there who would help me with my problems or avenge my death, should it happen secretly or openly. I could easily understand how matters stood. But neither my ambition, nor my love of money, nor the hope of becoming important would allow me to leave the war and find peace for myself. That's why I stuck to my plan. When the opportunity arose to travel to Cologne from Münster with a hundred dragoons and a convoy of merchants and freight wagons, I packed up my treasure, took it with me and gave it to one of the most prominent merchants in Cologne in exchange for an itemized written receipt. There were

seventy-four marks in unminted fine silver, fifteen marks in gold, eighty Joachim thalers, a sealed box of eight and a half pounds containing various rings, jewelry, gold, precious stones and 893 antique minted gold pieces, each worth one and a half golden guldens.

I took Jupiter along with me because he wanted to go and had prominent relatives there. He praised me so much for the good things I'd done for him that they treated me with great respect. But he kept advising me that I could invest my money better by buying friends who would be of greater value to me than the gold I'd locked away.

THE 14TH CHAPTER: HOW THE HUNTER IS CAUGHT BY THE ENEMY

On the way home I thought a great deal about how to behave in the future so that I could win favor with everyone, for Springinsfeld had put a restless bug in my ear when he persuaded me that everyone was jealous of me - which in fact was true. I remembered what the famous fortuneteller of Soest had once told me, and that disturbed me even more. These thoughts made my mind keener, and I realized that a man who lived his life without any problems was almost like a beast. I tried to understand why this person or that might hate me, and I considered how to treat each one so that I could regain his favor. I was very much amazed that these fellows could be deceitful enough to say good things to me when they didn't love me. That's why I decided to pretend like the others were doing - I would tell everyone what he wanted to hear and treat everyone with respect, even when I didn't feel any. But most of all, I clearly perceived that my own vanity had burdened me with most of my enemies, so I understood that I had to act humbly (even though I wasn't). I decided to knock around with the common soldiers, have my hat in my hand in the presence of my betters and dress more modestly until I was promoted.

I'd had the merchant in Cologne give me a hundred thalers, which I was to repay with interest when he returned my treasure to me. I thought I'd spend half of it along the way to treat the convoy because I now saw that avarice could make me no friends. I was resolved to change myself and start anew, but I'd added up the bill without the innkeeper. As we were trying to pass through the duchy of Berg, eighty musketeers and fifty riders were waiting for us in a very advantageous position just at the time when I'd been sent out ahead with a corporal and four other men to scout out the road. The enemy remained quiet as we rode into the trap; they let us pass through so that the convoy could not be warned before it had come into their ambush. But they did send a standard-bearer and eight riders after us to keep us in view until their men had attacked our convoy and we turned around to rejoin our wagons.

They then rode up to us and asked if we wanted quarter. I, for one, was well-mounted, for I was riding my best horse. But because I still didn't want to try to escape, I swung around to a small plain to see if there was honor to be gained. But I could tell immediately by the volley we received that the bell had tolled my hour, so I tried to flee. But the standard-bearer had already thought of everything and had cut off our retreat. When I was about to try to fight my way out, he offered me quarter again because he had mistaken me for an officer.

Thinking that it was better to get off with my life than to risk it, I asked him if he would give me quarter like an honest soldier. "Yes, certainly!" he answered. So I presented him with my sword to show that I was a prisoner. He immediately asked who I was, because he had taken me for a nobleman and an officer. When I replied that I was the Hunter of Soest, he said, "You're lucky not to have fallen into our hands four weeks ago; I couldn't have given you any quarter then because we considered you to be a sorcerer."

This standard-bearer was a brave young cavalier and not more than two years older than I was. He was overjoyed to have the honor of capturing the famous Hunter. That's why he kept his promise of quarter in the Dutch way. (It is their custom not to take anything from under the belts of their captured Spanish enemies.) Because he didn't even have me searched, I was good

enough to turn the money in my pockets over to him because they were going to divide the loot. I even secretly told him to be sure that he got my horse, saddle and gear because he would find thirty ducats in the saddle and there was hardly a match for my horse. That caused the standard-bearer to be as kind to me as if I had been his own brother. He immediately mounted my horse and let me ride his. Only six of the convoy had been killed, and of the thirteen prisoners, eight were wounded. The others had fled. They'd lacked the courage to recapture the spoils (which were in the open) though they could have easily done this because they were all mounted.

After the spoils and the prisoners had been divided up, the Swedes and the Hessians went their separate ways that very evening because they were from different garrisons. The standard-bearer kept me, the corporal and three more dragoons because he had captured us. We were then led to the fortress of Lippstadt, which was only a few miles from our own garrison. Because I'd raised havoc around that place, my name was well-known there, but my person was more feared than loved. When we came into sight of the city, the standard-bearer sent a rider ahead to announce his arrival to the commander and to report how things had gone and who'd been taken prisoner. This news caused a huge mob to gather in the city because everyone wanted to see the Hunter. One person said one thing about me, another something else, and it was almost as if a great potentate was making his entrance.

We prisoners were immediately led to the commander, who was very much surprised at my youth. He wanted to know if I had ever served on the Swedish side and from what region I had come. When I told him the truth, he asked if I would like to be on their side. I replied that it was all the same to me, but because I had sworn an oath to Holy Roman Emperor, I thought I ought to keep it. He then ordered us to be taken to the provost marshal, but he also granted the request of the standard-bearer that we enjoy his hospitality because I had previously treated my prisoners (including his brother) in that way.

That night several officers (both soldiers of fortune as well as gentlemen) met at the standard-bearer's, who had also sent for me and the corporal. To tell the truth, I was treated very respectfully. I enjoyed myself as much as if I hadn't lost anything; I behaved as frankly and openly as if I were with my best friends and not a prisoner of the enemy. Despite all this, I also tried to behave as modestly as I could, because I could easily imagine that my behavior would be reported back to the commander - which it was, as I later found out.

The next day we prisoners were taken one by one to the judge advocate of the regiment, who examined us. The corporal was first and I was next. When I entered the hall, he showed his surprise at my youth, and to call my attention to this he said, "My child, what did the Swedes do to you to make you fight against them?"

That irritated me, especially since I'd seen soldiers just as young among them, so I answered, "The Swedish soldiers took away my marbles and I wanted to get them back."

The officers presiding with him were embarrassed by my retort, so one of them told him in Latin to question me more seriously because it was clear that I wasn't a child. That was when I noticed that the advocate's name was Eusebius. (The officer had called him that.) Then he asked me my name. When I had told him he said: "There isn't a devil in hell called Simplicissimus."

I answered by saying:"Well, I don't suppose that there's one there called Eusebius, either." That's how I paid him back, just as I'd done Cyriacum, our company clerk. But the officers didn't take that very well because they told me that I should remember that I was their prisoner and hadn't been summoned there for laughs.

I neither blushed nor apologized after this rebuke, but simply replied that, since they were holding me as a prisoner of war and had not let me go like a child, I had imagined that I would not be teased like a child. I'd answered as I'd been asked, and I hoped that I hadn't done anything wrong. Then they asked me about my native land, my family and my birth - and if I'd served on the Swedish side. They also wanted to know what conditions were like in Soest: They asked me how strong the garrison there was and other such things. I answered all their questions quickly, briefly and well. But I told them no more about Soest and its garrison than I believed I could answer for. I also kept quiet about having practiced the fool's trade because I was ashamed of it.

THE 15TH CHAPTER: UNDER WHAT CONDITIONS THE HUNTER GOT FREE AGAIN

Meanwhile, the people in Soest found out what had happened to the convoy and that I, the corporal and the others had been captured and taken here. That's why a drummer came to pick us up the following day. The corporal and the three others were turned over to him along with a letter (which the commander let me read). It had the following contents:

Monsieur[209], etc.,

A letter was presented to me by this drummer, with whom I am returning the corporal and the other three prisoners in exchange for their ransom. Concerning Simplicius, the Hunter. He cannot be allowed to return because he previously served on this side. But if I can be of any service to the gentleman in anything but my duty, you will have a willing servant in me, for I am and remain,

The Gentleman's obedient servant,

N. de S. A.[210]

Though I didn't really care for the letter, I did have to thank him for letting me it. I asked to speak with the commander, but they replied that he would send for me himself (when he had finished with the drummer) the next morning. I would have to be patient till then.

After having waited even longer than that, the commander sent for me just at dinner time. I then had the honor of sitting down with him at the table for the first time. During the meal, he drank to me, but he gave me no idea at all of what he was going to do with me and it wouldn't have been polite for me to bring up the subject. After we'd eaten and I was rather tipsy, he said to me, "My dear Hunter, you saw from my letter the pretext I used to keep you here. I don't intend to do anything illegal or anything else that would be against reason or the rules of war because you yourself have admitted to me and the regimental judge advocate that you previously served on our side in the main army. You'll therefore have to resolve to take service in my regiment. If you come to merit it, I'll reward you in a way you could have never hoped for in the Imperial forces. Otherwise, you won't be able to blame me, if I send you back to the lieutenant-colonel from whom the dragoons took you."

"Honored Colonel," I replied (It was not then customary to give soldiers of fortune the title of 'Your Grace', even if they were colonels.) "I hope that, since I've never sworn allegiance to the Crown of Sweden or to its allies, much less to that lieutenant-colonel (I was only a stable boy.) I hope that I'll not be required to enter into Swedish service and break the oath I 've taken to the Holy Roman Emperor. Therefore, I humbly beg the most honorable colonel to allow me to refuse this request."

"What?" said the colonel, "Do you despise Swedish service? Remember that you are my prisoner. Before I let you return to Soest again to serve the enemy, I'll bring other charges against you or let you rot in prison."

I knew then that I had to behave accordingly. Though these words had frightened me, I didn't give up; I said that God should preserve me from such disgrace as well as from breaking my oath. Anyway, I maintained the obedient hope that the colonel's well-known discretion would allow me to be treated like a soldier.

"Yes," he relied, "I know full-well how to treat you if I want to proceed severely. But you'd better think it over, so that I won't have cause to teach you a few things." After that, I was led back to the stockade.

It isn't hard to imagine that I didn't get much sleep that night because all sorts of thoughts were on my mind. In the morning, several officers, including the standard-bearer who had

captured me, came to me on the pretext of entertaining me. Really they wanted to tell me that the colonel was thinking about having me tried as a sorcerer because there was no other way to get me to yield. They wanted to frighten me to see how I would react. But, consoling myself with a clear conscience, I took it rather coldly and didn't say much. But it made me realize that the colonel's main concern was to keep me from returning to Soest because he could see that, if he did let me go, I wouldn't want to stay there because I was hoping for a promotion, and I still had two beautiful horses and other valuable things in Soest.

He sent for me the following day and asked if I'd made up my mind. I answered, "Colonel, I have decided that I would rather die than break my oath! But if you will let me go and not force me to do any military service, I'll promise with heart, hand and word that I will not bear arms against Swedes or Hessians for six months."

The colonel immediately agreed. He offered me his hand and dismissed my ransom at the same time. He then ordered his secretary to make up an agreement in duplicate, which we both signed. In it he promised me his protection and all liberties for as long as I stayed in the fortress he commanded. I, in turn, promised that for as long as I stayed in the fortress, I would do nothing disadvantageous to the garrison or its commander, nor would I conceal anything which might be done to their disadvantage or harm. I would also promote their good and keep harm from them as far as possible. I even promised that I would help to defend the place, if it were attacked by an enemy.

After that, the colonel kept me for lunch again and showed me more honor than I could have ever hoped to receive in my life from the Imperial forces. In this way he gradually won me over so much that I wouldn't have returned to Soest, even if he had let me go and released me from my promise.

THE 16TH CHAPTER: HOW SIMPLICIUS BECOMES A BARON

If something is to be, everything will work towards it, I thought. Fortune had wedded herself to me or bound herself so close to me that even the most disagreeable encounters had to turn out for the best because, while I was sitting at the commander's table, I heard that my servant had arrived from Soest with my two beautiful horses. But what I did not know (but later discovered in the final tally) was that mischievous Fortune has the siren-like habit of having the worst in store for those she seems to favor most. The higher she raises you up, the lower she can hurl you down again.

Though I'd previously captured this servant from the Swedes, he was loyal beyond measure to me because I treated him well. He'd saddled my horses every day, and he had ridden a good part of the way from Soest to meet the drummer who was supposed to pick me up. Because he did not want me to travel that distance alone or to return to Soest naked or in rags (after having been stripped) he had brought my best clothes with him when he came to meet the drummer. But when he didn't see me and he heard that I had been asked to enter the service of the enemy, he gave the horses the spur and said, "Adieu, drummer and corporal! I want to be where my master is." So he went on and arrived just as the commander had freed me and was honoring me.

The commander had my horses taken to an inn until I could order the lodgings I wanted for myself. He praised me for the loyalty of my servant and was astonished because I was so well mounted with these beautiful horses, for I was only a common dragoon and still such a young fellow. While I was leaving to go to the inn, he praised one of my horses so much that I immediately noticed that he would have liked to buy it from me. Because he was too discreet to make an offer, I said that I wanted the honor of presenting it to him, if this would be of service to him. He refused to accept such a gift,, but only because I was rather tipsy and he didn't want it to be said that he had talked a drunk into something that he'd later regretted, but not because he didn't want this noble horse.

That very night I thought about what I wanted to do with my life in the future. I decided to remain where I was for the next six months and quietly pass the approaching winter. I had money enough to do that even without touching my treasure in Cologne. By the end of that time, I thought to myself, you'll be fully grown and will reach your full strength. In the coming spring you can take to the field with the Imperial army even more bravely than before.

Early the next morning, I dissected my saddle, which was more generously stocked than the one the standard-bearer had received from me. Then I had my best horse brought in front of the colonel's quarters. I told him that, because I'd decided to quietly pass six months there under his protection without going to war, I wouldn't need my horses, which were too good to allow to remain idle. That's why I wanted to ask him if he would give this soldier's nag a place alongside his own horse and accept it as a token of grateful recognition for the favors I had received.

The colonel thanked me very politely and sent his steward to me that afternoon with a live fattened ox, two fat pigs, a cask of wine, four kegs of beer and twelve loads of firewood. He brought these things to my new lodgings, which I'd just rented for half a year. He also told me that, because he saw I was going to stay there with him and would have no difficulty with provisions in the beginning, he was sending me a contribution of meat and drink for my household, and the wood needed to cook it with. He added that, if there was anything else he could do to help me, he would not neglect to do it. I thanked him as politely as I could, gave the steward two ducats and asked him to give my best regards to his master.

Because I saw that my generosity had earned me the colonel's esteem, I began to think about how I could earn a name among the common people, so that they wouldn't think that I was simply an idler. So, in the presence of the innkeeper, I called my servant and said to him: "Dear Niklas, you have shown me more loyalty than a master has a right to expect from his servant. But I don't want to get in your debt now because I don't have a master any more and I don't have a war in which I can capture anything to pay you with like I should. Anyway, I don't think I'll need to keep a servant for the quiet life I intend to lead. That's why I'm giving you the other horse with the saddle, gear and pistols as your wages. I hope that you'll be satisfied with these things and look for a new master for yourself. If I can be of any service to you in the future, you may come to me at any time."

Then he kissed my hands and could hardly speak because of his tears. He didn't want to take the horse at all. He thought it would be better for me to sell it and use the money to live on. But I finally convinced him to take it after I promised him that I would take him back into my service as soon as I needed anyone.

The innkeeper was so moved by this farewell that his eyes were filled with tears. He even praised me as a wonder to the burghers of the city for what I'd done. The servant told the same story to the soldiers. The commander thought that I was such a resolute fellow that he was ready to build castles on my word because I'd rid myself of my splendid horse, my gun and my loyal servant, so that I could keep the oath which I'd sworn to the Emperor and also the one I'd signed for him.

THE 17TH CHAPTER: HOW THE HUNTER PLANS TO SPEND SIX MONTHS AND SOMETHING ABOUT THE FORTUNETELLER

I don't believe that there is anyone in the world who doesn't have a fool inside him somewhere, because we have all been made in the same way and I can tell by my own pears when the others are ripe. Someone might well say: "Hey, you know-it-all, do you think that just because you're a fool, others have to be one, too?" No, I don't say that because that would be claiming too much, but I do think that some men can hide the fool inside better than others. A man is not a fool just because he has had foolish ideas, because we've all had them in our youth; but if a man lets them be noticed, people will think that he really is a fool, though some

don't let their thoughts be seen at all and others only reveal half of the ones they have. Those who suppress them entirely are actually sourpusses, but I think that the man who sometimes lets them stick their ears out a little to give them some fresh air so that they won't suffocate him is best and most intelligent. I just let mine show themselves too much.

I saw myself in an independent position and had money, so I hired a boy and had him dressed as a noble page in foolish colors, that is, in violet-brown and yellow. Those were the colors my livery would have to be because I liked them so well. He even had to wait on me as if I were a baron and not just a former dragoon or, a half year earlier, a poor stable boy.

This was the first folly I committed in this city. Although it was a rather large one, no one noticed it - much less reproached me for it. But what difference does that make? The world is so full of fools that no one notices them, laughs at them, or is astonished by them because they are so accustomed to fools. That's why I could gain the reputation of being a good and intelligent soldier, and not a fool who was still in his baby shoes.

I made arrangements with the innkeeper concerning board for myself and my boy, and I paid him on account with the meat and wood the commander had given me in exchange for my horse. My servant had to be given a key to the wine cellar because I liked to treat those who came to visit me. Being neither a burgher nor a soldier, I had nobody of my own sort to keep me company, so I took part in both groups and had comrades enough every day to give drinks to.

I got well acquainted with the organist because I loved music and,without bragging, I had a very good voice which I wanted to keep from becoming rusty. He taught me how to compose and play his instrument, as well as the harp. Because I was already a master with the lute, I got one of my own and had lots of fun with it every day.

When I was tired of music, I sent for the furrier who'd taught me to use every kind of weapon back in Paradise and I practiced with him to become even better. I even persuaded the commander to let me hire one of his artillerymen to teach me the art of gunnery and how to handle powder. Other than that, I remained very quiet and behaved myself. Many people were amazed to often see me reading a book like a student, though I'd previously been used to robbery and bloodshed.

My innkeeper was the commander's bloodhound and my guardian: I noticed that he reported everything I did or didn't do. But I knew how I should behave because I never once thought about the war. If people talked about it, I acted as though I'd never been a soldier and were only there to take part in my daily exercises.

Though I wished that my six months would soon be over, no one could tell which side I'd serve. Every time I called on the commander, he had me dine at his table and his conversation sometimes got around to my plans for the future. But I answered so carefully when it did that he couldn't really tell what I had in mind. Once he said to me: "How's it going, Hunter? Don't you want to become Swedish yet? An ensign died on me yesterday."

I answered, "Honored colonel, it's not fitting for a woman to marry right after her husband has died. Why shouldn't I be patient for six months?" I got out of this situation every time that way and gained even more favor with the colonel as time went on. He even allowed me to walk around outside the fortress as well as inside.

I finally got to snare hares, grouse and other birds, even though his own soldiers were not allowed to do that. I also fished in the River Lippe, and I was so lucky at it that I could charm both fish and crayfish out of its waters. I had some cheap hunting clothes made,so that I could sneak around at night in them in the fertile lowlands around Soest, where I knew every track and trail. There I occasionally gathered some of my hidden treasures and hauled them back into the fortress, where I acted as though I had wanted to stay with the Swedes forever.

The fortuneteller once came up to me on my way and said, "Look, my son, didn't I give you some good advice when I told you to hide your money outside of the city of Soest? I can assure you that you were fortunate to be taken prisoner. If you'd returned home, some fellows who've sworn to kill you because of a lady's favor would have choked you to death while you were out hunting."

I replied, "How could anyone be jealous of me when I don't even want anything from the women?"

She answered, "You can be sure that you won't have this opinion much longer. If you do, the ladies will chase you out of the country in shame and disgrace. You've always laughed at me when I foretold something to you. Do you want to doubt me again when I tell you more? Don't you find friendlier people here than in Soest? I swear to you that they even love you too much, and such excessive affection can even harm you, if you don't accommodate yourself to it."

I replied by saying that if she knew as much as she pretended, she should tell me how my parents were and if I'd ever return to them again. She should come right out and tell me and not talk mysteriously. Then she said that I should ask about my parents when I accidentally met my foster-father leading the daughter of my wet nurse by a rope. She added that she had already told me more than she'd told others who'd begged her. When I started to laugh at her, she quickly departed, but not before I had given her a few thalers. (I had a lot of silver in my pockets then.)

I had been able to accumulate plenty of money, a lot of precious rings and some other jewelry by then because, whenever I'd heard of jewels when I was out with the soldiers or encountered anything of that sort on a raid, I had bought it for myself for less than half of what it was worth.

My profits kept screaming at me because they wanted to circulate among the people again and I willingly listened, because I was rather vain and wanted to show off my wealth. I boldly let my innkeeper see some of it, and he made my fortune seem even greater to the people than it actually was. But they also wondered where I could have got it all, because it was well known that the treasure 1'd found was being kept in Cologne (The standard-bearer had read the merchant's listing after he had captured me.

THE 18TH CHAPTER: HOW THE HUNTER BEGINS TO COURT AND MAKES A TRADE OUT OF IT

My intention to learn gunnery and fencing during these six months was good, and I mastered them, too. But that wasn't enough to keep me from idleness, which is a source of many evils, particularly when a person has no one to control him. Although I diligently studied all sorts of books which did teach me many valuable things, some of what I had read in them agreed with me no better than eating grass agrees with a dog. The unforgettable **Arcadia**[211], from which I'd hoped to learn to speak well, was the first book to take me from true histories to amorous adventures, and from real stories to epic poetry. I got other books of this kind wherever I could and when I found one, I didn't put it down again until I had finished it, even though I had to spend day and night at it. Instead of rhetoric, these books taught me how to flirt. But this need was not so strong or violent in me then that you could have described it as a divine madness, like Seneca did, or a serious illness, as Thomae Thomai[212] did in his **World-Garden.** Wherever my heart chanced to stray, I got what I wanted easily and without any special difficulty, so I had no reason to complain like other suitors and seducers, who are full of fantastic thoughts, problems, desires, secret sorrows, anger, jealousy, spite, madness, tears, affectations, threats and other such manifold follies which cause them to want to die from their impatience.

I had money and didn't need to worry about spending it. I also had a good voice and practiced continually on all kinds of instruments. Instead of dancing, which I never liked, I exhibited my form and figure when fencing with my furrier. I had a fine, smooth face, and I acquired the habit of being friendly and charming, so that the ladies were chasing me like Aurora pursued Clitos, Cephalos and Tithonos[213], as Venus pursued Anchises, Atidos and Adonis, as Ceres pursued Glaucos, Ulysses and Jason[214], and even as the chaste Diana herself pursued her Endymion[215].

St. Martin's Day[216] came at that time. That's when we Germans start feasting and drinking, and we don't stop till Lent. Burghers and officers invited me to various places to help eat the Martinmas goose. This sometimes paid off for me because I got acquainted with ladies on such occasions. My lute and song caused everyone to look at me, and when they did, I added such charming glances and gestures to the new love songs I'd composed myself that they caused many a pretty girl to lose her head and fall in love before she knew what had happened. To keep people from thinking that I was a starveling, I held two banquets, one for the officers, and the other for the most prominent burghers. These banquets helped me to gain the favor of both groups, because I spared no expenses.

But I did all of this just for the maidens. Though I might not get what I was looking for from this one or that right away (There were some who could behave themselves.) I treated them all alike so that they weren't suspicious of those who showed me more favor than honest maidens should. That's how they were led to believe that I had visited the others only for the sake of their conversation, too. I convinced each of the girls of that so that they would all believe that I had only been talking to the others. In this way, each of the girls came to think that she alone had won me.

I had exactly six who loved me, and I loved them, too, but none of them had really won my heart or had me for herself. I liked only the dark eyes of one of them, the yellow-golden hair of another and the loveliness of a third. There was something else about each one of the others that the others didn't have. When I visited other girls in addition to these, it was either for the reason I mentioned or because they had something strange and new about them. But I didn't reject anything because I hadn't planned to stay in that place for long.

My servant, who was an arch-rascal, was kept busy with matchmaking and carrying love letters. He knew how to keep his mouth shut and to keep my game so secret from the girls that they didn't suspect anything. He got lots of gifts from the wenches, which actually cost me a great deal, for I wasted a considerable amount in the process. That's why I could well say that what was gained with the drum was lost by the flute. But I kept my affairs so secret that not one in a hundred thought that I was a lover, except for the parson, because I didn't borrow as many spiritual books from him as I had before.

THE 19TH CHAPTER: HOW THE HUNTER MADE FRIENDS FOR HIMSELF AND WHAT KIND OF DEVOTION HE SHOWED AT A SERMON

When Fortune wants to cast someone down, she first raises him up, but the good Lord always sends us a warning before the fall. He sent one to me, too, but I refused to accept it. In my own mind I was completely convinced that my present state was so firmly established that no misfortune could bring about my downfall because everyone (especially the commander) wished me well. I had also won over his favorites with all sorts of tokens of my respect. I got his loyal servants on my side with gifts and I quaffed in brotherhood and swore loyalty and friendship with those who were something more than my equals. The common burghers and soldiers liked me because I spoke to everyone in a friendly way: "Oh, what a nice man the Hunter is!" they often said, "He'll even talk to the children on the street and doesn't make anyone angry."

When I caught a rabbit or a grouse, I sent it to the person whose friendship I was seeking; then I invited myself in and brought along wine, which was expensive in that area. I also arranged things so that I bore most of the expenses. When I got into a conversation with someone at such dinners, I praised everyone except myself, for I knew how to behave myself as humbly as if I'd never known vanity. Because I'd gained favor with everyone like this, I didn't think that any misfortune could happen to me, especially since my purse was still rather fat.

I often visited the oldest pastor in the city because he lent me many books from his library. When I brought one back to him, he discussed all sorts of things with me because we enjoyed each other's company. When the days of Martinmas geese and pudding broths past, and even the Christmas holidays were over, I presented him with a bottle of Strasbourg brandy - which these Westphalians like to sip with rock candy.

I came to visit him one day, just as he was reading a book called **Joseph**[217],which I had written and which my innkeeper had lent to him without my knowledge. I turned pale to see that my work had fallen into the hands of such a learned man, especially because it's common knowledge that a man can be known best by what he writes. He had me sit down beside him and, though he praised my powers of invention, he scolded me for having spent so much time on the love affairs of Seliche, who was Potiphar's wife: "The mouth speaks from the fullness of the heart." he continued, "And if you didn't know what the lover's heart is like, you wouldn't have been able to portray this woman's passion so well or make it so vivid."

I replied by saying that what I'd written was not my own. I'd taken it out of other books to practice writing.

"Yes," he answered, "I'll take your word for it, but you can be sure that I know more about you than you imagine!"

I was shocked when I heard these words and I thought, "Did Old Nick tell you?"

When he saw me turn white, he went on to say, "You are fresh and young. You are also idle and handsome. You haven't any sorrows and, as I hear, you live prosperously. Therefore, I warn you in God's name to consider the dangerous situation in which you find yourself. Be on your guard against the animal with tresses, if you want to guard your happiness and welfare. You may think: 'What I do is no business of the clergy.'

("You guessed it!" I thought to myself.)

"Or, 'What's he doing giving me orders?' It is true, I am a minister! But you, my benefactor, can be sure that Christian love makes your temporal welfare as important to me as if you were my own son .

"It would be a shame, and you would have to bear the responsibility to your Heavenly Father for all eternity, if you bury the talent he has given you and let the noble genius which I recognize in these writings go to waste. It's my loyal and paternal advice to you to invest the youth and the means you are wasting here in an education, so that you will be of service to God, to men and to yourself. Forget the war, which I hear you enjoy so much, before something happens to you. You may have to discover for yourself the truth of the proverb which goes: "Young soldiers make old beggars."

I had to listen to these words with great impatience because I wasn't used to hearing such things. But I pretended what I did not feel so that people would not stop praising me for being a fine man. So I thanked him very much for his frankness and promised to think about what he'd said, but I thought to myself that he could kiss my rosy backsides. How I ran my life was no concern of the reverend clergy. Things were going well for me then and I didn't want to give up the pleasures of love which I'd now tasted.

But that always happens to such warnings when a youth is no longer accustomed to the bit and spur. Then he leaps towards his destruction with giant strides.

THE 20TH CHAPTER: HOW HE DREW A RED HERRING ACROSS THE PARSON'S TRACK SO THAT HE WOULD FORGET TO CORRECT HIS EPICURIAN LIFE

But I was not so submerged in lust or so stupid that I didn't think of keeping everyone's friendship for as long as I still remained in the fortress - that is, till winter was over. I knew what kind of trouble a man could have if he were hated by the clergy because they enjoy great

credit in every nation, regardless of what religion it might have. For that reason I decided to change my approach. I started off on another foot with this pastor and lied him up a delicate pile of learned words to the effect that I had resolved to heed him. That made him quite happy, as I could see by the way he was behaving.

"Ever since I've been here," I told him, "I've missed not having the frank counselor that I've now found in you, honored Sir. If only winter were over soon or the weather would get better so that I could leave."

Then I mentioned that he could help me with good advice by telling me where I should study. He answered that he had attended Leyden, but he would advise me to go to Geneva because, judging by my accent, I was a High-German[218].

"Jesus, Mary!" I answered, "Geneva is farther from my home than Leyden!"

"What do I hear?" he replied with dismay. "It sounds like you are a Papist. Oh, my God, how I've been deceived! "

"Why is that, Pastor?" I asked. "Do I have to be a Papist just because I don't want to go to Geneva?"

"Not at all," he said, "but because I heard you call upon the name of Mary."

"Isn't it fitting," I replied, for a Christian to mention the mother of his Savior?"

"Certainly," he answered, "but I beg as fervently as I can to give honor to God and to confess to me which religion you belong to because I very much doubt that you believe the Gospels, even though I have seen you every Sunday in my church, because you did not take part in the Lord's Supper with us or with the Lutherans during the recent feast of the birth of Christ."

I answered, "Listen to me, Pastor. I am a Christian, and if I weren't, I wouldn't have attended the sermons so much. But I confess that I'm neither for Peter nor for Paul[219], but that I simply believe in what is contained in the Twelve Articles of the common and holy Christian faith. I would never commit myself fully to any side until I am persuaded by sufficient evidence to believe that one of them is the right, true and only religion of salvation."

"Only now," he said, "do I really believe that you have the daring heart of a soldier, for you wantonly risk your salvation by living from day to day without religion or divine services. My God! How can a mortal man who must either be damned or saved be so audacious? Were you brought up in Hanau without learning any more about Christianity? Tell me why you didn't follow in your parent's footsteps in the pure Christian religion? Why are you as little inclined to it as to any other? Can't its fundamentals be seen so plainly in nature and in Sacred Scripture that neither Papists nor Lutherans will ever be able to refute them?"

"Pastor," I replied, "that's what everyone else says about his religion. Who am I to believe? Do you really think that it doesn't matter, if I trust the salvation of my soul to one of them and slander the other two by accusing them of being false? Try to see with my impartial eyes what Vetter and Johannes Nass[220] publicly printed against Lutheranism or what Luther and his people said against the Pope, and how they attacked Saint Francis, who had been considered a holy and blessed man for several hundred years. Which side should I take when each screams that the other has no good qualities at all? Do you think that I am wrong not to decide until I fully understand what's black and what's white? Should somebody tell me to just plop right in like a fly in the porridge? I'm sure that you wouldn't advise me to do that!

"It is absolutely necessary that one religion is right and the other two are wrong. If I simply professed one of them, I would be just as likely to get the wrong one as the right one and I would have to pay for my mistake for all eternity. I would rather stay off the road than to take the wrong way. Besides, there are many more religions than just those we have in Europe: There are those of the Armenians, the Abyssinians, the Greeks, the Georgians[221] and others like them. If God would have me accept one of these, I and my co-believers would reject all the others. But if you will be my Ananias[222], I will gratefully follow you and accept the religion you profess."

He replied: "Though you are in grave error, I hope God will enlighten you and help you out of your trouble. For this purpose, I'll prove the truth of our faith to you from the Holy Scriptures in such a way that it will prevail against the gates of Hell."

I answered that I was looking forward to it, but I was thinking to myself that if he didn't

bother me about my love affairs, I would be satisfied with his faith.

From this the reader can see what a wicked and godless fellow I was then, because I was ready to cause the good pastor so much needless trouble just so he wouldn't disturb my profligate life. I thought, "By the time you've finished with your evidence, I'll be far away."

THE 21ST CHAPTER: HOW THE HUNTER UNEXPECTEDLY BECOMES A HUSBAND

Across from my quarters lived a retired lieutenant-colonel with an extremely beautiful daughter who carried herself like a noblewoman. I had long wanted to meet her, though it didn't seem to me then that I could love her alone or that I would want her for myself forever. But I frequently went out just to see her and I often gave her loving glances. But she was so carefully guarded from me that I never got a chance to talk to her at all. I couldn't just come right up to her, because I wasn't acquainted with her parents and I was of such humble birth that she seemed much too high for me. I got closest to her when we were going to and from church because I carefully used this chance to approach her and sigh a few times. (I could do this quite well, though I wasn't the least sincere.) But she reacted so coldly that I thought that she wouldn't let herself be seduced as easily as the daughter of a common burgher. But because I thought she would be hard for me to get, my desire for her became that much more vehement.

The star which first brought her to me was the one that school children carry around that time of year to remind us that the Three Wise Men had been guided to Bethlehem by such a star. I first thought that it was a good omen that a star lighted my way into her home: Her father sent for me and said, "Monsieur, I've called on you because of your position of neutrality between burghers and soldiers. I have something to arrange between these two groups which requires an impartial witness."

I started to think that he had something extraordinary in mind because paper and writing utensils were on the table, so I willingly offered him my help in any honorable business. I added the compliment that I would consider it a great honor, if I were fortunate enough to be of any service to him. But it didn't amount to anything more than making up a "kingdom" (according to the custom in many places) because it was the evening of the Feast of the Three Kings[223]. I was supposed to see to it that everything was done properly and that the offices were distributed by lot without respect to person. The colonel's secretary also helped us. Then the colonel had wine and sweets brought in because he was a merry drinker and supper was over. The secretary wrote the names down, I read them and the maiden drew the lots while her parents looked on.

I don't want to tell everything that happened, because I was just getting acquainted with the place. Her parents complained about the long winter evenings to let me know that I could visit them then to help them pass the time, since they didn't have anything special to occupy their time with anyway. This was just what I'd long been waiting for.

Though I didn't do much that evening to charm the girl, from then on I started to chase after her and tried to turn her head, so that both the girl and her parents would think that I'd swallowed the hook, though I wasn't half serious. Like a witch, I got myself all spruced up only at night when I wanted to visit her. During the day I was busy with books on love. I copied love letters out of them for my darling, as if I had lived a hundred miles away from her or wouldn't see her for many years. When I finally gained her parents' confidence, they didn't try to stop my spooning, but even expected me to teach her to play the lute. That allowed me to have free access to her by day as well as in the evening, and so I had to change my usual tune:

I and the little flitter-mouse,
Fly nightly from our house,

That's why I made up a little song in which I praised the good fortune of having so many joyous days to feast my eyes on the presence of my beloved and make my heart beat harder.

But in the same song I also complained about the misfortune of suffering nights because I was not allowed to spend them in loving delight, just as I did my days. Even though the song seemed a bit free, I sang it to my darling with devout sighs and a melody designed to stimulate her desire. The lute did its part splendidly to help me beg her to make my nights as happy as my days. But I got a rather chilly reply, because she was very clever and knew how to politely ward off the contrivances I so gently conveyed.

I was also very careful not to mention marriage. Whenever the subject came up, I became vague and ambiguous. When her married sister noticed this, she blocked the way for me and my fair maid, so that we would not be alone together as often as before, because she could see that her sister loved me with all her heart and that it would not help to prolong matters.

It isn't necessary for me to tell the details of the foolishness of my spooning because love stories are full of antics of this sort. It's enough if the well-disposed reader knows that I first got to kiss my sweet little thing and at last got up the courage to try other foolish nonsense. I pursued the progress I desired with all kinds of incitements until my darling let me in one night and I got into bed with her as if I belonged there.

Because everybody knows what usually happens at such games, the reader may well imagine that I did something improper. Certainly not! All my plans were in vain - I met with a resistance such as I could never have imagined encountering in any wench because her restraint was based solely upon honor and matrimony. Even though I promised to marry her with the most terrible oaths, she didn't want anything to happen before the marital bonds were tied.

But she did let me remain beside her in bed where, exhausted by annoyance, I gently fell asleep.

But I was violently awakened - at four o'clock in the morning the colonel was standing in front of the bed with a pistol in one hand and a torch in the other. "Croat!" he screamed loudly to the servant, who was standing next to him with a naked saber: "Quick Croat, get the preacher!"

That woke me up and I realized what kind of danger I was in. "Oh, woe," I thought, "you're supposed to confess before they finish you off!"

Everything turned red and green in front of my eyes and I didn't know if I should open them or not. "You frivolous character!" he said to me, "Do I have to find you disgracing my house? It would serve you right, if I broke your neck and that of the slut who has become your whore. You beast, how can I keep myself from ripping the heart right out of your body and hacking it up into little pieces to throw to the dogs?" Then he gnashed his teeth together and rolled his eyes like an insane animal. I didn't know what to do at all and my bed-companion couldn't do anything but cry.

When I'd recovered a bit, I wanted to bring up something about our innocence, but he told me to shut up. He said that he had expected something better than this from me and that I'd shown him the greatest disloyalty in the world. Meanwhile his wife came in and she started a brand-new sermon that made me wish that I had been lying in a hedge of thorns somewhere. I didn't think she would have stopped talking for two hours, if the Croat had not returned with the parson.

Before they arrived, I'd tried to get up several times, but the lieutenant-colonel had kept me down with his threatening looks. That's how I discovered that a fellow doesn't have any courage at all when he's caught doing something wrong. Now I knew then how a thief feels when he's been caught breaking in, even though he hasn't stolen anything. I thought of the times when I'd have known how to chase off the colonel and two such Croats, if they'd have run into me. But now I just lay there like any other louse, without the courage to use my mouth, let alone my fists.

"Pastor," he said, "look at this splendid spectacle to which I've been forced to call you so that you could be witness to my shame!"

He had hardly finished uttering these words correctly when he started to rage and confound everything so much that I couldn't understand anything except something about breaking my neck and washing his hands in my blood, because he had started to foam at the mouth like a

boar and act as though he were about to lose his mind. I even thought that he was going to put a bullet through my head at any moment!

But the pastor did everything he could to keep him from doing anything rash that he would regret later. He said, "Colonel, use your great intelligence to consider the old advise of making the best out of everything. This well-matched and lovely pair is not the first couple (and it will not be the last) to be overcome by the invincible powers of love. The mistake they have made is no more than that, because they can easily remedy it. Although I wouldn't really praise getting married under these circumstances, this young pair doesn't deserve the gallows or the wheel. This will be no disgrace to you, if you keep this mistake a secret, forgive them, give your consent to the marriage and have it publicly confirmed by the usual church services. "

"What!" he exclaimed, "Am I supposed to treat them splendidly and honor them, as if they deserved it? I would rather tie them up together and have them drowned in the River Lippe tomorrow! You've got to marry them right this minute because that's the reason I sent for you! Otherwise, I'll wring their necks like chickens!"

I thought to myself, "What' ll you do? It's sink or swim. Anyway, you don't have to be ashamed of a girl like this. When you consider your birth, you're hardly fit to sit down where she puts her shoes." I swore up and down that we hadn't done anything dishonorable, but they told me that we should have behaved ourselves so that no one would have any reason to think that we'd done anything wrong. Otherwise, we would certainly never be able to convince doubters. Then the pastor tied the knot as we sat there in bed.

After we had finished, she and I were forced to get up and leave the house together. In the doorway the colonel told his daughter and me that he never wanted to lay eyes on us again. I'd recovered by then, and I had my sword at my side, so I answered jokingly, "Father-in-law, I don't know why you do everything backwards. When other newly-weds have been married, the nearest relatives lead them to bed, but you not only chase me out of bed after we've been married, you even chase me right out of the house. Instead of wishing me luck, as you should, you don't even want me to have the good fortune of seeing your face or of serving you. If this custom becomes fashionable, marriages won't establish many more friendships in the world."

THE 22ND CHAPTER: HOW THE WEDDING TOOK PLACE AND WHAT HE PLANS TO DO

The people where I lived were surprised to see me bring this girl home with me, but they were even more surprised to see how brazenly she went up to bed with me. Even though the farce I'd just gone through had filled my head with exaggerated notions, I wasn't foolish enough to scorn my bride. Though I now had my darling in my arms, I still had a thousand thoughts in my head of how to improve and manage my situation. First, I thought that it served me right; then I thought that I had suffered the worst disgrace in the world and would have to avenge my honor.

But when I considered that such revenge would have to be directed against my father-in-law (and therefore against my pious and innocent darling) I dropped these plans. I was so ashamed that I resolved to withdraw and not let myself be seen by anyone again, but then I realized that that would be the most foolish blunder I could make. I finally came to the conclusion that I had to win the friendship of my father-in-law. That's why I should act as though nothing terrible had happened to me and that everything about my wedding was in good order.

"Because everything has happened so strangely up to now," I said to myself, "you ought to arrange things for yourself in the same way. If people find out that you're not happy with your marriage and that it was forced onto you like some young girl who has been forced to marry a rich old ninny, then people will really laugh at you."

It was much easier to get out of bed early the following morning with these thoughts in

mind, though I would have rather remained in bed. The first thing I did was to send for my wife's brother-in-law to remind him of how closely we were now related and to ask him to send over his wife to help us arrange things so that I would be able to give the people something to eat at my wedding.

My brother-in-law was willing to try to appease her parents. Meanwhile, I would go to invite guests who could help to reconcile us. While he did his part, I went to the commander. I amusingly told him how I and my father-in-law had introduced a new style of making marriages in which the engagement, the ceremonies and the wedding had all taken place in less than an hour. And because my father-in-law had spared the dinner, I wanted my guests to share the supper - and I humbly wished that the commander would attend.

He almost broke into pieces laughing at my ridiculous story. When I saw that he was in the right mood, I spoke more freely and apologized by saying that I couldn't be in my right mind now, because other bridegrooms were out of their senses for four weeks after the wedding, when they could let out their follies without causing alarm. But this whole business had taken me so much by surprise that I had to let loose all of my buffooneries at one time so that I would then be able to start out my married life with more sense in my head.

The commander then asked me about my marriage contract and how many gold pieces my father-in-law had given me for a dowry, because the old tightwad had plenty of them. I replied that our marriage agreement consisted of only one point: I and his daughter were never to set eyes on him again. But because neither notaries nor witnesses had been present, I hoped that he would revoke it. Since marriages were founded to propagate friendship, it would be a pity, if he would marry off his daughter like Pythagoras[224] did his. But I didn't think that he would do that because I wasn't aware of ever having insulted him.

With these unusual antics I succeeded in winning the commander's promise to appear at the dinner along with my father-in-law, whom he was going to persuade to come. He sent a cask of wine and a stag, which I had prepared as though I were about to play host to princes. I had also been able to assemble a group of prominent guests, who had a jolly time and helped reconcile her parents with my wife and me. In the end, they even congratulated us more than they had previously cursed us.

The rumor circulated through the whole city that we'd arranged our wedding in such an unusual way so that bad people wouldn't play practical jokes on us. But this quick wedding suited me just fine, for if my marriage banns had been read in church, some threatening wenches would have created a lot of obstructive confusion for me, for there were at least half a dozen burghers' daughters who had known me more than all too well.

My father-in-law played host to my wedding guests on the following day, but not nearly as well as I had done because he was miserly. But there they talked to me about what trade I wanted to follow and how I would arrange my household. It was then that I first realized that I had lost my noble freedom and was about to live in bondage. I pretended to be obedient by asking my dear father-in-law for the advice of an intelligent gentleman. My attitude pleased the commander, for he said: "It would be a great blunder for a fresh, young soldier like you to take up any other trade as long as this war is going on. It is better to put your horse in someone else's stall than it is to feed someone else's horse in your own. Anyway, I am ready to make you into an ensign."

My father-in-law and I both thanked him. I didn't reject his offer as I'd done before, but I did show him the receipt of the merchant in Cologne who was taking care of my treasure. I said, "I will have to pick this up first before I enter into Swedish service because if they find out that I'm serving the enemy, they'll show me their backsides and keep my treasure."

They both agreed, and so the three of us decided that I should set out for Cologne in a few days to recover my treasure. I was then supposed to return directly to the fortress with it and become an ensign. My father-in-law was also given a company and the position of lieutenant-colonel because Count von Götz was in Dortmund in Westphalia with four Imperial groups, and the commander was preparing for a siege the coming spring. That's why he was still looking for good soldiers. But his precautions proved unnecessary: Count von Götz left Westphalia that spring because Johann de Werd had been beaten in Breisgau[225]. This defeat had forced Götz to move against the Prince of Weimar on the Upper Rhine.

THE 23RD CHAPTER: SIMPLICIUS COMES TO A CITY, WHICH WE WILL SIMPLY CALL COLOGNE, TO PICK UP HIS TREASURE

A thing can happen in many different ways: One man's unlucky star appears piecemeal and gradually, while another's may come upon him massively. But mine had such a sweet and pleasant start that I considered it to be a sign of great happiness, and not misfortune. I'd hardly spent more than a week of marriage with my dear wife when I took leave of her and her friends, wearing my hunter's outfit and carrying a gun on my shoulder. I got through without any trouble because I knew all of the trails and didn't encounter any dangers on my way. No one even saw me till I came to the toll-gate at Deutz, across the Rhine from Cologne.

But I'd seen many people on my way, including a peasant in the duchy of Berg. He'd reminded me of my knan in the Spessart, and his son was very much like I had been then. This peasant boy was guarding the pigs while I was trying to pass on by him. When the pigs noticed me, they started to grunt, but the boy began to curse them, saying that thunder and hail should strike them. "The devil oughta get'cha ! " he added.

When the maid heard that, she screamed to him that he ought to stop cursing or that she would tell his father.

The boy replied that she could kiss his backsides. Then he said, "Screw your maw!"

The peasant had also heard his son. He ran out of the house with a club, shouting, “Shut up! You dirty brat! I'll learn you to cuss. Hailstones oughta hit ya till the devil can fly away with ya!" Then he snatched him by the collar and started to beat him like a dancing bear, saying with every blow,"You bad boy, I'll learn ya to cuss! Then the devil can have ya. Kiss your backsides, huh? I'll learn ya about screwin' your ma!", and so on.

The kind of upbringing I saw there naturally made me recall my knan and me, but I wasn't honest or blessed enough then to thank God for having taken me away from such darkness and ignorance and for giving me better knowledge and comprehension, That's why I thought: "Why shouldn't the good fortune I enjoy every day just keep coming?"

When I got to Cologne I stayed with my Jupiter, who was perfectly sane then. When I let him know why I'd come, he told me immediately that I was probably just thrashing straw because the merchant to whom I'd entrusted my treasure was playing the bankrupt and had skipped out. Although my valuables had been officially locked up and he had been ordered to reappear, there were serious doubts that he would do so because he had secured the best of his assets by taking them with him. Before the matter came up in court, a lot of water would flow down the Rhine.

You can imagine how pleasant this news was for me! I swore worse than a teamster, but it didn't do me any good. It certainly wouldn't return my property to me and I didn't have much hope of even seeing it again. Since I hadn't brought over ten thalers with me to live on, I couldn't stay till the affair was settled. Anyway, it was dangerous for me to remain there for long. I had to be careful that I wasn't seen because I belonged to an enemy garrison - I might not only lose my property, but I could get into even more serious trouble.

Should I return without getting what I'd come for and simply leave my property there and have all that effort for nothing? That didn't seem advisable, either. I finally concluded that I would stay in Cologne until the matter came up in court and would let my darling know why I hadn't returned. I next went to an attorney who was also a notary; I told him my business and asked him about the fee for his advice and aid. I also told him that, if he expedited the matter, I would present him with a substantial bonus. Since he then had hopes of fleecing something off me, he was glad to accept my case and also to take me in as a boarder.

The next day he went with me to the men who handle bankruptcies. He turned in a notarized copy of the merchant's receipt and presented the original. We were then told that we would have to wait until the matter could be treated in full because some of the items mentioned in the receipt were missing.

With the prospect of a period of leisure in front of me, I wanted to see what life was like in

a big city[226]. My landlord was, as I said, a notary and an attorney. In addition, he kept about half a dozen boarders, and there were eight horses in his stable, which he rented to travelers. He also had a German and a French servant. They were used for driving, riding and taking care of the horses. With these three or four part-time jobs, he was not only able to make a decent living, but he was also able to thrive. Since Jews were not allowed to come into the city, he could easily profit from all sorts of other dealings.

I learned a lot during the time I spent with my landlord, especially how to diagnose all kinds of diseases. This is the most important part of medicine because they say that if you can diagnose an illness properly, the patient is already half cured. It was because of him that I grasped this science. I began to observe the bodily constitution of others, starting with my landlord. I discovered that some people are mortally ill and often don't even know it themselves because even doctors consider them to be healthy. I found people who were sick with anger. When this disease struck them, they made faces like devils, roared like lions, clawed like cats, struck wildly like bears and bit like dogs. They could behave even more savagely than raging animals because they foolishly threw away everything they could get their hands on.

They say that this disease starts in the gall bladder, but I think that it begins when a fool becomes vain. So if you hear an angry man raging, especially over a small matter, you can be sure that he has more vanity than sense. Innumerable misfortunes for the patient (and for others) follow in the train of this illness because he eventually suffers lameness, gout and an early, if not eternal, death! Although such people are dangerously ill, you can't really call them "patients" because patience is what they lack more than anything else.

I saw many laid low by envy, which is supposed to make them eat their own hearts because they are always so pale and sad. I consider this disease to be the most dangerous of all because it has its origin with the devil, though it is caused by the happiness which the sick man's enemy enjoys. Anyone able to completely cure someone of this disease can almost boast of converting a lost soul to the Christian faith, because it doesn't strike an honest Christian who hates sin and vice.

I think that the addiction to gambling is also a disease because the expression itself tells us this and because the afflicted are poisonously infected by it. It is caused by leisure and not by greed, as some think. If you remove lust and leisure, this disease will disappear of itself. I also learned that the diseases of gluttony and drunkenness are started by habit, not by abundance. Poverty is a good cure for them, but it won't completely heal them, because I have seen beggars gorging themselves and rich misers suffering from hunger. It brings its own medicine along with it on its back, and that's called "want" - if not of money, then of bodily health, so that in the end these patients usually have to get well on their own because they can't consume any more either because of poverty or some other sickness.

I think that vanity is a kind of daydreaming which originates in ignorance, because, if someone knows himself and knows where he comes from and where he will finally go, it is impossible for him to remain a vain fool. When I see a peacock or French rooster spread out his feathers and coo something, I have to laugh because this dumb beast can so cleverly ridicule wretched men in their greatest sickness. I've never found any kind of medicine against it because those who are infected with it can be as little cured without humility as other fools.

I also found that laughter is a sickness because Philemon[227] died of it and Democritus[228] was infected with it until he died. To this very day some women claim that they could laugh themselves to death! They say that it has its origins in the liver, but I prefer to think it is caused by follies because excessive laughter is not the mark of an intelligent man. It is not necessary to prescribe a medicine against it because it is a merry disease which is often stopped more abruptly than the patient desires.

I also noticed that curiosity is a sickness which females seem to be born with. Though it doesn't appear to be serious, it is really very dangerous because we still haven't got over the ill effects of the curiosity of Eve.

I'll keep quiet for now about laziness, vindictiveness, haste, wantonness, the frailties of love and other such diseases and vices because I don't have any intention of writing about them at all. I want to return to my landlord, who caused me to give thought to such vices because he was possessed and captivated by greed right down to the ends of his hair.

THE 24TH CHAPTER: THE HUNTER CATCHES A HARE IN THE MIDDLE OF A CITY

As I said, this fellow had various ways of scratching money together. He lived off his boarders - not they off him. He and his household could have lived very well from what his boarders brought in, if the skinflint had only used the money for that, but he gave us very little to eat and held back whatever he could. I didn't eat with his other boarders at first, but with his children and servants because I didn't have much money with me. The tiny morsels I got seemed strange to my stomach, which was used to Westphalian hospitality.

We didn't get a good piece of meat on our plates, but only last week's leftovers from the students' table. They'd gnawed them well and they were as hoary as Methuselah. My landlord's wife (who had to take care of the kitchen herself because he wouldn't hire a maid for her) decked our food with a black, sour gravy and deviled it up with pepper. We licked the bones so clean that you could have carved chess pieces out of them, but even then they hadn't really been used up because they were put into a special container. When our cheapskate had gathered together enough of them, he chopped them up into small pieces and cooked the very last of the fat out of them. I don't know whether this was later used to lard the soup or to grease the boots.

There were more than enough days of fasting and they were all solemnly observed because our landlord was very conscientious on this point. Then we had to nibble on stinking, smoked herring, overly-salted dried fish, decayed cod and other stale fish because he bought everything that was cheap and took the trouble of going to the fish-market himself to grab what the fishermen were about to throw away.

Our bread was usually black and stale. Our drink was a thin, sour beer that cut up my bowels, though it was supposed to be good, aged March ale. His German servant told me that things were even worse in the summertime because then the bread was moldy, the meat full of maggots . The best food we got was a couple of radishes at noon and a handful of lettuce in the evening. When I asked him why he stayed with this miser, he told me that he spent most of his time on the road and depended more on the tips from travelers than on this penny-pincher.

My landlord didn't trust his wife or his children in the cellar. He hardly allowed himself a drop of wine. In short, he was such a money-grubber that he didn't have an equal. What I'd seen up till then was nothing compared to what I saw after I'd stayed there a while because he wasn't even ashamed to flog a donkey, if he could get a penny for it.

Once he brought home six pounds of beef tripe and put it in the cellar pantry. To their delight, his children found a cellar window which was open. They tied a fork to a pole and fished out all of the tripe, which they quickly devoured half-raw. Then they told him that the cat had eaten it. Because this pea-counter didn't believe them, he caught the cat, weighed it, and discovered that even with hide and hair, it was not as heavy as the tripe had been.

Because he had acted so shamelessly, I didn't want to stay at the table in his household. That's why I wanted to go eat at the student's table, regardless of the expense. Although the food there was somewhat better, it didn't help me much because what they served was only half-cooked. This suited our landlord in two ways: He saved wood and we couldn't digest as much. I think that he counted every mouthful we got down our throats because he scratched his head whenever we ate well.

His wine was watered and didn't aid digestion. The cheese which was served at the end of every meal was usually as hard as stone. The Dutch butter was so salty that no one could stand more than half an ounce of it. They kept serving the fruit and taking it away long before it was ripe enough to eat. If anyone crabbed about the food, he would start such a disgusting quarrel with his wife that we couldn't help but hear it. But secretly he told her to keep up the same old routine.

One of his clients once gave him a hare, which I saw hanging in the pantry. I thought that we would get to eat game for once, but the German servant told me that we'd never get our teeth into it - his master hadn't taken in boarders to feed them any juicy morsels. If I would just

go to the Old Market that afternoon, he said, I'd find the hare for sale there. Then I cut a small piece from the hare's ear. At lunch, while our landlord wasn't with us, I told the boarders that our miser had a hare to sell which I intended to cheat him out of. If one of them would help me, we would not only have some fun, but we would get the hare as well. They agreed because they had long wanted to pay him back by playing some kind of monkey-trick on him.

That afternoon we went to the place where the servant had said that our landlord usually stood when he had something he wanted to have sold because our landlord always wanted to see what his merchant got so that he wouldn't be cheated out of a penny. We found him there talking to some prominent people.

I'd hired a fellow to go up to the hawker who was selling the hare and say: "Sir, that hare is mine and I'm now legally taking it back because it is stolen property. It was fished out of my window last night. If you're not willing to give it up, I'll go with you wherever you want to, but at your risk and expense."

The hawker said that he would find out what to do because a fine gentleman was standing nearby who had given him the hare to sell. He certainly hadn't stolen it! While these two were arguing, a crowd soon gathered around. Our miser quickly noticed which way the wind was blowing and motioned to his agent to let the hare go because he was afraid that this might cause him even more embarrassment in the eyes of his boarders.

While this was going on, the fellow I had hired knew how to take advantage of the situation,. That's why he pointed to the piece from the hare's ear and then fitted it into the notch so that the crowd believed that the hare belonged to him. About that time, I and the others approached as though we just happened to be strolling along. I stood by the fellow who had got the hare and started to bargain with him for it. After the deal was made, I gave the hare to my landlord and asked him to take it home and have it prepared for supper. Instead of letting the fellow I'd hired keep the money I'd paid for the hare, I just let him keep enough for two mugs of beer. Though our miser had to serve us the hare against his will, he couldn't say a word. But we had enough to laugh about If I had stayed longer in his house, I would have shown him many more such tricks.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK

THE FOURTH BOOK

THE FIRST CHAPTER: HOW AND WHY THE HUNTER WAS TAKEN TO FRANCE

Too much edge ruins the blade and a bow which is drawn back too far will break. The trick with the hare which I'd played on my landlord wasn't enough for me. I was intent on punishing him even more for his boundless greed: I taught his boarders how to soak the excess salt out of the butter, to grate the hard cheese like Parmesan and then moisten it with wine. These tricks were like jabs in the heart for this miser. I also had a method to get the water out of the wine and I made up a song comparing a miser to a hog from which no good can come until it is dead and hanging on the butcher's rack. That's how I caused him to pay me back with future treachery, for I wasn't in his house to play games like that.

The two young noblemen who were also staying there received a bank draft and an order from their parents to go to France in order to learn the language. But our landlord's German servant was away on a trip at the time and our landlord claimed that he couldn't trust his French servant to take the horses to France because he didn't know him well enough. He claimed that he was afraid that he might forget to come back, thus cheating him out of his horses. So he asked me to do him the great favor of taking the two noblemen to Paris because my case wouldn't be coming up in the next four weeks, anyway. If I would give him full powers to act on my behalf, he would take care of my affairs as faithfully as if I were there in person.

The noblemen also asked me to come with them and my own curiosity to see France also urged me to accept because I could now do so without expense. Anyway, I would just be loafing around where I was, and I would have to be using up my money. And so I went to Paris as the coachman of these nobles.

Nothing unusual happened to me on the way. When we arrived in Paris, we stopped at our landlord's agent so that the noblemen could cash their draft. There I was not only taken into custody along with the horses, but the agent, who claimed that my landlord owed a sum of money, had the horses sold with the approval of the commissioners of that section of the city, in spite of my protests.

So I sat there like a bump on a log and didn't know how to help myself or how to get back again over the long and (at that time) dangerous road. The nobles expressed great sympathy for me and presented me with an especially generous reward. They didn't want me to leave them before I'd found a good master or an opportunity to return to Germany. They then rented a room for me and I stayed several days with them to wait on one of them who had become somewhat ill because he was not used to such long trips. Since I served him so well, he gave me a suit which he had put aside so that he could dress in the latest fashion. They advised me to stay in Paris a few years and learn the language because what I had to pick up in Cologne wouldn't run away.

While I was still making up my mind, the doctor who came every day to care for the sick nobleman heard me playing the lute and singing a German song. He enjoyed this so much that he offered me a good post and a place at his table, if I would give lessons to his two sons. He knew my predicament better than I did myself and so he was sure I wouldn't refuse a good master. Since both noblemen applauded the idea and recommended me highly, we soon came to an agreement. But I committed myself for only a quarter of a year at a time.

This doctor spoke German as well as I did and Italian like his native language. That was another reason I was glad to be hired. He was also there when I ate a farewell dinner with my noblemen. Unpleasant thoughts were buzzing around in my head because I had to think of the wife I'd just taken, the ensign's post I'd been promised and my treasure in Cologne. Now I had thoughtlessly let myself be persuaded to leave them all behind me.

When the conversation got around to the avarice of our former landlord in Cologne, something occurred to me, so I said, "Who knows, perhaps our landlord arranged for me to be here so that he could get his hands on my property in Cologne and keep it."

The doctor replied that that might well be, especially if the landlord believed that I was a man of low birth.

"No," said one of the noblemen, "if he's been sent here to stay, it is because Simplicius harassed him so much for his avarice."

Then the sick man joined in to say, "I think there's another reason. As I was standing in my room recently and our landlord was having a loud conversation with his French servant, I listened in to find out what they were talking about. I finally made out what the Frenchman was trying to say: The Hunter was supposed to have played up to his wife by claiming that the Frenchman didn't take good care of the horses! But the jealous cuckold must have misunderstood because of the Frenchman's terrible accent and he thought that he'd been told something dishonorable. That's why he assured the Frenchman that he could stay, but the Hunter would have to go. Since that time, the landlord has been watching his wife suspiciously and has argued with her more than before, so you'd better watch that fool."

Then the doctor said, "Whatever the reason, I think the Hunter's stay in France has been arranged. But he shouldn't let that worry him; I'll help him to get back to Germany again at the first good opportunity. Just write and tell him to watch out for your treasure or he'll have to account for it. I suspect that this whole thing has been arranged because the man who is supposed to be the creditor is a very good friend of your landlord and his local agent. I believe that you yourself brought along the promissory note with which he was able to confiscate and sell the horses."

THE 2ND CHAPTER: SIMPLICIUS GETS A BETTER LANDLORD THAN HE HAD BEFORE

Monseigneur Canard, that was the name of my new master, offered to help me in any way he could so that I wouldn't lose my property in Cologne because he could see that I was sad. As soon as he'd brought me to his home, he wanted me to tell him the state of my affairs, so that he would be able to advise me. Because I thought that I wouldn't count for much if I revealed my low birth, I pretended to be a poor German nobleman who had lost his parents and who had only a few relatives in a fortress occupied by a Swedish garrison. I told him that I'd had to keep this hidden from my landlord and the two noblemen because they were on the Imperial side and could have confiscated my property because it belonged to an enemy. I also said that I thought that I should write to the commander of the fortress where I was to become an ensign and tell him how they'd got me here. I also asked him to take possession of my property and turn it over to my friends until I got the chance to return to my regiment.

Canard thought that my plan was advisable and he promised to see that my message was brought to its destination, even if that were in Mexico or China. Afterwards, I wrote to my darling wife, to my father-in-law, and to Colonel de S. A.*, the commander in Lippstadt, to whom I also addressed the envelope in which I put the other two letters. I wrote that I would return as soon as I got the means to complete the long journey. I asked both my father-in-law and the colonel to try to get back my property with the help of the military before grass grew over the matter. Besides that, I described its value in gold, silver and jewels. I made out these letters in duplicate. Monseigneur Canard took one copy and I gave the other to the post, so that if one did not arrive, the other surely would.

That made me very happy again and I instructed the sons of my master that much more gladly because of it. They were being brought up like young princes because Monseigneur Canard was very rich and also very vain, and he wanted to flaunt his wealth. He'd caught this disease from great men, for he associated with princes every day and aped everything they did.

His house was like the household of a count, though he didn't have the presumptuous title to go with it. His vanity was so great that he wouldn't treat a marquis as any more than his equal. He also shared his talents with common people, but he never accepted small fees from them because he preferred to cancel their debts in order to gain a greater reputation.

Because I was rather unusual, he used to show off by having me walk behind him with other servants when he visited the sick. I always helped him to prepare medicines in his laboratory. There I got to know him fairly well because he liked to practice his German on me. I once asked him why he didn't call himself by the name of the noble estate he'd recently bought near Paris for twenty-thousand crowns and why he intended to make doctors out of his sons and have them study so hard. I added that I thought that it would be better, since he was already able to claim a title, to buy some offices for them, like other gentlemen often did, and to let them enter fully into the nobility in that way.

"No," he replied, "when I go to a prince, he says, 'Sit down, doctor!'. But to a nobleman he says, 'Wait your turn!'"

"You know well enough," I answered, "that a doctor has three faces: an angel's when the patient first catches sight of him; a god's when he helps him and finally a devil's when the patient is well again and wants to get rid of him. Such honor doesn't stay any longer than the gas in the patient's stomach. Once it is out and he stops rumbling, the honor is over and then they say, 'Doctor, there's the door!' After that, the nobleman has more honor from standing than the doctor does from sitting because he is always waiting on his prince and he has the honor of never leaving his side.

"You recently had something from a prince in your mouth and had to taste of it: I would rather stand and wait on someone for ten years than taste someone else's excrement, even if I were sitting on roses. "

"I didn't have to do that," he explained, "I did it willingly so that when the prince saw how much trouble I took to examine him correctly, I could demand a greater fee. Why shouldn't I taste the excrements of someone who gives me several hundred pistoles for it when I give him nothing in return, and he has to swallow something entirely different from me? You talk about this matter like a German. If you were of any other nationality, I would say that you were talking like a fool!"

I didn't say anything more because I saw that he was about to get angry. To put him in a good mood again, I asked him to make allowances for my simplicity and brought up a more pleasant subject.

THE 3RD CHAPTER: HOW HE LETS HIMSELF BE USED AS AN ENTERTAINER AND GETS A NEW NAME

Monseigneur Canard had more venison to throw out than many with their own game preserves have to eat. Since he was given more meat than he and his household could eat, he had so many sponges there every day that it looked like he were giving away dinners.

When the King's Master of Ceremonies and other prominent people from the court once visited him, he gave them a royal dinner because he well knew who to keep as his friends - namely those who were always around the King[229] or in his good graces. In order to show these people his reverence and see to their pleasure, he wanted me to do him the honor of entertaining this respectable company by playing a German song for them on my lute. I was glad to do this because I felt in the mood, and musicians are usually creatures of temperament. That's why I did my best to put them in good spirits.

I pleased them so well that the Master of Ceremonies said that it was a shame that I didn't know French because otherwise he would certainly recommend me to the King and Queen. But my master, fearful that I would be taken out of his service, told him that, because I was a nobleman and did not intend to remain in France, I would hardly be inclined to serve as a

musician. The Master of Ceremonies replied that he'd never found such a combination of rare beauty, clear voice and musical skill all in one person.

A comedy was soon to be played before the King in the Louvre[230]. If he could persuade me to act in it, he thought that I could help the doctor to increase his own reputation. When Monsieur Canard repeated this to me, I replied, "If they tell me what kind of person I'm to represent and what songs I'm supposed to sing, I could learn both words and melody by heart and sing them on my lute. Even if they are in French, my mind is as good as a school boy's, and they are used to learning words and gestures."

When the Master of Ceremonies saw that I was so willing, I had to promise him that I would come to the Louvre the following day to find out if I were suitable.

I turned up at the appointed time and played the melodies of the various songs I was to sing perfectly upon my instrument because I had the music book in front of me. I was next given some French songs. I was to memorize them and learn to pronounce the words. They were immediately translated for me into German so that I could make my gestures accordingly. None of this was hard for me; I learned more quickly than anyone had imagined. I learned so well that when they heard me sing, Monsieur Canard claimed that not one in a thousand could tell that I was not a native Frenchman. When we gathered together for the first time to practice the comedy, I knew how to present my songs, melodies and gestures so piteously that they all thought that I had been involved in the character of Orpheus more than I showed and must have suffered greatly over my Eurydice[231].

Never in my life was a day more satisfying to me than the one on which this comedy was played. Monsieur Canard gave me something to make my voice even clearer, but when he wanted to use talcum to enhance my beauty by powdering my gleaming black and curly hair, he found that he only detracted from my appearance.

I was crowned with a laurel wreath and dressed in a classical sea-green costume which left bare my neck and also the upper part of my chest, my arms up to the elbows and my legs from the middle of the thigh down to the calf. I wrapped a flesh-colored cloak of taffeta around me that looked more like a banner. In this costume I courted my Eurydice, sang a sweet song to win the aid of Venus and finally carried off my darling in a scene in which I had to sigh and make eyes at my beloved. When I'd lost my Eurydice, I dressed in a black costume of the same style which made my white skin shine out like snow. In this costume I lamented my lost mate and got so absorbed in this sad role that I shed such tears in the middle of my sad songs that my crying almost kept me from singing.

But I was able to finish in beautiful style when I appeared before Pluto and Proserpine in Hades. There I vividly sang of the love which they had for each another and pleaded with them to partake of the great suffering with which I and Eurydice had been parted. With reverent gestures I then begged them on my harp to let her return to me. After they'd consented, I joyously thanked them with a song in which my face, gestures and voice were so transformed that the spectators were amazed. When I lost my Eurydice a second time, I tried to think of the greatest possible danger a man could be confronted with and I grew as pale as if I were going to faint. Because I was then alone on the stage and all of the spectators were watching me, I tried as hard as possible to be the best actor. After that, I sat down on a rock and lamented the loss of my beloved with compassionate words and music to appeal to every creature for sympathy. Suddenly all sorts of tame and wild animals, mountains, trees and other such things appeared on the stage as if by magic[232].

I didn't make any mistakes until the end, when I had renounced women, been choked to death by fauns and thrown into the water. (This was so arranged that the audience could only see my head because the rest of my body was safely below the stage.) A dragon was supposed to chew on me there, but the fellow hidden inside the dragon couldn't see my head and grazed on some greenery next to me by mistake. That seemed so ridiculous that I couldn't help smiling. The ladies, who watched me very carefully, noticed this.

Besides a great deal of praise, this comedy not only brought me a generous reward, but also a new name: From then on the French called me "**Beau Alman**[233]". More plays and ballets of this kind were staged because they were celebrating carnival, and I took part in several of them. But when I discovered that I was being envied because I had caused the spectators, especially

the ladies, to turn their eyes towards me, I finally gave up acting, particularly after I had been roughed up while playing Hercules half-dressed in a lion's skin. I was supposed to be fighting with Achelous for Dejanira[234], but they battered me around more than you are supposed to do in a play.

THE 4TH CHAPTER: BEAU ALMAN IS LED AGAINST HIS WILL INTO THE MOUNT OF VENUS

I became known to important people in this way and it seemed as though Fortune would smile on me anew because I was even offered a place in the service of the King, and that doesn't happen to a lot of bigwigs.

A liveried footman came one day to see Monsieur Canard; he brought him a letter concerning me while we were sitting together in his laboratory to melt something down. (I was interested in these things and had already learned to examine, resolve, sublimate, coagulate, leach, filter, and perform innumerable other kinds of olcowpistic[235] hocus pocus which he used to prepare his medicines.

"Monsieur Beau Alman," my master said to me, "this letter concerns you. A prominent gentleman is sending for you because he wants you to visit him immediately. He would like to find out if you would be willing to teach his sons to play the lute. He asked me to persuade you to accept and he promised to show you his gratitude for your trouble."

I replied that if I could be of service to someone for my master's sake, I would spare no efforts. He then told me to change my clothes and go with his servant. While I was getting ready, he would prepare something for me to eat because I had a rather long distance to travel and would probably not get to my destination before evening. So I got dressed up and quickly swallowed his snack. It included a couple of delicious little sausages which I thought had a rather strong medicinal taste.

I then accompanied the servant on a strange roundabout way for an hour until we arrived towards evening at a garden gate which had been left unlocked. The servant pushed it open and slammed it shut again after I'd gone through. He then led me into a pavilion which was in one corner of the garden. After we had passed through a rather long hallway, he knocked at a door, which was immediately opened by an old noblewoman. She welcomed me very politely in German and asked me to come inside. The servant (who could speak no German) made his departure with a reverent bow.

The old woman took me by the hand and led me into the room, which was beautifully decorated and completely hung with the most expensive tapestries. She asked me to be seated so that I could catch my breath while I found out why I had been brought to this place. I willingly obeyed and sat down in an easy chair which she had placed by the fire because it was rather cold in that room.

Then she sat down beside me in another chair and said, "Monsieur, if you know anything about the power of love, you also know that it is capable of conquering the bravest, strongest and most intelligent of men. So you will hardly be surprised to hear that it is also capable of mastering a mere woman.

"You were not called here by a gentleman because of your lute, as you and Monsieur Canard were told. You were called by the most splendid lady of Paris because of your exceptional beauty. She would be ready to die if she could not behold your divine form and know its refreshing joy. That's the reason she ordered me to inform you (as my fellow countryman) and to beg you more ardently than Venus ever did Adonis to appear to her tonight so that she may fill her eyes with your beauty. Hopefully you will not deny this to a lady of quality."

"Madame," I replied, "I don't know what to think, much less what to answer! I don't understand why a lady of such quality would desire my humble presence. Anyway, it occurs to

me that if the lady who wants to see me so much is as superb and noble as you, my compatriot, have said, why didn't she have me called earlier in the day, instead of having me brought to this lonely place so late in the evening?

"Why didn't she have me come directly to her? What am I doing in her garden? Please forgive me, my dear compatriot, if I, as an abandoned stranger, should be afraid that someone wants to deceive me because I was told that I was to visit a gentleman and now everything is different. But if I find out that someone wants to be treacherous to me, I will know how to use my sword before I die"

"Just take it easy, my fellow countryman. Get these useless ideas out of your head," she replied. "Females are strange and careful in their advances and you can't be expected to understand them right away. If the woman who loves you above everything had wanted you to know who she is, she certainly wouldn't have had you come here, but directly to her.

"There's a hood over there," she continued, pointing to the table. "You'll have to put it on before we take you to her because she doesn't even want you to know where you are, let alone with whom. I beg and admonish you to behave yourself towards this lady in the way her graciousness and inexpressible love for you deserve because you don't want to have to find out that she is powerful enough to punish you at this very moment for arrogance and disdain. But if you treat her as she deserves, you can be sure that not even the smallest step you take on her account will go unrewarded."

It had gradually become very dark and I suffered from so many fears and terrible thoughts that I just sat there like a carved picture. Because I imagined that it wouldn't be easy to get out of this place, I agreed to everything. So I said to the old woman, "Now, my honorable compatriot, if it is the way you told me, I'll entrust myself to your innate German honesty in the hope that you'll not permit an innocent German to fall victim to treachery. Do with me what you've been ordered to. I just hope that the lady you told me about doesn't have eyes that can kill."

"God forbid!" she said, "It would be a pity if a figure which is the pride of our whole nation were to die so young. You'll find more delights than you ever dreamed of."

As soon as I'd consented, she called for Jean and Pierre. They immediately stepped from behind a tapestry, each wearing a shining cuirass and armed from head to foot. They had halberds and pistols in their hands which frightened me so much that I turned pale. The old woman noticed this and said with a smile, "You don't have to be afraid when you visit a lady."

Then she ordered them to remove their armor and to light the way for me. They took only their pistols with them. Then she slipped the black velvet hood over my head, took my hat under her arm and led me by the hand along a strange way. I could tell that I passed through many doors and over a cobblestone walk. After about a quarter of an hour, I had to climb to the top of a small stone stairway, where a small door opened. I then walked over a paved passage and climbed up a winding staircase. I went down some steps and, about six paces farther on, a door opened.

After I had gone through it the woman slipped off my hood and I found myself in a very elegantly decorated hall. The walls were adorned with beautiful paintings, the cabinet with silver vessels and the beds with curtains trimmed with golden ornaments. A table, splendidly set, stood in the middle of the room. There was also a bathtub by the fire. Though it was pretty, I thought that it was out of place in that hall.

The old woman said to me, "Welcome, countryman! Do you still say that someone is trying to deceive you with treachery? Put aside your hesitation and show yourself as you did on the stage when Pluto returned your Eurydice to you. I assure you, the one you'll find here will be more beautiful than the one you lost there."

THE 5TH CHAPTER: WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM THERE AND HOW HE GOT OUT AGAIN

Because I could easily gather from what she told me that I was not there just to let myself be looked at, I told my old compatriot that it wouldn't help a thirsty man to sit beside a forbidden well. But she replied that the French were not so begrudging as to refuse someone a drink, especially when there was plenty .

"Yes, Madame," I answered, "that would sound good to me if I weren't already married!"

"Don't be ridiculous!" this godless woman responded, "Nobody will believe that from you tonight because married cavaliers seldom go off to France. And even if it were so, I don't believe that you'd be silly enough to die of thirst rather than drink from a strange well, especially if it might be more fun and have better water than your own."

While we were talking like that, a lady who had been tending the fire took off my shoes and socks, which had become filthy in the darkness, because Paris is a very dirty city. When the order arrived that I was to be given a bath before dinner, the lady started running in and out to bring the bathing articles, so that everything soon smelled of musk and perfumed soap. The linen was of the purest cambric cloth trimmed with expensive Dutch lace. I was ashamed to have the old woman see me naked, but there was nothing I could do; I had to undress and let her scrub me while the maiden went out of the room for a few moments.

After my bath, I was given a soft shirt, an expensive housecoat of violet-blue taffeta and a pair of silk stockings of the same color. Both the nightcap and the slippers were embroidered with gold and pearls, so that after my bath, I sat there as dazzlingly as the King of Hearts. While the old woman dried and combed my hair - she treated me like a prince or a baby - the lady I mentioned brought in the food.

After the table had been put aside, three divine young ladies entered the hall. Though their alabaster-white breasts were nearly open to view, their faces were fully masked. All three of them seemed very fine to me, but one was even more beautiful than the others. I silently made a deep bow and they curtsied in reply. Naturally this looked as though mutes had been acting out the roles of speakers. All three of them sat down at the same time, so that I couldn't tell which one took precedence, much less which one I was supposed to serve. One of them opened the conversation by asking me if I could speak French. My compatriot answered that I couldn't. Then another lady told her to tell me to please be seated. When that was done, the third one told my interpreter to sit down as well.

Despite all that, I was still not able to tell which of them was foremost. I sat next to the old woman and directly across from these three ladies. No doubt I seemed far more handsome sitting next to such an old bag of bones. All three of them looked at me very reverently and I could have sworn that they must have sighed a hundred times, but I couldn't see their eyes sparkle because of their masks.

My old woman - she was the only one who could talk to me - asked me which one of the three I thought was the most beautiful. I replied that I couldn't really choose between them. Then she began to laugh and I could see all four teeth in her mouth. When she asked why I couldn't, I told her that I couldn't really see them but, as far as I could tell, none of them were ugly.

The ladies wanted to know what the old lady had asked and what I had answered. The old woman interpreted it, but added the lie that I had said that every mouth was worth a hundred thousand kisses because I could well see their mouths under the masks, especially the mouth of the one sitting across from me. With this piece of flattery the old woman made it seem that I thought that one was noblest, and so I watched her that much more intently.

This was all we had to say at the table and I pretended that I didn't understand a word of French. Because it was so quiet, we finished our evening rather early. The ladies then bid me good night and went their way. I wasn't allowed to accompany them beyond the door, which the old woman immediately bolted behind them.

When I saw that, I asked where I was to sleep. She replied that I would have to be satisfied to share the bed there with her. I told her that the bed would have been all right, if only one of the three of them had been lying in it!

"Well," the old woman replied, "you certainly won't be getting any of them tonight!" While we were talking like that, a beautiful lady who had been lying in the bed all the while drew the curtain back a little and told the old woman to stop chattering and go to bed!

I took the candle from her and wanted to see who was over there, but the old woman blew it out and said, "Sir, if you want to keep your head, don't you dare try to do that. Just lie down. You can be sure that if you do try to look at this lady against her will, you'll never leave here alive!" With that she left and locked the door behind her. The lady who had been tending the fire extinguished it and went away through a hidden door behind the tapestry.

Then the lady in the bed called, "Allez, Monsieur Beau Alman. Go sleep my 'eart. Come to mee!" (The old woman had taught her to say that much.) I went over to the bed to see how to handle the situation. As soon as I approached, she embraced me and welcomed me with kisses. She almost bit off my lower lip in her ardent passion. She even started to unbutton my house robe and tear off my shirt at the same time. She drew me closer to her and her insane love made her behave in a way I couldn't describe. The only thing she could say to me in German was, "Come to me, my heart." Her gestures told me everything else.

Although I thought of my darling wife at home, it didn't help. I was only a man and I had found such a well-proportioned creature of such loveliness that I would have been a bumpkin to come away from there with my virtue.

That was the way I spent eight days and as many nights in that place and I do believe that the other three women also slept with me, because they didn't all talk like the first one or behave as wildly, either. And although I spent eight full days with these four ladies, I still wasn't allowed to look at the unveiled face of a single one of them, except when it was pitch dark. When the eight days were over, I was put into a closed coach in the courtyard with my eyes bound. The old woman took off my blindfolds along the way. I was taken to the courtyard of my master. Then the coach quickly departed. There I was presented with two hundred pistoles.

When I asked the old lady, if I should give anyone a gratuity from this, she replied, "Heavens, no! If you did that, it would hurt the ladies' feelings. They would even think that you imagined that you'd been in a whorehouse, where you have to pay for everything."

I later got more such customers, but some of them were so gross with me that I wasn't able to put up with it any more because I was fed up with such antics.

THE 6TH CHAPTER: SIMPLICIUS SLIPS AWAY AND WHAT HAPPENS TO HIM WHEN HE THINKS HE HAS THE FRENCH DISEASE

These activities enabled me to amass so much money and other gifts that it frightened me. It didn't surprise me any more that women found their way to bordellos, where they can make a trade out of bestial lust, because it really pays off. But I started to get introspective - not out of piety or pangs of conscience - but because I was worried that I'd get caught someday at one of these little games, and then I'd get what I had coming.

That's why I tried to find some way to return to Germany, especially after the commander of L. wrote me that he'd caught some merchants from Cologne and he wasn't going to release them until my property was turned over to him. He said he was still keeping the ensign's post open for me and he would wait for me till spring. If I hadn't returned by then, he would have to put someone else in the position. My wife also sent a letter full of loving tokens of her great longing for me, but if she had known how faithfully I had been living, she would have certainly sent other greetings.

Because I could well imagine that Monsieur Canard would hardly consent to letting me go, I planned to get away secretly when I got the chance. I soon did - to my great sorrow!

One day I chanced to meet some officers of the Weimar army. I told them that I was an ensign from the regiment of Colonel de S. A. and had been staying in Paris to attend to some private business; now I wanted to return to my regiment. When I asked them to let me join their group, they told me the day of their departure and gladly let me accompany them. I bought a nag and fitted myself out for the trip as secretly as I could. I also packed up my money - I'd earned about five hundred doubloons from those godless wenches. Then I departed without Monsieur Canard's permission. On my way I wrote to him, but I dated the letter from Maastricht, so he would think I was going to Cologne. In it I bid him farewell and added that it wasn't possible for me to stay any longer because I could not digest any more of his aromatic sausages.

On the second night out of Paris I began to feel like someone who had Saint Anthony's fire. My head hurt so much that it was impossible for me to get up. We were in a very miserable village, where I couldn't get a doctor and, what was worst of all, I didn't have anyone to take care of me because the officers had departed in the morning for Alsace and had left me there to die as if I'd not been their concern.

But as they were leaving, they commended me and my horse to the innkeeper and left word with the village mayor to watch out for me because I was an officer in the service of the king. I lay there unconscious for several days, raving like someone whose brain is rattled. They called in the parson, but he couldn't get anything intelligible out of me. When he saw that he couldn't doctor my soul, he tried to think of some way to come to the aid of my body. He opened a vein, gave me a sudorific. He then had me put in a warm bed to sweat. That did me so much good that I became conscious that very night. I then remembered where I was, how I'd got there and how I'd become ill.

On the following morning the parson returned to find me in a state of complete desperation; not only had all my money been taken, but I was convinced that I had the "sweet Frenchies" because I deserved them more than all those pistoles. Now my whole body was as covered with marks as a tiger. I couldn't walk, stand, sit or lie down. I had no patience at all. Though I knew that God had not given me the money I'd lost, I was so angry that I said that the devil had taken it away!

Because I behaved as if I were going to despair completely, the good parson had his hands full trying to console me. Because my shoe was pinching me terribly, he said to me: "My friend, try to act like a sensible man, even if you can't take up your cross like a pious Christian. What are you going to do? Do you want to lose your life, as well as your money, or even your soul?"

"I wouldn't be worried about the money," I answered, "if only I wasn't stuck with this terrible, damned disease. I wish I were at a place where I could get cured again! "

"You must be patient." the parson answered. "What about the poor little children? Over fifty of them in the village have come down with it."

When I heard that children had the same illness, I immediately took heart because I could easily imagine that they couldn't have caught that terrible disease. Then I took my knapsack in hand to see what I could find: Except for some clothes, there was nothing of value inside, except a broach containing a lady's portrait that was set with rubies. (A woman from Paris had given it to me.) I took out the portrait and sent what was left to the parson with a request that he turn it into money in the nearest city so that I would have something to live on.

I got less than a third of its value. Because this money didn't last very long, I soon had to sell my nag. That barely brought me enough to get along on till the sores began to dry up and I started feeling better again.

THE 7TH CHAPTER: HOW SIMPLICIUS PONDERS OVER HIS LIFE AND LEARNS TO SWIM WHEN THE WATER IS UP TO HIS MOUTH

We are usually punished according to our sins. My smallpox played such havoc with me that the wenches left me in peace after that. My face became so pitted that I looked like a barn floor where peas had been thrashed. I even got to be so ugly that the beautiful, curly hair which had entangled many a wench became ashamed of me and left its home. In its place I got some that looked like hog bristles. That's why it became necessary for me to wear a wig. And just as no beauty remained to my skin, my lovely voice also left me. My throat had been full of smallpox, too. My eyes, which had never been without the fire of love to kindle a flame in any woman, now looked as red and bleary as an eighty-year-old hag with cataracts.

And besides all that, I was in a strange country, where I could know and trust neither dog nor man and I didn't know the language or have any money left.

It was then that I first started to think over all that I had behind me and to regret the splendid opportunities I'd had for advancement which I'd carelessly thrown away. Looking back, I realized that my extraordinary fortune in war and my treasure had simply been the cause of my misfortune, which would never have been able to throw me down so low, if it hadn't first deceitfully raised me up so high. I even discovered that the good which had come my way and which I had thought good had really been evil and had led me into complete ruin. There was no hermit there to wish me well, no Colonel Ramsey to shelter me in my misery and no pastor to give me the best advice. To sum it up, there wasn't a single person there who'd have done anything to help me.

On the contrary, when my money was gone, they told me to seek my fortune elsewhere, even if I had to herd swine like the prodigal son. I thought first of the pastor's advice to use my means and youth to study, but I'd been much too slow with the shears to clip that bird's wings because it had already flown. Oh, quick and wretched change! Four weeks ago I'd been a young man who had moved princes to admiration, enchanted ladies and seemed like a masterpiece of nature to people. Now I was so worthless that even the dogs pissed on me!

I must have tried thousands and thousands of times to think of what I should do next. The innkeeper kicked me out of the house because I couldn't pay anymore. I would have been glad to join an army, but no recruiter would have taken me because I looked like a scabby cuckoo. I couldn't work because I was too worn out. Besides, I wasn't used to it. The only consolation I had left was that it was getting to be summer and I could take shelter behind a hedge, for no one would put up with me in his house. I still had the fine clothes which I'd had made for this trip and my knapsack was full of precious linen. But no one wanted to buy anything from me because they were afraid of catching my disease.

So I fastened my knapsack onto my back, took my sword in my hand and put the road under my feet. It soon carried me to a little town that had its own pharmacy. I went into it and had them make an ointment to rid my face of pox marks. Because I didn't have any money, I gave the pharmacist's assistant a beautiful, delicate shirt. He wasn't like the fools who didn't want any clothes from me. I thought to myself that if I could only get rid of these terrible marks, my miserable situation would also begin to improve. When the pharmacist told me that in a week I'd look all right, except for the deep scars the disease had dug into my skin, I felt better immediately.

It was market day, and a quack doctor was making good money by palming cheap stuff off onto the people there. "Fool," I said to myself, "why don't you set up shop like that? If you spent that much time with Monsieur Canard and hadn't learned enough to swindle a simple peasant and let him fill your feed bag, then you must be a miserable boob."

THE 8TH CHAPTER: HOW HE BECOMES A TRAVELING HUCKSTER AND SWINDLES PEOPLE

I could have eaten like a thrasher then, for my stomach couldn't get enough. Even though I didn't have anything in reserve except a single gold ring with a diamond in it (which was worth about twenty crowns) I had to dispose of it for twelve, and I could well imagine that this would soon be gone, too.

But I had decided to become a doctor. Then I bought materials for a universal medicament (theriaca diatessaron) and put them together. I also made a green ointment for all kinds of wounds out of herbs, roots, butter and some unguents. (It could have probably cured a mangled horse.) Out of zinc spar, gravel, crayfish eyes, emery and pumice, I put together a powder to make teeth white. Out of lye, copper, ammonium chloride and camphor I made a blue lotion for scurvy, bad breath, tooth aches and eye pains. I got a bunch of little tin and wooden boxes, some paper and some glass containers in which to smear my merchandise. In order to seem respectable, I had a handbill printed in French which told what all my medicines were good for.

I finished this work in three days and had hardly spent three crowns in the pharmacy and for my utensils before leaving town. I packed up with the intention of wandering from one village to another to peddle my merchandise till I got into Alsace. Then I planned to go to Strasbourg, which was then a neutral city, in order to find merchants with whom I could travel down the Rhine to Cologne. From there I could make my way back home to my wife. The idea was good - but it just didn't work out!

I arrived with my quack medicines in front of a church and started to hawk them for the first time, but the take was small indeed because I was much too stupid - I hesitated to use the brassy language and bragging insolence of the huckster. I saw immediately that I would have to attack the matter differently, if I wanted to make money. I went into the inn with my rubbish and heard from the innkeeper that all sorts of people would be gathering under the linden tree in front of his house that afternoon. I could probably sell something, if I had good merchandise. He added that the country was full of charlatans. That's why the people wouldn't be ready to spend their money, if they couldn't see with their own eyes that the theriac was really good.

When I found out what was needed, I got half a drinking glass full of good, clear Strasbourg brandy and caught a kind of toad that is called a **"reling"** or **"möhmlein"**. It is the one which sits and sings in dirty puddles in spring and summer; they are gold-yellow or almost red-gold, speckled black on the stomach and ugly to look at. I put one of these into a glass of water and placed it next to my merchandise on a table under the linden tree.

When the people had gathered around me, some of them thought I'd start yanking teeth with the pliers I'd borrowed out of the kitchen of the innkeeper's wife, but I started out by saying, "Gentlemen and good friends!" (I still couldn't speak much French.) "I'm no yank-your-teeth-outer, but I do have good water for the eyes. It stops red eyes from discharging."

"Yes," one of them answered, "we can see that by your eyes; they look like two cock-eyed lamps."

"That's true," I replied, "but if I didn't have this water for myself, I'd probably have become blind. I don't usually sell this water. I want to sell the theriac, the powder for the white teeth and the ointment for sores - and give away this water with them. I'm no huckster or cheat-the-people - I just peddle my theriac; if you tried it and don't like, then you shouldn't buy it off me."

I then had one of the bystanders pick out one of my boxes of theriac. I rubbed a part of it about as big as a pea into my brandy (which the people thought was water). Then I took the **möhmlein** out of the glass of water with the pliers and said, "Look, you good friend, if this poison worm drinks my theriac and not die, then the thing is no use - then you don't buy it off me." Then I stuck the poor toad, which had been born and raised in water and couldn't stand any other element or liquid, into my brandy and covered it with a piece of heavy paper so it wouldn't spring out. It started to rage and jerk around in there as if I'd thrown it into glowing

coals, because the brandy was much too strong for it. After behaving like that for a little while, he sprawled out and died.

Gaping, the peasants opened their mouths wide and also their purses because they had seen certain proof with their own eyes. As far as they were concerned, there wasn't any better theriac in the whole world than mine and I was kept busy wrapping the stuff up in the handbills and taking money for it. Some of them even bought three, four, five and six boxes, so that they would not be without this precious mixture in emergencies. They even bought it for their friends and relatives who lived elsewhere. I'd made ten crowns from these fools by evening, even though it wasn't market day and I still had more than half of my merchandise left. I made my way to another village that very night because I was afraid that some peasant might be curious enough to put a toad into some water to test my theriac - and when it didn't work, I'd get a thrashing.

In order to prove the excellence of my mixture in some other way, I made a yellow arsenic from flour, saffron and gall and a mercury sublimate out of flour and vitriol. When I wanted to make my test, I put two glasses of fresh water on the table. I mixed a lot of aqua fortis, that is, spirits of vitriol, in one of the glasses and stirred a little of my theriac into it. I then sprinkled just enough of my two poisons into the glasses that the water which contained no theriac or aqua fortis turned as black as ink. The other glass remained as it was because of the aqua fortis.

"Aha!" said the people, "This is really a valuable theriac - and at such a small price!" When I poured the two glasses together, they became clear again. After that, the good peasants opened their purses strings and bought from me. That not only suited my hungry stomach, but it also enabled me to get a mount again and reap in a lot of money in addition to that. And so I happily arrived at the German border.

Therefore, my dear peasants, don't believe these foreign charlatans. They will cheat you because they don't care about your health - just your money.

THE 9TH CHAPTER: HOW THE DOCTOR GETS A MUSKET IN CAPTAIN SKINFLINT'S REGIMENT

While passing through Lorraine, I ran out of merchandise. Since I shied away from garrisons, I didn't have an opportunity to prepare more. Because I had to do something else until I could make some more theriac, I bought two measures of brandy, colored it with saffron, filled it into little quarter-ounce bottles and sold it to the people as precious goldwater, which was good for fever. This brandy netted me thirty guilders.

When I was almost out of these little bottles, I heard about a glass factory near Fleckenstein, so I went on my way to get a new supply. But while I was looking for a byway, I happened to be captured by a raiding party from Philippsburg that was quartered in Castle Wagelnburg. That's how I lost everything that I had cheated and squeezed out of the people along the way. And because the peasant who was showing me the way told them that I was a doctor, I had to go with them to Philippsburg as a doctor.

When they questioned me there, I wasn't at all ashamed to say who I was. But they didn't believe me and thought I was more important than I ever could have been. If I was supposed to be a doctor, then I had to be one! I had to swear that I'd belonged to the Imperial dragoons in Soest. Under oath I also told them everything that I had done from that time up till now, and also what I had then been intending to do. But they told me that the Emperor also needed soldiers in Philippsburg as well as in Soest. They would give me a place to stay until I got an opportunity to return to my regiment. If I didn't like this idea, I'd have to put up with the stockade and let them use me for a doctor because that is what they had captured.

That's how I stepped down from a horse to a donkey and had to become a musketeer against my will. This was hard for me to take, for scarcity was in charge and even the bread ration was terribly small. I don't say "terribly" for nothing - I was terrified every morning when

I got mine because I knew it would have to last all day long, though I could have finished it off at once with no trouble.

To tell the truth, a musketeer is a miserable creature, if he has to spend his time in a garrison and get along on nothing but dry bread - and not half enough of that to still his hunger. He's no better than a prisoner who prolongs the suffering of his wretched life with bread and water. In fact, a prisoner is better off because he doesn't have to stand guard, make his rounds or be a sentry. He can take it easy and he has just as much hope of getting out of his prison some day as the garrison soldier does his.

Although there were some there who had various ways of improving their lot, none of them appealed to me or seemed like an honorable way to capture a bite to eat. In their misery, some of the soldiers had even taken wives (though some of these were runaway whores). But these women could help feed them by such work as sewing, washing, spinning, peddling - or even stealing. There was even a female ensign among them who drew her pay just like a corporal! Another one was a midwife, and she could earn many a good meal for herself and her husband. Another could wash and starch; she washed shirts, socks, nightshirts and so on for the single officers and men, and she made quite a name for herself at it. Others sold tobacco and provided pipes for those who needed them. Others dealt in brandy and were reputed to adulterate it with spirits that they had distilled themselves, but you couldn't taste any difference. Another was a seamstress who earned money by making all sorts of stitches and patterns. Still another could feed herself from the fields. In winter she dug for snails; in spring she picked greens; in summer she cleaned out birds' nests - and in autumn she gathered a thousand kinds of delicious tidbits. Some packed around wood to sell like donkeys; others traded in other things. But I couldn't earn my bread like that because I already had a wife.

Some fellows lived by gambling and they could do it better than rogues because they knew how to squeeze what they wanted out of their simple comrades with loaded dice and marked cards - but a business like that was disgusting to me. Others worked like beasts on fortifications or something else, but I was too lazy for that. Some practiced a trade, but I, fool, had never learned one. If they had needed a musician, I could have probably done well enough, but in that land of starvation, they made do with drums and pipes. Some stood watch for others and never got off guard duty day or night, but I would have rather starved than wear my body out like that. Some got along by going on raids, but they wouldn't trust me to go out of the gate. Some could pilfer better than a rat, but I hated that kind of business like the plague. To sum it up, no matter where I turned, I couldn't find any way in which I could still my hunger. And what irritated me most was that I had to put up with their mocking when the boys said: "You're supposed to be a doctor, but you don't know how to do anything but starve!"

Finally, necessity forced me to juggle some beautiful carp out of the moat and onto the rampart, but as soon as the colonel got wind of it, I was put in stocks and told I'd hang, if I practiced this art again. At last the misfortune of others turned out to be my good fortune. After I'd cured some people of yellow jaundice and fever, I was allowed to go outside the fortress on the pretext of gathering roots and herbs for my medicines. (These people must have had some special faith in me.) But while I was out, I tried snaring hares and I was lucky enough to get two on the first night.

I brought these to the colonel and he not only gave me a thaler, but he also allowed me to go out to snare hares whenever I was off duty. Because the country around there was rather deserted and nobody was catching these animals, they had multiplied considerably, and so things started to look up for me again. It seemed that it was either snowing hares or that I could charm them into my nooses. When the officers saw that they could trust me, they let me go out on raiding parties with the others and I started to live like I had in Soest again, except that I was not allowed to lead any parties. To do that, a man would first have to know all of the tracks and trails, and also the course of the Rhine.

THE 10TH CHAPTER: SIMPLICIUS SURVIVES AN UNPLEASANT BATH IN THE RHINE

I now want to tell a couple of stories before I explain how I was rescued from the musketeers. One of them deals with a great danger to life and limb which, by the grace of God, I escaped. The other one is about a danger to my soul that I did not avert. I am telling this because I want to conceal my vices as little as my virtues. That way, the unsullied reader can also find out what kind of strange characters there are in the world.

As I said at the end of the last chapter, I was also allowed to go out on raiding parties with others, and no dissolute customer is permitted to do that, but only upright soldiers. Once nineteen of us were traveling through the area of Baden-Durlach above Strasbourg to wait for a ship from Basel which was supposed to be secretly carrying some Weimar officers and freight.

Above Ottenheim we got a small fishing boat to take us across and put us on an island, where we were in a good position to force passing ships ashore. The fisherman had already succeeded in rowing ten of us across, but when one of those remaining, who was a good oarsman, was taking the others across, the boat accidentally turned over and we suddenly found ourselves in the Rhine.

Not paying any attention to the others, I thought only of myself. Although I kicked with all my might and used all the tricks of a good swimmer, the current played with me like a ball by pulling me under and throwing me up to the surface again. Struggling bravely, I often managed to get to the surface to catch my breath, but if it had been any colder, I wouldn't have been able to last very long. I often tried to make it to shore, but the eddies (which threw me from one side to the other) wouldn't let me. Although it didn't take me long to get past Goldscheur, the time seemed to go by so slowly that I began to lose hope of survival. But after I'd gone by the area below the village of Goldscheur and had already resigned myself to getting to the Rhine bridge at Strasbourg either dead or alive, I noticed a large tree whose branches were sticking out of the water not far away from me.

Because the current was moving swiftly and directly towards it, I tried to reach it with all the strength I had left. When - thanks to the current and my own efforts - I did succeed, I came to sit on the huge limb, which I'd first thought was a tree. But the whirlpools and waves tossed it around so much that it kept snapping up and down. This upset my stomach so much that I could have spit out my lungs and liver. I could barely hold on because I started to get dizzy. I would have liked to let myself slip into the water again, but I found out that I wasn't man enough to endure even a hundredth of the strain I'd just been through. So I had to hang on for the uncertain rescue that God would have to grant me, if I were to escape with my life. But my conscience was of no comfort to me because it reminded me of how I'd wantonly trifled away so much gracious aid in the past few years. But I hoped for the best and began to pray as devoutly as if I'd been raised in a monastery. I resolved to live more piously and made several vows. I renounced the life of a soldier and swore never again to go on a raiding party. I threw away my pack and ammunition pouch, and behaved as if I had wanted to become a hermit again, do penance for my sins, and to thank God till the end of my days for the salvation I hoped for.

After I had passed two or three hours on that branch moving between fear and hope, the very ship came down the Rhine that we had been waiting for. I cried out piteously for help for the sake of God and the Last Judgment. When it passed close by me and they could see the danger I was in, everyone in the ship was so moved to compassion that they immediately went to shore to decide how to help me.

Because of the many eddies on all sides of me, they could neither swim to me nor could they approach me in a boat of any size. For this reason it took a while to decide how to rescue me. You can easily imagine how I was feeling. They finally sent two men in a boat upstream and they floated a rope down to me. While they held on to one end of it, I finally managed to get hold of the other end and tie it around my waist as well as I could, so that I was pulled in on

it like a fish on a line, and taken onto the ship.

Having escaped death like that, I should have fallen to my knees on the beach, thanked Divine Goodness for my salvation and started to better my life as I had sworn when my need was greatest - but not now! For when they asked me who I was and how I'd got into that danger, I lied enough to these men to make the sky turn black because I thought: "If you tell them that you were going to help rob them, they'll throw you right back into the Rhine."

So I pretended to be a fleeing organist. I said that I wanted to get to Strasbourg to look for work in a school or somewhere else. A raiding party was supposed to have caught me, taken my clothes and thrown me into the Rhine, which had washed me to that tree. After I'd passed off these lies and confirmed them by oaths, they believed me and showed their kindness by reviving me with food and drink, which I sorely needed.

Most of them went ashore at customs in Strasbourg, and I went with them after thanking them all profusely. I noticed a young merchant in the crowd whose face, walk and gestures made me think that I'd seen him before, but I couldn't remember where. I could tell by his way of talking that he had to be the very standard-bearer who had previously captured me, but I couldn't imagine how such a good young soldier - particularly a gentleman by birth - could have become a merchant.

My desire to find out if my eyes and ears were deceiving me made me walk over to him and say: "Monsieur von Schönstein, is it you, or isn't it?"

"I'm no **von**[236] Schönstein," he answered, "but just a commoner and a merchant."

"And I'm not the Hunter of Soest, either," I replied, "but an organist, or rather, a roving beggar!"

"Brother!" he replied, "What in the devil are you doing here? And where are you going?"

"Brother," I said, "if you've been destined by heaven to help keep me alive a second time, like you've done now, then my fate must be demanding that I remain near you."

Then we embraced like two true friends who had once promised to love each other for as long as they lived. I had to stay with him and tell him everything that had happened to me since I'd left Lippstadt for Cologne to pick up my treasure. I didn't try to hide how I had wanted to lay in wait for their ship with a raiding party, and what had happened to us. But I kept my mouth shut about how I'd misbehaved in Paris because I was afraid that he might let something slip out about it in Lippstadt and that could cause my wife to raise hell with me.

He confided to me that he had been sent by the Hessian General Staff to the Prince of Weimar, Duke Bernhard, to report to him about some military matters of great importance and to confer about plans for the future campaign. Having accomplished this, he was returning disguised as a merchant.

By the way, he also told me that my darling wife had been heavy with child when he had left and that she and her parents and relatives were still all well. He also said that the colonel was still keeping the ensign's post open for me. He also teased me because the pox blemishes had so disfigured me that neither my wife nor the other women in L. would think that I was the Hunter now. After that we agreed that I would stay with him and use this chance to get back to L. - which was just what I wanted to do. Because I was in rags, he lent me some money so that I could dress myself as a merchant's servant.

But they say that if something isn't supposed to happen, it won't, and I found that out:While we were going down the Rhine, the ship was searched at Rheinhausen and men from Philippsburg recognized me. They seized me again and led me back to Philippsburg, where I had to play musketeer again. Although our parting irritated my standard-bearer as much as it did me, he couldn't do much to help me because he had trouble enough getting away himself.

THE 11TH CHAPTER: WHY CLERGYMEN SHOULD NOT EAT HARES WHICH WERE CAUGHT IN A NOOSE

The gentle reader is now aware of the mortal danger I experienced; but concerning the danger to my soul, he should know that as a musketeer, I was really a savage who didn't care about God and His Word. There was nothing too wicked for me; all the grace and kindness that I had received in my life from God were forgotten. I prayed for neither time nor eternity, but just lived from day to day like an animal. No one would have believed that I'd been brought up by such a pious hermit. I seldom went to church and I never went to confession.

The less I cared about the welfare of my soul, the more trouble I made for the people around me. I never passed up the chance to trick someone and when I did, I even bragged about it. Almost no one got away from me unscathed. That often brought me hard blows and even more often, I was publicly rebuked. They even threatened me with the gallows and the strappado, but it didn't help - I kept up my godless ways so that it seemed that I had despaired and was rushing straight to hell. Though I committed no crimes which were serious enough to forfeit my life, I was so infamous that, except for wizards and sodomites, a more degraded person could not be found.

This hadn't escaped the notice of our regimental chaplain. Because he was an upright and pious seeker of souls, he had me come to him around Easter to hear why I hadn't gone to confession or communion. But after he'd finished his admonishments, I treated him like I did the pastor in L., and the good man could do nothing with me.

Because it seemed that both Christ and baptism had been wasted on me, he finished by saying: "Oh, you wretched man! I thought that you were going astray because of ignorance, but now I can see that you consciously continue to sin out of pure malice. Who you do suppose will be there to pity the damnation of your poor soul? As for me, I'll protest to God and the world that I'm not to blame for your damnation because I've done (and will gladly continue to do) what is needed to promote your salvation. But I'm afraid there won't be anything I can do. When your soul has left your body in this state of damnation, I'll bury it - but not in hallowed ground beside pious Christians. I'll have it dragged off to the knacker's yard with the carcasses of dead animals or to where they put the godforsaken and those who die in despair."

This serious threat was just as fruitless as the previous warning, but only because I was ashamed to go to confession. What a big fool I was! I often told openly of my knavish tricks, and even added lies. But now, when I should have repented and humbly confessed my sins to the one man who represented God so that I could receive absolution, I was a stubborn mute. I rightly say "stubborn", because I remained stubborn and answered: "I serve the Emperor as a soldier and if I should die as a soldier, it won't surprise me, if I'm put to rest outside the churchyard, like a lot of soldiers. They can't always be buried in hallowed ground, but sometimes have to settle for fields, ditches or the stomachs of wolves and ravens."

And so I took leave of the parson, who didn't earn anything with his holy thirst for souls except my refusal to give him a hare which he had wanted very much. I told him that the hare had committed suicide by hanging himself in a snare. Because he had died by an act of desperation, it was not fitting that he should find a hallowed resting place.

THE 12TH CHAPTER: SIMPLICIUS IS UNEXPECTEDLY FREED FROM HIS MUSKET

So I didn't improve at all, but got worse and worse. The colonel once said to me that he would like to get rid of me, because I didn't want to do anything useful. But because I knew that he didn't mean this, I told him it would be easy enough to do, if he sent for his hangman.

But he kept me there because he could well imagine that I would consider it a reward rather than a punishment, if he'd have thrown me out. So I had to remain a musketeer against my will and go hungry till well into the summer.

But the closer Count von Götz approached with his army, the closer my rescue came because, when Götz had his headquarters at Bruchsal[237], my Heartbrother (whom I'd loyally helped with my money at Magdeburg) was sent by the general staff with some dispatches to our fortress, where he was treated with great honor. I happened to be standing watch in front of the colonel's quarters and I recognized him at first glance, even though he was wearing a black velvet coat. But I didn't have the courage to speak to him there because I was afraid that (the way things are in this world) he would be ashamed of me or not want to know me because (to judge by his clothes) he was in a high position and I was only a lousy musketeer.

But after I was relieved, I asked his servant his name and rank so that I could be sure that I wasn't mistaking him for someone else. Because I still didn't have the courage to speak to him, I wrote him this note, which I had his valet deliver to him in the morning:

Monsieur, etc.

If it pleases you, noble sir, use your great prestige to rescue a man your courage once delivered from irons at the Battle of Wittstock, for he, as a mere ball of inconstant Fortune, has fallen into the most miserable situation in the world. This would be easy for you to do and you would also make an eternal servant of your truly devoted, but now miserable and abandoned,

S. Simplicissimus

As soon as he read this, he called for me and said, "Countryman, where is the man who gave you this note?"

"Sir," I answered, "he is a prisoner in this fortress. "

"All right," he replied, "then go to him and say that I want to help him out of here, even if a rope is already around his neck."

I said, "Sir, you don't need to go to the trouble. I am poor Simplicius; I have come to thank you for my rescue at Wittstock and to ask you to free me from the musket which I'm forced to carry."

He didn't let me finish talking, but showed with his embraces how ready he was to help me. To sum it up, he did everything one true friend is supposed to do for another. Before he even asked me how I'd gotten to the fortress and into such a service, he sent his servant to a Jew to buy a horse and clothes for me. Meanwhile, I told him what had happened to me since his father had died by Magdeburg. When he heard that I had been the Hunter of Soest (whose many military exploits were known to him) he regretted that he hadn't known about this back then because he could have probably even helped me to get a company then.

When the Jew arrived with as many different military uniforms as a day-laborer could carry, he picked out the best one for me and had me put it on. Then he took me to the colonel and said to him: "Sir, I encountered this fellow in your garrison and I am so deeply obligated to him that I can't leave him in such a lowly position, even though his qualities merit nothing better. Therefore, I'd like to ask a favor of you: Either give him better treatment here or let me take him with me, so that I can help him to the promotion that you didn't have the opportunity to give him."

The colonel crossed himself in amazement when he heard me being praised. Then he replied, "Gracious Sir, forgive me if I think that you are only testing my willingness to be of the service to you which you deserve. If that's so, ask me for something in my power and you'll see how ready I am. But as far as this fellow is concerned, he doesn't belong to me, but (as he said) to a regiment of dragoons. Besides, he's been such a troublemaker since he got here that he's given my provost marshal more work than a whole company. I even believe that you couldn't drown him in water!" Then he finished with a laugh and wished me good luck in the war.

But that wasn't enough for Heartbrother - he even asked the colonel to allow me to sit at his

table, which he did. Heartbrother had made this request so that he could tell the colonel, in my presence, what he had heard them tell about me in Westphalia from Count von der Wahl and the commander of Soest. He elaborated in such a way that everybody listening had to think that I was a good soldier. All this time I behaved so modestly that the colonel and his men (who already knew me) had to think that different clothes had made me into a different man.

When the colonel wanted to know how I had come to be called "Doctor", I told him about my whole trip from Paris to Philippsburg and how many peasants I'd swindled to get my bread and butter - this made them laugh. Finally I frankly confessed that I'd wanted to irritate and wear down the colonel with all kinds of mean tricks, so that he would finally have to dismiss me from the garrison in order to be able to live in peace and hear no more complaints about me.

After that, the colonel related many of the knavish tricks I'd pulled since I'd been in the garrison. For example, he told of how I'd poured lard over the top of some boiled peas and sold it all for pure lard, and how I'd sold sacks of sand as salt by covering salt over the sand. He went on to tell of how I'd pulled the wool over people's eyes here and there and how I'd irritated them with rhyming ridicule. And so they talked of nothing but me the whole meal. But if I hadn't had such a respected friend, all my deeds would have been worthy of nothing but punishment. That showed me what happens at court when a rascal has gained the favor of a prince.

Even by the time the meal was over, the Jewish trader still hadn't found a horse my Heartbrother thought was good enough for me. But since Heartbrother enjoyed such esteem that the colonel could hardly do without his good will, he presented him with a horse from his own stables, as well as the gear and saddle in which Master Simplicius sat when he joyfully rode out of the fortress with his Heartbrother.

Some of his comrades shouted: "Good luck, Brother!"

But others enviously yelled: "The bigger the rat, the better his luck!"

THE 13TH CHAPTER: DEALS WITH THE ORDER OF MARAUDING BROTHERS

On our way Heartbrother and I agreed that I should pretend that I was his cousin so that I would be treated with more respect. He also wanted to get me another horse and a servant. Then he would send me to the Neuneck regiment, where I could serve as a volunteer till an officer's position was open that he would help me to obtain.

That's how I got to be a fellow who resembled a good soldier in no time at all. I didn't do much that summer except steal a few cows occasionally in the Black Forest and get fairly well acquainted with the Breisgau and Alsace. But the stars were against me again because, after servant and horse had been captured by Weimar troops near Kentzingen, I had to use my other horse all the harder.

When I finally rode it to death, I had to march with the Order of the **Meroding**[238] **Brothers.** My Heartbrother would have been glad to get me another mount, but because I'd lost the first two so quickly, he held back and let me flounder so that I would take better care of my horses. But I didn't really want one, either, because my new companions turned out to be so jolly that I didn't want any better deal until it was time to move into winter quarters.

Now I'll have to tell you something about the Meroding Brothers because some people haven't had much experience with war and don't know about them. I haven't seen an ink-slinger yet who treats of their customs, habits, rights and privileges, though knowledge of this guild is worth having, not only for our generals, but also for the peasants.

I don't think that their name is any disgrace to the brave cavalier from whom they received it, otherwise I wouldn't let everybody know about it. I saw a kind of shoe with thick insoles to stamp through the muck which is called the Mansfelder. But if anyone would say that Mansfeld was a cobbler instead of a general, I'd think that he was crazy. You've got to understand the

name "Merode" in the same way because it will be with us as long as Germans make war.

Here's how it came about: This same gentleman once brought a newly-recruited regiment to the army, but because the soldiers were as weak and scrawny as the French from Brittany usually are, they couldn't put up with marching and other hardships which soldiers in the field have to bear. For this reason, their brigade became so weak that they could hardly guard their colors. When one or more of their sick and lame were found in the market, in houses, or behind fences and hedges and was asked, "What regiment?", the answer was usually, "Merode's!"

Thus it happened that all of the soldiers who dragged themselves around outside of the march order, whether sick or healthy, wounded or whole, came to be called **Meroding Brothers,** when they didn't have their quarters with their regiments in the field. They used to be called cadgers and drones, because they are like these buzzers in the beehives. They can't do anything but eat once they've lost their stingers and won't make honey any more.

When a cavalryman loses his horse and a musketeer his health, or if his wife and child are sick and don't want to go on, then we have two and a half Meroding Brothers. This rabble can best be compared to gypsies: They not only roam at will in front of, behind and beside the army, but they also resemble gypsies in both customs and habits. Like partridges, you can see them flocking together behind hedges, in the shadows and (if they can) resting somewhere in the sun or around a fire, where they can suck on tobacco or loaf while honest soldiers are with their commander and suffering heat, thirst, hunger, frost and all sorts of misery. A pack of them will go out thieving near a marching army while many an honest soldier is ready to collapse under his weapons. They pillage everything they find in front of, behind and beside the army. Because they spoil what they can't use, a traveling regiment often can't even find decent drinking water.

If you seriously try to force them to stay with the baggage train, you will often find that they are almost as numerous as the army itself. But when small groups of them march, take up quarters, camp and plunder, they have no sergeant-major to command them, no sergeant to kick their tails, no corporal to have them stand guard and no drummer to remind them of retreat or guard duty. To sum it up, they have no one to send them into the fray or to provide them with lodgings, so they can live like noblemen.

But when the regular soldiers are to get their supplies, these boys are the first in line, though they haven't been worth anything. Their worst plagues are the military police and the provost marshal. When they've caused too much trouble, they put bracelets on their hands and feet, and even decorate them with hemp collars to string them up by their precious necks.

They guard not, neither do they dig, nor attack, nor form ranks; yet they feedeth themselves! But the damage they do to the general, the peasant and even the army itself, if there are enough of them, is beyond description! The most mischievous cavalry boy who does nothing but forage is more useful to a general than a thousand Meroding Brothers who've made a trade out of loafing around. When they are captured away by the enemy or rapped on the knuckles by the peasants, the army is weakened and the enemy made stronger. Some debauched wiseacre can make it through the summer. I'm not talking about the poor, sick man, but about the rider without a mount who has carelessly let his horse go to ruin and has joined the meroders to have an easy time of it. The army has nothing more from him than the expense of getting him another horse that winter so that he will have something to lose in the next campaign.

These fellows should be chained together like greyhounds and taught to soldier in the garrisons, or even chained up in galleys, if they refuse to do their part in the field on foot until another mount is available. I won't mention how many villages have been burned down deliberately or accidentally, or how many men have left their own army to plunder, steal and even kill. And many a spy can pass himself off as one of them by just knowing the name of a regiment and a company in the army.

I was also one of these honorable brothers, and I remained one until the day before the battle at Wittenweier[239]. (Our headquarters was in Schuttern at that time.) That's when I'd gone with my comrades to the area of Geroldseck to steal cows and oxen, and I was captured by Weimar troops. They knew how to handle us, for they gave us muskets and shoved us off to the regiments - I landed by Hattstein's[240],

THE 14TH CHAPTER: A DANGEROUS FIGHT FOR LIFE AND LIMB IN WHICH BOTH MEN ESCAPE DEATH

I gradually came to understand then that I had been born for misfortune. About four weeks before that battle had taken place, I had heard some of Götz' officers discussing the war. One of them said, "This summer won't go by without a fight! If we beat the enemy, we'll have to spend next winter taking Freiburg and the forest towns[241]; but if we get the worst of it, we'll also get winter quarters."

Drawing the right conclusion from this prophecy, I said to myself: "Now you've got something to be happy about, Simplicius. Next spring you'll be drinking the wines of the Neckar and Lake Constance, and you'll enjoy what the Weimar troops have earned."

But I was sadly mistaken because I was now with the Weimar troops and predestined to help lay siege to Breisach[242]because we set to work on this right after the battle of Wittenweier. I had to fortify and stand guard day and night and I didn't get anything out of it except the knowledge of how to assault a fortress with approach trenches. I hadn't paid much attention to that before in Magdeburg. But besides that, things were lousy for me: We were crowded together; my purse was empty, wine, beer and meat were rare, and we had to get along on half portions of bread instead of good venison.

All this was hard for me to take and I had good reason to think back to the fleshpots of Egypt, that is, to the Westphalian hams and knackwurst in L. I never thought of my wife more than when I lay in my tent stiff with cold. Then I often said to myself: "Well, Simplicius, do you think that it would serve you right if your wife picked up where you left off in Paris?" I tortured myself with such thoughts like any jealous cuckold would do, though I had no reason to doubt my wife's honor and virtue.

Finally I got so impatient that I told my captain about my situation and wrote a letter to L. I soon received word from Colonel de S. A. and my father-in-law that they had written to the Prince of Weimar, so that my captain would release me with a passport.

A few weeks before Christmas I was able to march out of camp and down through the Breisgau area with a good gun on my shoulder, thinking all the while that I would pick up the twenty thalers in Strasbourg which my brother-in-law had transferred there. I then planned to go down the Rhine from there with merchants because there were many Imperial garrisons along the land route that I wanted to avoid.

But just as I had passed by Endingen and had come to a lone house, someone took a shot at me and grazed the edge of my hat. A strong, heavy-set fellow then stormed out of the house and shouted at me to drop my gun. I answered, "By God, not for you, peasant!", and I cocked my gun. He whipped out something that looked more like an executioner's blade than a sword and rushed at me with it. When I saw that he meant business, I let him have it. The bullet struck him on the forehead so that he spun around and hit the ground.

In order to take advantage of this, I quickly twisted sword out of his hand and tried to stab him with it, but it just wouldn't go into him. Then he unexpectedly jumped to his feet. He grabbed my hair and I got his, but I had already dropped his sword. Then we began such a serious game that we both put our embittered strength well on display, but neither of us could master the other. Sometimes I was on top and sometimes he was. Then, in a jiffy, we were both on our feet again, but not for long because each man was out to kill the other. Since he was so eager for the blood that was coming out of my nose and mouth, I spit it into his face.

That helped me because he couldn't see as well then. We struggled on in the snow like that for more than an hour till we were both so tired that it seemed that one man's exhaustion would not be able to overcome the other man's tiredness, nor would one man be able to kill the other without a weapon.

The art of wrestling, which I had practiced in Lippstadt, proved to be very useful to me, for otherwise I would have probably lost out because my enemy was much stronger than I was and

he was iron-hard as well.

After we had nearly exhausted ourselves to death he said to me, "Brother, stop it! I surrender!"

"You should have let me go my way in the first place." I replied.

"What 'll you get out of it if I die now?" he asked.

"And what would you have had," I replied, "if you had shot me down? I don't have a penny on me!"

At that, he begged me for forgiveness and I gave in and let him get up after he had solemnly sworn that he would keep the peace and be my loyal friend and servant. But I would have never believed or trusted him, if I had known of all of the wanton things that he had done.

When we were both standing up, we shook hands and agreed to forget everything that had just taken place. Each of us was surprised at having found his match, because each of us thought the other was protected by some kind of magic, and I didn't try to change his mind because I didn't want him to have another go at me when he got his gun again. Though he had a big bump on his forehead from the shot and I had bled a lot, neither of us complained about anything but our necks, which had been so mishandled that we couldn't keep our heads upright.

Since it was getting on towards evening, my opponent told me that I wouldn't even meet a dog or a cat, much less a human being, till I got to the River Kinzig[243]. He added that he had a little house in a secluded place not far from the road. Because he said he had some good meat and the very best to drink there, I let myself get talked into going with him. On the way, he often sighed and told me how sorry he was that he'd hurt me.

THE 15TH CHAPTER: HOW OLIVIER THINKS HE CAN EXCUSE HIS CRIMES AS A HIGHWAYMAN

A resolute soldier who is prepared to risk his life and has contempt for it is a stupid ox! You couldn't have found one man in a thousand with the courage to go to an unfamiliar place with someone who had just tried to murder him. On the way, I asked him which army he belonged to. He replied that he didn't have a master any more, but made war on his own. And when he asked me which army I belonged to, I said I'd been with the Weimar troops, but that I had been discharged and was now returning home.

Then he asked me my name. When I answered "Simplicius", he turned around (I hadn't trusted him behind me.) and asked: "Are you also called Simplicissimus?"

"Yes," I answered, "only a rascal would deny his own name. But what are you called?"

"Oh, Brother!" he answered, "I'm the Olivier you used to know by Magdeburg."

Then he threw down his gun and fell to his knees to beg me for forgiveness because of what he'd tried to do. He said that he could well imagine that he'd never have a better friend than me because, according to old Heartbrother's prophecy, I would bravely avenge his death.

Though I was astonished by our strange meeting, he said, "That's not a wonder. Only mountains and valleys never run into each other. What surprises me is how much we two have changed. I've gone from being a secretary to being a highwayman, and you have changed from a fool into a brave soldier! You can bet that if there were ten thousand of us, we could relieve Breisach tomorrow, and one day even make ourselves masters of the whole world."

We went on talking like this till we came at dusk to the small and lonely cottage of a day laborer. Even though I didn't like Olivier's bragging, I agreed with him because I knew how sneaky and false he was. Though I didn't trust him in the least, I went with him to the cottage, where a peasant was just heating up the room.

"Have you cooked anything?" Olivier asked.

"No," the peasant replied, "but I've still got a leg of cold veal that I brought from Waldkirch today."

"Well then," Olivier said, "go and get what you've got and bring along a small keg of wine."

When the peasant was gone, I said to Olivier, "Brother," (I called him that just to be safe.) "you've found a willing host!"

"And may the devil thank the knave for it!", Olivier replied."I support him along with his wife and child, and he gets enough loot on his own on top of that. I let him do what he wants with all the clothes I steal."

When I asked Olivier where the man's family was, he told me that they had been persuaded to go to Freiburg, where he visited them twice a week. When he returned, he brought food as well as powder and ball with him.

Olivier went on to tell me that he'd already been a highwayman for quite a while and he liked it better than serving a master. Now he wouldn't even consider giving it up until he'd fattened his purse enough.

"Brother," I said, "you're leading a dangerous life. If you get caught for robbery, what do you suppose they'll do to you?"

"Ha!" he said, "I can tell that you are still the same old Simplicius. You don't have to tell me that if I bowl, I may wind up setting up the pins. But don't forget that they can't hang someone, if they don't have him."

I replied, "Let's just suppose, Brother, that you don't get caught, but that's not likely because you'll just keep on playing till your number comes up, the life you're leading now is the most disgraceful in the world and I can't imagine that you want to do it till you die."

"What!" he exclaimed, "The most disgraceful? My brave Simplicius, I can answer you that robbing is the most noble activity that a man can have in the world! Tell me just how many kingdoms and principalities have been taken or created by violence? Or where in the whole world would a king or prince be censured for enjoying incomes from lands his ancestors had gained by acts of force? What could be called more noble than the trade which I'm now practicing?

"I can tell by the expression on your face," he continued, "that you would like to remind me of how many men have been broken on the wheel, hung or beheaded for murder, robbery and theft. I already know that, because that is what the laws require. But you'll only see miserable and petty thieves hang. And that's all right because they tried this superb sport, which is actually reserved and fitting for none but hearty spirits. Have you ever seen a nobleman who was punished by the courts for oppressing his domains? And no usurer is ever penalized for practicing his marvelous art under the cover of Christian love. So why should I be punished for acting openly and without hypocrisy, in the old German way?

"My dear Simplicius, haven't you ever read **Machiavelli**[244]? I've got an honest and upright spirit and I live openly like this without being ashamed. I fight and risk my life, just like the heroes of old. (You should also know that their dangerous deeds were not forbidden.) And because I risk my own life, it follows irrefutably that it's all right for me to practice this art."

To this I replied, "Regardless of whether robbing and stealing are allowed, I do know that it is against the law of nature to do unto others what you would not have them do unto you. And such injustice is also against the laws of this world, because they require thieves to be hanged, robbers to be beheaded and murderers to be broken on the wheel. Anyway, it is against God, and that's the most important thing because he lets no sin go unpunished."

"It's like I said," Olivier replied, "you're still the Simplicius who hasn't studied his **Machiavelli**. But if I could set up a monarchy with my methods, I'd like to see who would do much preaching against me then."

We could have continued this argument, but when the peasant came in with food and drink, we sat down together to still our stomachs - which I really needed to do.

THE 16TH CHAPTER: HOW OLIVIER INTERPRETS HEARTBROTHER'S PROPHECY TO HIS OWN ADVANTAGE AND SO COMES TO LOVE HIS WORST ENEMY

Our food consisted of white bread and a cold leg of veal; along with it we had a good wine in a cozy room.

"It's a lot better here than in the trenches around Breisach, isn't it, Simplicius?" Olivier asked.

"Sure is!" I replied, "If only you could enjoy this kind of life with a little security and more honor."

He laughed very loudly at this and said, "Are the poor devils in those trenches safer than we are? Don't they have to watch out for a sally all the time? My dear Simplicius, I can see that you may have put aside your fool's cap, but you've kept your foolish head and can't tell good from evil. If you were anybody else except Simplicius, the man Heartbrother predicted would avenge my death, I'd teach you to admit that I lead a nobler life than a baron."

I started to worry about what could happen. I thought that I'd have to try something else so that this monster wouldn't kill me because he now had the peasant to help him. So I said, "Whoever heard of an apprentice who knew his trade better than his master? Brother, if your life is as splendid as you say, then share your happiness with me, because I could really use a little luck."

"Brother," Olivier replied, "you can be sure that I love you as much as I do myself and the injury I inflicted on you today hurts me much more than the bullet you struck my forehead with when you defended yourself against me as any brave and honest fellow would do. Why would I want to refuse you anything? If you want to, you can stay with me. I'll take care of you as well as I do myself. But if you don't like that idea, I'll give you a lot of money and go with you wherever you want to go.

"And to prove that these words of mine come right from my heart, I'll tell you the reason I think so much of you. Can you remember how old Heartbrother was always right with his prophesies? By Magdeburg he said to me: 'Olivier, regardless of what you may think of our fool, he will frighten you someday and play the biggest trick on you that you've ever seen in your life, because you'll have caused him to do it at a time when neither of you recognized the other. But he'll not only spare your life, which will be in his hands) some time later, he'll be at the place where you've been killed and there he'll avenge your death.'

"Because of this prophecy, my dear Simplicius, I'm ready to share heart and soul with you. A part of this has already come true: You shot at my head like a brave soldier and took my sword away No one had ever done that to me before. Then you even spared my life when you were on top of me and I was choking in blood. So I don't doubt that what Heartbrother said about my death will also come true. Such revenge, my dear brother, makes me conclude that you are my loyal friend, because if you weren't, you'd never take it upon yourself to avenge me. Now that you know what's going on in my heart, tell me what you have on your mind. "

But I thought to myself, "The devil may trust you, I don't! If I take money from you for my trip, you might try to kill me. But if I stayed with you, I'd have to worry about getting quartered along with you."

That's why I decided to let him believe that I was going to stay with him until I got a chance to get away from him. So I told him that I would stay with him for a few days just because he liked having me around and I would see if I could get used to this way of living. If I liked it, he would find that I could be a good soldier as well as a friend. If I didn't, we could still part as friends.

Then he began urging drinks on me, but because I didn't trust him, I pretended to be drunk to see if he would try something when I couldn't defend myself.

Meanwhile, the many big fleas I'd brought up with me from Breisach began to pester me.

Now that they were warm, they weren't satisfied with my rags because they wanted to get out and play. Olivier noticed them and asked me if I had lice.

"Sure," I said, "I've got more of them than I'll ever have ducats."

"Don't say that!" Olivier replied, "If you stay here with me, you'll probably get more ducats than you now have lice."

"That's about as possible," I answered, "as it is for me to get rid of my lice now."

"No, it isn't!" he responded, "They're both possible.

"Then he ordered the peasant to bring me some clothes, which were in a hollow tree not far away. He brought me a gray hat, a jerkin of moose leather, a pair of scarlet breeches and a gray coat. He also wanted to give me some shoes and socks in the morning. When I saw how generous he was, I trusted him a little more than before, and I fell happily asleep.

THE 17TH CHAPTER: EVEN WHEN SIMPLICIUS IS OUT ROBBING, HIS THOUGHTS ARE MORE PIOUS THAN OLIVIER'S ARE IN CHURCH

About daybreak the next morning, Olivier said, "Get up, Simplicius. In God's name, we want to go out and see if there is anything to take."

"Oh, God!" I thought,"should I now go out and rob in Your holy name? When I'd first left my hermit, I'd been shocked to hear someone say, 'Come Brother, in God's name, let's get soused on some wine together!', because I had thought that it was a double sin to get drunk in Your name. Heavenly Father, what have I become! Oh, true God, what 'll happen to me, if I don't repent? Hold me back from my way to hell because I've not yet changed my life!"

With these thoughts on my mind, I followed Olivier to a village in which there wasn't a single living creature. We climbed up into the church steeple to have a better view. There Olivier had hidden the shoes and socks he'd promised me the night before, and also two loaves of bread, some dried meat and a small keg half full of wine. It was enough for him to live on for a whole week. While I was putting on what he had given me, he told me that he was in the habit of watching from this place when he thought he could get some good booty; that's why he'd put the provisions there. He added that he'd hidden supplies at several other places, so that if the pickings were slim at one place, he could try somewhere else.

Though I had to praise his good sense, I also let him know that it was not right to defile a holy and consecrated place like this church.

"What?" Olivier replied, "Defile? If churches could talk, they'd tell you that what I do here is nothing compared to the vices others have practiced in them. How many people who have come into this church on the pretense of serving God were only here to show off their new clothes, their fine figures, their great importance or something else? One person comes to church like a peacock and gets in front of the altar as if he wanted to pray the leg off a saint. Another will stand in the corner sighing like a publican in the temple, but only for the sweetheart he has come to church to gaze at. Another man shows up in church with a handful of notes, like someone collecting for fire victims. He just wants to remind his debtors - not to pray. If he didn't know that they were in church, he would stay home with his accounting books.

"Sometimes, when a ruler has something to announce to a community, his messenger will be by the church on Sunday. That causes many peasants to be more afraid of the church than poor sinners are of the scaffold. Don't you think that some people who are buried in the church deserved the sword, the gallows, the torch and the wheel? Some people could have never carried on their love affairs if the church hadn't helped them. If there's something to sell or lend, people put a notice on the church door in some places. And many money-lenders, who don't take the time during the week to reflect on how they've squeezed coins out of the people, sit in church during the services and dream of how to wring even more out of them.

"Some only sit around in church during the mass and sermon to talk with each other, as if the church had been built just for that purpose. They even discuss matters there that they wouldn't think of talking about privately. Some just sit there and sleep, as though they'd rented the place. Some don't do anything but talk about others and say, 'Oh, didn't the parson really strike nicely at this fellow or that in his sermons!' Many people pay careful attention to exactly what the parson says, but they never conclude from it that they should improve themselves, but they do like to blame their shepherd when they think that he's been offensive in even the smallest way. I won't mention the stories I've read about love affairs which have run their pandering courses in churches, and I can't recall just right now all that I could tell you about this.

"But at least you should know that men not only sully churches with their vices while they are alive, but they even fill them with vanity and folly after they're dead: As soon as you come into a church, you see gravestones and epitaphs which celebrate people the worms have eaten long ago. And if you look up, you'll see more shields, helmets, weapons, swords, flags, boots, spurs and that sort of thing than there are in a lot of armories. That's why it's no wonder that, in many places during this war, the peasants have used the churches as fortresses to defend themselves.

"So why shouldn't I, a soldier, be allowed to practice my trade in churches? It's even happened that two spiritual fathers[245] have caused such a blood-bath in church while fighting over the leadership that the church looked more like a slaughter house than a holy place. Because I'm a man of the world, I wouldn't say a word, if they just came here to worship, but some of the clergymen don't even respect the high dignity of the Holy Roman Emperor. Why should I be forbidden to use the church to get my bread when so many other people make a good living from it?

"And is it right for a rich man to be buried inside the church for money just to show off his vanity, while a poor Christian, who was perhaps more pious but who didn't have anything to give , only gets a hole dug outside in some corner? It all depends on how you do it!

"If I'd known that it would bother you to lie in wait in a church, I'd have tried to think up a better answer, but you'll have to be satisfied with that reply till I can talk to you again about it some other time."

I would have liked to have told Olivier that such people were just as immoral as he was to desecrate the church and that they would also get their reward for it. But because I didn't trust him and didn't want to get into another argument, I just agreed with him.

Then he wanted me to tell him what had happened to me since we'd parted company by Wittstock, and why I'd been wearing a fool's costume when I arrived at the camp by Magdeburg. But I didn't want to talk because I had a sore throat, so I excused myself and asked him to first tell me the story of his life, which might have some amusing incidents in it. He consented and began to tell of his infamous life, as follows:

THE 18TH CHAPTER: OLIVIER TELLS ABOUT HIS FAMILY AND HOW HE BEHAVED DURING HIS YOUTH, ESPECIALLY AT SCHOOL

"My father," Olivier began, "was born of a lowly family not far from the city of Aachen, so he had to spend his early youth serving a rich merchant dealing in the copper trade. My father did so well that the merchant saw to it that he learned to read, write and do arithmetic. He even put him in charge of his whole business, just as Potiphar had done with Joseph[246]. Both of them profited by this, and the merchant got richer and richer because of my father's industry and prudence.

"But my father's success made him so proud that he became ashamed of his own parents and even came to despise them. (They often complained in vain about his contempt.) When my

father got to be twenty-five, the merchant died, leaving behind his old widow and their only child, a daughter, who had got herself into trouble with the shop seducer - he left her with a baby boy that died soon after his grandfather.

"When my father saw that the daughter didn't have a father or a child - but did have money - he didn't let it bother him that she couldn't wear white at her wedding, because he was thinking about her money and that made him start to snuggle up to her. Her mother was glad to see this, because then her daughter could become a respectable woman again - and my father did know all about the business and the tricks of money-lending.

"Through this marriage, my father became a wealthy merchant and I, his first-born heir, was brought up in the shelter of his wealth: I was kept in clothes like a nobleman, fed like a baron and taken care of like a count. And I owed it all more to copper and zinc spar than I did to gold and silver.

"Even before I'd got to be seven, I had already showed what I was going to be like later, for even young nettles will burn. No trick was too vicious for me and wherever I could play a prank, I did because neither my father nor my mother would punish me for it. I ran around in the streets with other young hoodlums and even started fights with boys who were bigger than I was. When I got beaten up, my parents would say: 'What happened there? Should a big rowdy be fighting with a child?' But if I won - I used to scratch, bite and throw things - they said: 'Our little Olivier will really turn out to be quite a fellow!', and this encouraged me.

"Even when I was still too small to pray, I used to curse like teamster and they said that I didn't really know what I was saying. That's how I got to be worse and worse. Then I was sent to school. There I put plans into action that the other bad boys had thought up but had not dared to do themselves. When I tore up or messed up my books, my mother bought me new ones, so that my miserly father wouldn't get angry. I made all sorts of trouble for my schoolmaster. He wasn't really able to be strict with me because he received many gifts from my parents and he was well aware of their doting love for me.

"In the summer, I caught crickets in the fields and secretly let them go in school, where they played us their lovely song. In winter, I stole sneezing powder and scattered it in the area where they punished the boys. Whenever some stubborn boy tried to fight back, he raised up the dust there and amused me, for everyone had to sneeze. After that, I came to consider myself to be much too clever to play the usual pranks because I had specialized in the following trick: I would often steal something from someone and then put it into the pocket of a person I wanted to make trouble for. I pulled this trick off so carefully that I almost never got caught at it.

"When we played war, I was usually the colonel. I couldn't tell you how many blows I had to receive, but my face was always scratched up and my head covered with bumps. Anyone who is familiar with what boys often do can well imagine from what I've already told you that I was also up to a lot of other mischief when I was a boy."

THE 19TH CHAPTER: HOW HE STUDIED AT LIÈGE AND WHAT HE DID THERE

"As my father grew wealthier by the day, he also attracted more and more parasites and flatterers who praised my intellectual talents. But they also kept quiet about all of my vices or they found excuses for them because they could well imagine that neither my father nor my mother would find anyone ingratiating who did otherwise.

"Such friends made my parents happier about their son than a hedge-sparrow which raises a cuckoo in her nest. My parents even hired a tutor to accompany me to the university in Liège, where I was being sent more to learn French than anything else, because they wanted to make me into a merchant - not a theologian. The tutor was ordered not to be too strict with me, lest I become cowardly and servile. He was also supposed to let me go so that I wouldn't be afraid of

people, because they wanted me to become a man of the world who knew his way around, and not a monk.

"But my tutor didn't need these instructions because he was already inclined to all sorts of mischief himself. So why should he have tried to keep me out of trouble or censure my sins, when he committed much bigger ones? He liked to get drunk and chase women, while I preferred fighting and brawling. I chased through the streets at night with him and his kind and I soon learned more vices from him than Latin.

"In my studies I relied on my good memory and sharp intelligence, and that made me let things slide even more while I plunged into all kinds of vices, stunts and malicious pranks. My conscience was already so wide that you could have driven a load of hay through it. I had no qualms about reading the lewd works of Berni, Burchiello and Aretino[247] in church during the sermon and I listened for nothing as eagerly as the closing '**Ite missa est**'.

"And since I didn't want to look slovenly, I dressed myself up like a dandy. Everyday was Saint Martin's and Carnival for me. Because I was carrying on like a well-established gentleman - my father was helping me out quite a bit while my mother kept right on sending me her pin-money - the women lured us on, especially my tutor. These hags taught me to flirt and make love - quarreling, fighting and brawling I could do already. And my tutor didn't keep me from drinking and feasting because he liked to do these things himself.

"This splendid life lasted for about a year and a half before my father found out about it from his agent in Liège, with whom I had first boarded. My father ordered him to watch me carefully, get rid of my tutor, keep a tighter rein on me and pay attention to how I spent my money. Though this irritated us, we still stuck together day and night, even after my tutor had been released. But since we didn't have money to throw around any more, we joined a gang which stole people's coats at night on the street, or even drowned them in the Meuse river. What we took in this dangerous way, we wasted on our whores - and I practically gave up studying.

"One night when we were sneaking around to grab coats from students as usual, we had to take a licking. My tutor got knifed and I was arrested along with five others who were real rogues. When we were questioned the next day and I mentioned the name of my father's agent - who was highly respected there - the police called him in and asked him about me. Then I was released into his custody, but I had to remain under house arrest until I got further word from them.

"Meanwhile, my tutor was buried and the other five were punished as rascals, thieves and murderers. When my father received word of my situation, he hurried to Liège to smooth things out for me with his money. He gave me a blistering sermon and rebuked by saying that I was a cross and a misfortune for him and that I had driven my mother to despair with my misconduct. He also said that he would disinherit me and chase me to hell, if I didn't mend my ways. I promised him that I would improve and rode back home with him. That was the end of my studies."

THE 20TH CHAPTER: THE RETURN AND DEPARTURE OF THIS FINE STUDENT. AND HOW HE LOOKED FOR ADVANCEMENT IN WAR

"When my father brought me home again, he discovered that I was rotten to the core! I hadn't become a respectable gentleman, as he had probably hoped, but a wiseacre and a braggart who imagined that he knew it all.

"I'd hardly got comfortable at home when he said to me: 'Listen, Olivier, the longer I look at you, the more I see what a jackass you are. You're a burden to everybody, a rotten egg who's good for nothing. You're too old to learn a trade, too impertinent to serve a master and you'd never be able to take over my business. What have I accomplished for all the money I've spent

on you? I had hoped that you'd be a joy to me and that I could make a man out of you, but now I've even had to buy you away from the hangman. Oh, the disgrace! The best thing to do would be to put you to work on an oil press and let you season your misery with bitterness till your fortune improves and you have atoned for the evil things you've done.'

"I had to hear lectures like these every day until I finally got so tired of them that I told my father that I wasn't to blame for everything - he was, and also my tutor, who'd led me astray. And if I wasn't a joy to him, it served him right because he hadn't been one to his parents when he'd let them starve as beggars. Then he grabbed a whip and wanted to pay me back for telling him the truth. But when he swore up and down that he'd send me to prison in Amsterdam, I ran off to a farm my father had just bought. There I looked around for whatever I could get. Then I rode off to Cologne on the best stallion his steward had in the stables.

"I sold the horse and soon landed in the company of rascals and thieves like those I'd left behind in Liège. They recognized me immediately by the way I gambled, and I recognized them, too, for we all did it so well. I joined their gang right away and helped them rake in their loot whenever I could. But a little bit later one of them got caught as he was trying to grab the fat purse of a noblewoman in the Old Market. I saw him wearing an iron collar and standing in stocks for half a day. When they cut off one of his ears and beat him with sticks, I got fed up with our trade and decided to let them support me as a soldier because the colonel with whom we served near Magdeburg was just taking recruits to build up his regiment.

"Meanwhile, my father had discovered where I was and he had written to his agent there to find out just what I was doing. This happened right after I'd accepted the colonel's money. The agent reported this to my father, who ordered him to buy my way out regardless of the cost. When I heard about that, I was afraid of being sent to prison. That's why I didn't want to get out. When the colonel heard that I was the son of a rich merchant, he went up so far in his demands that my father left me where I was. He thought that he would just let me play soldier for a while and see if I could improve myself.

"Not long afterwards, my colonel's clerk died on him and he put me in his place, as you know. I started to get a lot of big ideas and hoped to climb up the ladder and eventually become a general. I'd learned how to behave from our secretary, and my ambition to become an important man caused me to act honorably - and not to pull rotten tricks as I was used to doing. But this didn't seem to be working until our secretary died. Then .I thought to myself that I would have to see how I could get his position, and so I started to be generous wherever I could. (My mother sent me money again when she found out that I'd started to do all right.)

"But because the colonel had taken a liking to young Heartbrother and had preferred him to me, I had to think of something to get him out of the way, especially after I'd found out the colonel had already planned to give him the secretary's post. Missing out on the promotion I'd wanted so much made me so impatient that I had our provost use his magic to make me hard as steel because I intended to duel with Heartbrother and kill him with the sword. But I wasn't able to find any respectable way to get at him. The provost also kept me from carrying out my plan. He said: 'If you just get rid of him, that'll hurt you more than it'll help you because you'll have murdered the colonel's favorite servant.'

"That's why he advised me to steal something while Heartbrother was around and hide it on him. Then he would see to it that Heartbrother lost the colonel's favor. I followed his advise and stole a golden cup at the christening. I gave it to the provost and he used it to get rid of young Heartbrother. You can surely remember how he charmed the puppies out of your clothes in the colonel's tent."

THE 21ST CHAPTER: HOW SIMPLICIUS FULFILLED HEARTBROTHER'S PROPHECY ABOUT OLIVIER WHILE NEITHER RECOGNIZED THE OTHER

I saw red when I had to hear from Olivier's own big mouth how he'd taken in my closest friend. But I couldn't get revenge and I had to keep my mouth shut so that he wouldn't get suspicious. So I asked him to tell me what happened to him after the Battle of Wittstock.

"In that encounter," Olivier said, "I didn't act like a quill jockey who only worries about his inkwell, but like a real soldier because I was well-mounted and hardened like iron. Since I wasn't assigned to any squadron, I could show off the courage of a man who was ready to use his sword to be promoted or to die trying. I scurried around our brigade like a whirlpool to warm up and to show our side that I was better suited for a sword than a pen.

"But it was no use. Luck was on the side of the Swedes and I had to share in the misery of our troops by asking for quarter, though I hadn't been ready to give it just a short time before. And so I, along with the other prisoners, got shoved into an infantry regiment which was sent to Pomerania to recuperate. Since there were a lot of new recruits there and I'd shown that I had courage, they made a corporal out of me. But I didn't intend to put up with them for long - I wanted to get back to the Imperial forces because I preferred that side, though my chances for promotion were undoubtedly better with the Swedes.

"This is how I got away: I was sent out with seven musketeers to extract contributions in some remote villages under our control. But after I'd gathered over eight hundred guilders, I showed my men the money and made them eager to get their hands on it. We all agreed to divide it up among ourselves and to run off with it. While we were on our way, I persuaded three of them to help me shoot the other four. When that was done, we divided up their money so that each of us had two hundred guilders. Then we started to march towards Westphalia. On our way, I persuaded one of the three to help me to shoot down the other two. When we were about to divide up the money again, I throttled him and arrived safely with the money in Werl, where I let the army support me again while I enjoyed my money.

"Although my money soon started to run out, I still wanted to keep on with my high living. Then I heard about a young soldier in Soest who was taking a lot of booty and making a name for himself. That's how I got all enthused about doing the same thing. Because his green clothes had gained him the name of' **The Hunter**, I had the same kind of clothes made for me. Then I used his name to rob in his areas and ours and I committed such exorbitant crimes that we were both about to be stopped from going out on raids.

"Although he stayed home, I kept right on thieving in his name as much as I could - and that made him challenge me. But the devil, who was said to be sitting on his head, would have fought along side of him, and he would have seen to it that I wasn't as hard as iron any more.

"But I couldn't escape his cunning. With the help of his servant, he got me and my comrades into a sheepfold and wanted to force me to fight him in the moonlight in the presence of two real-live devils he had for seconds. But because I wouldn't fight, they forced me to do the most scornful thing in the world. And when my comrade told people about it, I was so ashamed that I ran away to Lippstadt, where I joined the army of the Hessians. But I didn't stay long there because they didn't trust me.

"So I trotted off and joined the Dutch army. Although the pay was good, their war was too boring for my taste - we were kept like monks and supposed to have the chastity of nuns.

"I couldn't show my face around the Imperials, the Swedes or the Hessians anymore without recklessly putting myself into danger because I'd run away from all three of them. But I couldn't stay very long with the Dutch, either because I had raped and deflowered a young girl who soon started to swell up. That's why I thought that I'd take refuge with the Spaniards in the hope of using them to return home to see what my parents were doing. But while I was trying to do that, my compass went crazy on me and I accidentally ended up with the Bavarians.

"I marched along with them among the Meroding Brothers from Westphalia down to the Breisgau, and I lived by gambling and stealing. When I had anything, I would hang around the gambling places by day and in the canteen by night. And when I didn't, I stole whatever I could get my hands on. Some days I stole two or three horses from the stables or off the meadows. I would sell them and play away the money I'd got. At night I would burrow my way into the tents and snatch the valuables right from under the pillows of the soldiers. When they were on the march, I kept a sharp eye on the knapsacks which the women carried, so I could cut these loose when they were in some narrow pass.

"That's the way I was able to get along till the battle of Wittenweier. There I was captured and shoved off to an infantry regiment to become a soldier for the Weimar army. But because I didn't like it in the camp at Breisach, I soon quit and ran off to go to war for myself, as you now see me doing. And you can be sure, Brother, that since then I've laid many a fine fellow low and gained a nice pile of money. And I don't intend to quit till I see that I can't get any more. Now it's your turn to tell me the story of your life."

THE 22ND CHAPTER: WHAT HAPPENS TO SOMEONE WHEN HIS LUCK HAS GONE TO THE DOGS - OR THE CATS

When Olivier had finished his story, I couldn't keep from marveling at Divine Providence because I could now understand how our Heavenly Father had not only protected me from this monster in Westphalia, but had even seen to it that he was terrified of me. Only then did I understand what kind of prank I'd played on Olivier. Though old Heartbrother had foretold it, Olivier had (as we saw in the sixteenth chapter) interpreted his prophecy quite differently - much to my advantage. For if this beast had known that I had been the Hunter of Soest, he surely would have dished me out what I'd given him in the sheepfold.

I could also see how wisely and obscurely Heartbrother had worded his prophecies. But I thought to myself that, although these prophecies had always turned out to be true, strange and difficult things would have to happen before I'd avenge the death of a man who deserved the gallows and the wheel. Now I thought how lucky I'd been not to tell him what had happened to me first, because, if I had, I would have told him how I had once humiliated him.

While these thoughts were going through my mind, I noticed several scars on Olivier's face which had not been there at Magdeburg. I thought that perhaps these scars had been a souvenir of Springinsfeld, who had scratched up his face while pretending to be the devil. So I asked him where he'd received them, and remarked that perhaps he hadn't told me everything, because I could well see that he had kept silent about something important and hadn't mentioned how he'd got marked up like that.

"Brother," he answered, "if I had told you all of my pranks and escapades, it would have bored both of us. But just to show you that I'm not keeping anything back, I'll tell you the truth about this, even though it may make me look like a fool.

"I firmly believe that I was predestined in my mother's womb to get a scarred face, because even when I was a boy, I got scratched up by others whenever I fought with them. One of the devils who was serving the Hunter of Soest was so rough on me that you could see what his claws had done to my face for the next six weeks, but these scars all healed up without a trace. But the stripes you see in my face now were caused by something else, and I'll tell you what it was.

"When I was still with the Swedes in Pomerania, I had a beautiful mistress. I made my landlord and his wife give up their bed so that we could lie down in it. But their cat was also used to sleeping there and it came every evening to make a nuisance out of itself because it was not as willing to give up its regular resting place as its master and mistress had been. This irritated my mistress (who couldn't stand cats anyway) so much that she swore to heaven that

she wouldn't be showing me her charms till I got rid of that cat.

"Even though I wanted to keep on enjoying her favors, I didn't comply just to please her - I also wanted to get revenge on that cat in a way that I could really enjoy. That's why I put the cat in a sack and I took my landlord's two big bear dogs along with me. They didn't like cats anyway, but they were used to being around me. Then I took them all to a nice meadow. There I planned to have some fun because I thought that, since there were no trees there for the cat to climb, the dogs would chase it around the field for a while like they drive hares and this would provide me with some fine entertainment.

"But God damn it! My luck not only went to the dogs, like they say, but it also went to the cats. (If people had tried what I did, they would have made up such a saying about them long ago.) When I opened the sack, the only things the cat saw were an open field, two strong enemies - but no high place to take refuge! Because the cat didn't want to get out there and get itself ripped up, it took to my head because it was the highest place it could see. When I was trying to remove it, my hat came off. The harder I tried to pull the cat off me, the deeper it sunk in its claws to hold on.

"The two dogs couldn't just stand around and watch a fight like that for very long. They joined in the game, too. With jaws open they sprang from every side at the cat, which really didn't want to get off my head now, so it just sank its claws even more deeply into my face and head to hold on as well as it could. Every time it clawed at the dogs with its thorny glove and missed, it got me. It occasionally hit the dogs on their noses while they tried as hard as they could to paw it down from there. That also gave me some unfriendly blows in the face.

"When I tried to grab at the cat with both hands to pull it down, it bit and scratched me as much as it could. That's why I was being attacked by both the dogs and the cat. In the process I got myself so scratched and mishandled that I hardly looked like a human being any more. And the worst part of it was, that I was in danger of having the dogs get a hold of my nose or one of my ears, and biting it off, while they were jumping up and snapping at the cat. My collar and cape looked as bloody as the blacksmith's stall when horses are bled on St. Stephen's Day[248]. And I couldn't think of any way to get myself out of this danger.

"Finally, I dropped to the ground so that the two dogs could get at the cat and stop my skull from being a battleground. Even though the dogs did tear the cat apart, I didn't get nearly the kind of fun I'd hoped for, but only ridicule and the face you see before you now. I was so furious that I shot both dogs and beat the daylights out of my mistress for having caused this idiocy. After that she ran away from me - probably because she couldn't love such a disgusting mask any more."

THE 23RD CHAPTER: A LITTLE EXAMPLE OF THE TRADE IN WHICH OLIVIER WAS A MASTER AND SIMPLICIUS HIS APPRENTICE

I would have liked to laugh at Olivier's story, but I had to seem sorry for him. Then, just as I was starting to tell him my life story, we saw a coach and two riders coming down the road. We climbed down from the church steeple and positioned ourselves in a house near the road from which we could attack passing travelers. While I kept my gun loaded in reserve, Olivier shot down one of the riders and his horse before they even knew that we were there. The other horseman fled. I cocked my gun, stopped the coachman and made him dismount. Then Olivier jumped on him with his broad sword and split his head open right down to his teeth.

He also wanted to butcher the women and children sitting in the coach. (They were already looking more dead than alive.) But I just wouldn't let him. I told him that before he did, he would have to strangle me first.

"Oh, Simplicius, you fool!" he said, "I'd never have thought that you were as hopeless as you seem."

"Brother!" I answered, "What have you got against these innocent children? If they were

men who could defend themselves, it would be different!"

"What!" he replied, "If you scramble the eggs, they'll never hatch. I know these young bloodsuckers well enough: Their father, a major, is a real vulture and the worst slave driver in the world." Then he got ready to strangle them, but I held him back until he finally gave in.

The party consisted of the major's wife, her maids, and three beautiful children. I pitied them with all my heart. To prevent them from giving us away, we locked them up in a cellar where they wouldn't have anything but fruit and turnips to eat. After that, we plundered the coach and rode off with seven beautiful horses to where-the forest was thickest.

When we had tied them up and I'd looked around a little, I noticed a fellow standing motionless against a tree not far away from us. I pointed him out to Olivier and said that we'd better be on our guard.

"You fool!" Olivier answered, "That's a Jew; I tied him up there, but the rascal froze to death long ago. "

Then he went over to him, chucked him under the chin and said, "Ha! You old dog, you brought me quite a few nice ducats!" But when he moved the dead man's chin like that, some doubloons rolled out of his mouth, because the victim had been able to get away with them even after he was dead! After that Olivier reached into his mouth and took out twelve more doubloons and a precious ruby. Then he said, "I can thank you for this loot, Simplicius."

Then he gave me the ruby while he took the money for himself, and then he went to get the peasant who helped him. But before he left, he told me to stay with the horses and to be careful that the dead Jew didn't bite me. (He wanted to let me know that I wasn't as brave as he was.)

After he'd gone, I started to worry because I realized what a dangerous life I was living. I got the idea of mounting one of the horses and getting away, but I was afraid that Olivier would catch me at it and shoot me. (I suspected that he was only testing my dependability this time and that he was keeping an eye on me right then.) I thought about running away on foot, but I had to worry that, even if I did get away from Olivier, I might not be able to get away from the Black Forest peasants, who had a reputation for breaking soldiers' skulls.

"If you take all the horses," I thought, "Olivier won't have any way to chase you. But if the Weimar troops catch you, you'll be broken on the wheel as a proven murderer." In short, I couldn't think of any way to make my escape, particularly since I found myself in a wild forest where I didn't know the tracks and trails.

And besides, my conscience also awoke from its sleep and began to torture me for having stopped the coach and been a cause of the coachman's pitiful death and the imprisonment of the women and innocent children in the cellar - perhaps they would even have to perish in there, like the Jew. I wanted to console myself with my innocence because I'd been forced to act against my will, but my conscience accused me by reminding me that, because of all the other wicked things I'd done, I deserved to fall into the hands of the authorities along with this incorrigible murderer and receive my due reward. Perhaps our just God had arranged for me to be punished in such a way.

Finally, I started to hope for something better. I asked for the goodness of God to rescue me from my situation. While I was being so reverent, I said to myself: "You fool, you aren't locked up or tied to anything. The whole world is open to you. Don't you have enough horses now to make your escape? And if you don't want to ride, your feet are fast enough to carry you away from here."

While I was torturing and tormenting myself without being able to make up my mind, Olivier arrived with the peasant, who then led us and the horses to a farm where we got something to eat and took turns sleeping for a few hours. After midnight, we rode on and came to the Swiss border towards noon. Olivier was well known there and he had them serve us a splendid meal. While we were enjoying ourselves, the innkeeper sent for two Jews. We immediately struck a bargain with them and sold the horses for half their value. It was all so neatly done that they didn't need to say much. The main question for the Jews was whether the horses were Swedish or Imperial. When they found out that the horses had come from the Weimar army, they said, "That means we won't take them to Baden, but can sell them to the Bavarians in Swabia." I had to be amazed when I heard how familiar they were with these things.

We dined like noblemen, and I enjoyed the good forest trout and delicious crayfish. When it got to be evening, we started back. Our peasant was loaded like a donkey with roast meat and other things to eat. We arrived the next day at a lone farm, where we got a friendly welcome and were well received. We stayed there for a few days because of the bad weather; then we traveled through nothing but forests and side roads till we arrived again at the same little house to which Olivier had first brought me after I'd joined him.

THE 24TH CHAPTER: OLIVIER BITES THE DUST AND TAKES SIX OF THEM WITH HIM

While we were sitting there to fill our stomachs and rest, Olivier sent the peasant out to buy provisions, and some powder and ball. When he was gone, Olivier took off his coat and said to me, "Brother, I don't want to carry all this damned money around by myself any more."

Then he took off a couple of sausages-shaped bags, which he had been carrying next to his skin, threw them onto the table and said, "You'll have to get along with this till I can call it quits and we both have enough. This damned money has raised welts on me ! "

"Brother," I answered, "if you had as little as I do, it wouldn't bother you at all."

"What!" he interrupted, "What's mine is yours -and what we take from now on, we'll share equally."

I picked up the two rolls and found that they were quite heavy because they were full of gold pieces. I told him that they weren't packed very well. If he wanted, I could sew them up so that they wouldn't be half as uncomfortable to carry. He agreed to that and so I went with him to a hollow oak tree where he had scissors, needle and thread. I made scapulars or shoulder garments for us both and sewed many a pretty yellow coin into them. When we put these under our shirts, it was as if we were armored with gold in front and back.

When I wondered why he didn't have any silver money, he told me that he had more than a thousand thalers hidden in a tree. From this he let the peasant pay his expenses and never asked him for an accounting because he wasn't interested in such "sheep shit". After I'd finished and the gold was packed away, we went to the lodgings where we cooked that night and warmed ourselves by the oven.

An hour after daybreak, when we least expected them, six musketeers and a corporal came into our little house with their guns loaded and their firing wicks ready. They kicked the door in and yelled to us to surrender. But Olivier and I always kept our muskets ready next to us and our sharp swords were at our sides. He was sitting behind the table just then and I was standing behind the door by the oven. Olivier answered them with a couple of shots which dropped two of them to the floor. I took care of a third and wounded a fourth with another shot. Then Olivier pulled out his trusty sword, which could cut a hair and which you could compare to King Arthur of England's sword, Caliburn[249]. With this he split the fifth one down from his shoulders to his stomach so that his intestines spilled out and he fell next to them.

Meanwhile, I hit the sixth one with the butt of my gun and sprawled him out onto the floor. But Olivier got hit such a mighty blow on the head by the seventh man that it made his brains splatter out. I struck the man who did this so hard that he was forced to keep his dead comrades company. When the man I had wounded in the beginning became aware of the struggle and saw me coming at him with the butt of my gun, he threw his musket away and started to run as if the devil himself were after him. This whole skirmish hadn't lasted any longer than it would take to say the Lord's Prayer: In this short time, seven brave soldiers had bit the dust.

Now that I was alone, I was master of the field. I examined Olivier to see if there might still be a breath of life in him, but when I found that his spirit had left him, it seemed ridiculous to me to leave so much gold on a corpse which didn't need it. So I skinned off the golden fur that I'd just finished making for him the day before and put it around my neck along with the

other one. Because I'd broken my musket, I took Olivier's, and also his sword - just in case. Then I ran off down the road on which I knew our peasant would have to return. Then I sat down somewhere to wait for him and to try to think of what I should do next.

THE 25TH CHAPTER: SIMPLICIUS COMES OUT OF IT RICH, BUT HEARTBROTHER SHOWS UP IN MISERABLE SHAPE

I'd hardly been sitting there for more than half an hour when our peasant came up, puffing like a bear and running with all his might. He didn't even know I was there until he was right up to me.

"What's the hurry?" I asked, "Has anything happened?"

"You'd better get out of here fast!" he replied, "A corporal and six musketeers are coming to get you and Olivier and bring you back to Lichteneck dead or alive. They caught me and wanted me to lead them to you, but I was lucky enough to get away from them, so I came here to warn you.

"You rascal!" I thought to myself, "You turned us in so that you could get the money Olivier had in the tree."

But I didn't let him notice anything because I still needed him to show me the way. I told him that Olivier and the men who'd come to capture him were dead. When the peasant didn't want to believe me, I took the trouble to go back with him so that he could see the terrible sight of the seven corpses. Then I said, "I let the seventh one get away and I wish to God that I could bring these back to life, for then I would."

The peasant was shocked with fear and he asked: "What are you going to do?"

"I've already made up my mind." I replied, "I'll give you your choice of three things: Either you lead me through the forest to Villingen by some safe trail, or you show me the money Olivier had in the tree, or you die right here and now and keep the other dead company! If you take me to Villingen, you can have Olivier's money for yourself. If you show me the tree, I'll share the money with you. If you don't do either, I'll shoot you dead and go on my way."

The peasant would have liked to run away, but he was afraid of my musket. So he fell to his knees and offered to lead me out of the forest.

We quickly went our way and traveled all that day and, because it was luckily quite light outside, all of the following night. We went on without food, drink or rest till, towards morning, we saw the city of Villingen in front of us. I let the peasant return from there. While we'd been on our way, the peasant had been driven by his fear of death and I by the desire to escape with my money. You could almost believe that gold gives a man great strength: Although I'd had a heavy load of it to carry, I didn't feel especially tired.

I took it for a good omen that they were just opening the gates of the city when I arrived at Villingen. When officer on duty looked me over, I told him that I was a volunteer cavalryman of the same regiment to which Heartbrother had appointed me at Philippsburg. I also told him that I'd left the camp of the Weimar army (which I'd been forced to join after I'd been captured by Wittenweier) and that now I wanted to return to my regiment in the Bavarian army. When he heard this, he turned me over to a musketeer who led me to the commander.

The commander was still in bed at the time because he'd had to work half the night. That's why I was obliged to wait in front of his quarters for an hour and a half. Because the people were just coming out of early Mass, a large crowd of soldiers and burghers gathered around me to find out how things were going at Breisach. Because they made a commotion that was enough to wake up the commander, he had me called in.

When he started to question me, I told him the same things I'd said at the gate. When he asked me about details of the siege and other such things, I confessed everything: I told him how I'd stayed for a while with a fellow who'd also run away. Together we'd attacked and

plundered an enemy coach because we wanted to get enough from the Weimar side to get ourselves some horses so that we could return well-mounted to our regiments. I also said that yesterday we'd been attacked by a corporal and six others, who'd wanted to pick us up; my comrade and six of the enemy had been left dead there. The seventh man and I had both run off, each to his own side. But I said nothing about wanting to get back to L. in Westphalia or about the two well-filled sacks I was wearing in front and back. My conscience didn't bother me at all about keeping silent. After all, what business was it of his? But he didn't even ask about it. But he was very surprised and almost didn't believe that I and Olivier had taken care of six men and chased off the seventh, even though my comrade hadn't lived through it. Our conversation got around to Olivier's sword, which I was wearing. I praised it and he liked it so well that I had to let him have it in exchange for another because I wanted to get away from there respectably and with a passport from him.

But to tell the truth, it was a splendid sword: A complete perpetual calendar had been etched into it and no one can convince me that Vulcan himself hadn't forged it at the Hour of Mars. It must have been finished like the one described in the book called **Heldenschatz**[250]; it could cut other blades in two and put the most courageous enemies and boldest spirits to flight like frightened hares.

After he had dismissed me and ordered my passport, I went to the nearest inn, not knowing if I should eat or sleep. (I needed to do both.) But because I wanted them to still my hunger first, I had them bring me something to eat while I tried to think of how I was going to arrange things so that I could get back safely to my wife in L. with my money because I no more wanted to return to my regiment than I wanted to break my neck.

While I was pondering over this, a fellow limped into the room on a stick he held in his hand. His head was bandaged and one arm was in a sling. His clothes were so ragged that I wouldn't have given him a penny for them. As soon as the house servant saw him, he wanted to throw him out because he smelled bad and was so crawling with lice that he could have populated the entire field where travelers pick off their lice. He begged for the sake of God to be allowed to come in and warm himself a bit, but it didn't do any good. Feeling sorry for him, I intervened, so they grudgingly let him go up to the stove.

It seemed to me that he watched me with a ravenous appetite and a great reverence while I was digging into my meal. He sighed several times and, when the house servant went to to get me a piece of roast, he came over to my table and held out a small crock so that I would know why he'd come. I then took my pitcher and filled up his pot before he could ask.

"Oh friend," he said, "for Heartbrother's sake, give me something to eat, too!"

When he said that, I felt a stab in my heart, for I could see that it really was Heartbrother. I nearly fainted when I saw him in such miserable shape, but I caught myself and embraced him. Then I made him sit down beside me and we both started crying - I from pity, and he from joy.

THE 26TH CHAPTER: IT IS THE LAST CHAPTER OF THE FOURTH BOOK BECAUSE NONE COME AFTER IT

Our unexpected meeting almost caused us to forget to eat or drink. Each of us wanted to find out what the other had been doing since we had last met, but because the innkeeper and the house servant kept coming and going, we couldn't say anything confidential to each other. The innkeeper was surprised that I put up with having such a lice-covered fellow next to me, but I said that this was customary in war among honest soldiers and comrades. When I found out that Heartbrother had stayed in a poorhouse and was living on alms and that his wounds were poorly bound, I rented a separate room for him from the innkeeper. I then put Heartbrother into bed, and sent for the best surgeon I could get. I also sent for a tailor and a seamstress to dress him in new clothes so he could escape from the teeth of the lice.

In my purse I just happened to have the doubloons which Olivier had taken out of the mouth of the dead Jew. Throwing them down onto the table, I said loud enough for the innkeeper to hear me: "Look, Brother, here's my money. I want to spend it on you. We'll use it up together." (That was intended to cause the innkeeper to take better care of us.)

I later showed the barber-surgeon[251] the ruby, which was worth about twenty thalers. Then I told him that I would have to use the little money I had to take care of us and to buy clothes for my comrade. I also wanted to give him this ruby so that he would heal my friend completely. He seemed quite satisfied and set diligently to work.

That's how I took care of Heartbrother like a second self and I had a plain garment of gray cloth made for him. But first I went to the commander on account of the passport. I told him that I'd met a badly-injured comrade and wanted to wait for him until he had completely recovered because I didn't think that I could answer to my regiment if I left him behind. The commander praised me for this and allowed me to stay as long as I wanted. He went on to say that when my comrade could travel, he would provide us both with passports.

When I returned to Heartbrother and sat down alone with him at his bedside, I told him to feel free to tell me how he'd gotten in such sorry condition. I had imagined that perhaps some serious cause or error had forced him to leave his former high position in dishonor and misery.

But he said, "Brother, you know that I was the factotum and dearest and most intimate friend of Count Götz, and you certainly know of the disastrous outcome of the last campaign in which he was general and commander. Not only did we lose the battle of Wittenweir, but we weren't able to lift the siege of Breisach, either. Because all sorts of rumors were circulating everywhere - especially after the Count had been called back to answer for these failures - I voluntarily started to live this lowly life out of shame and fear. I 'd often wished to either die in this misery or, at least, to keep myself hidden until the Count has been able to clear himself, because (as far as I know) he'd always been loyal to the Holy Roman Emperor. In my opinion, last summer's misfortunes were due more to Divine Providence (which gives victories to whomever it wishes) than to his own mistakes.

"When we were trying to lift the siege at Breisach and I saw that our soldiers moving around like sleepwalkers, I armed myself and went up upon the pontoon bridge like I'd wanted to finish the whole job myself, even though it wasn't my responsibility to do this. I just did it to be an example to the others and because we hadn't accomplished anything at all that summer. But as fortune (or rather, misfortune) would have it, I was among the first attackers on the bridge to see the whites of the enemies' eyes.

"The fighting was heavy, and just as I had been one of the first to attack, so too was I one of the very last to be driven back when we failed to repulse the furious attack of the French, and I was also one of the first to fall into the hands of the enemy. I was wounded in the right arm and in the thigh, so I could neither get away nor use my sword. Because the narrowness of the place and the fury of the struggle didn't permit us to consider giving quarter or taking it, I got a blow on the head which knocked me to the ground. Because I was well dressed, some of the enemy soldiers robbed me of my clothes and then threw me into the Rhine for dead.

"In my need, I called to God and left everything to His holy will. And while I was making various vows, I also experienced His aid, for the Rhine washed me ashore where I was able to bind my wounds with some moss. Although I nearly froze there, I felt a strange power inside me which helped me to crawl away from there. Even though I was pitifully wounded, God helped me to get to some Meroding Brothers and several soldiers' wives. They took pity on me even though they didn't know me at all. They had already given up hope that the siege of Breisach could be lifted - and that hurt me even more than my wounds.

"There by the fire they dressed and refreshed me, and before I could bind my wounds again, I had to watch our soldiers prepare for a shameful retreat and give up the cause they'd been fighting for. This was so painful for me that I resolved that I wouldn't let anyone know who I was so that I wouldn't be ridiculed. That is the reason I joined some of our other wounded men who had a surgeon with them. I gave the surgeon the gold cross that I still had around my neck and he kept my wounds dressed.

"This is the misery I've had to put up with, dear Simplicius and I won't even consider letting anyone know who I am until I see that Count Götz has been successful with his case.

When I see your generosity and loyalty, I am consoled to know that the dear Lord has not abandoned me. When I came out of early Mass this morning and saw you standing in front of the commander's quarters, I imagined that God must have sent you instead of an angel to help me in my wretchedness."

I consoled Heartbrother as well as I could. Then I confided to him that I had even more money than the doubloons which he had seen and that all of it was at his service. I then told him of Olivier's undoing and how I had been forced to avenge his death. This revived Heartbrother's spirits so much that it even benefited his body, for his wounds got better with each passing day.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK

THE FIFTH BOOK

THE FIRST CHAPTER: HOW SIMPLICIUS BECOMES A PILGRIM AND GOES ON A PILGRIMAGEWITH HEARTBROTHER

After Heartbrother had regained his strength and his wounds had healed, he confided to me that, in the hour of his greatest need, he had vowed to make a pilgrimage to Einsiedeln[252]. Since he was now so close to Switzerland anyway, he wanted to fulfill his vow, even if he had to beg his way there! Because I was overjoyed to hear that, I offered him my money and companionship. I even wanted to go out and buy two nags for us to make the trip on.

Of course I wasn't being driven on by my piety, but only by my desire to see the Swiss Confederacy, which was the only land where peace still reigned. I was also very happy to have the chance to serve Heartbrother on this trip, for I loved him almost more than I did myself. But he rejected both my aid and my company on the pretext that he had to make this pilgrimage on foot, and with peas in his shoes. If I did go with him, I would only disturb his devotion and burden myself with great inconvenience on account of his slow and laborious pace. But he was just saying that to put me off, because it bothered his conscience to be on such a holy journey while living from money that had been won by murder and robbery. Anyway, he didn't want to cause me too much expense, and he told me frankly that I'd already given him more than I owed him and more than he could ever repay.

This disagreement caused us to get into a friendly quarrel which was more gentle than anything I've ever heard: Each one of us said to the other that he hadn't done what one friend should do for another, and that he was far from ever having repaid the kindness he'd received. But none of this talk could move Heartbrother to accept me as a fellow pilgrim. When I finally noticed that he was disgusted by both Olivier's money and my own godless life, I helped myself with lies because I persuaded him that I was being prompted to go to Einsiedeln because I wanted to change my evil ways. I said that, if he kept me from this good work and I were to die, he wouldn't be able to answer for it.

Thus I was able to persuade him to let me visit that holy place with him, especially when I made it seem that I had repented my wicked life, although that was a lie. So I finally convinced him that I wanted to do penance by walking to Einsiedeln on peas, just as he was going to do.

This argument was hardly over when we got into another one. Heartbrother was much too conscientious. That's why he didn't even want me to accept a passport to return to my regiment from the commander.

"What!" he exclaimed, "Don't we intend to better our lives by going to Einsiedeln? And now, for heaven's sake, I see that you want to begin with deception by blinding people with falsehood. Christ said: 'But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.' What kind of tepid blow-hards are we? If all of the martyrs and witnesses of Christ had acted like that, there wouldn't be many saints in heaven! In God's name and with his protection, let's go where holy resolution and desire lead us and leave the rest to God. God will surely guide us to where our souls will find peace."

I replied by saying to him that we mustn't tempt God; we should accommodate ourselves to the times and use whatever means we couldn't dispense with. Because going on pilgrimages was unusual for soldiers, they'd be more likely to think that we were deserters than pilgrims, if we told the truth, and that could be very embarrassing and even dangerous for us. Even the holy Apostle Paul (with whom we could hardly compare ourselves) had accommodated himself marvelously to his own time and its customs.

Heartbrother finally let me get a passport to my regiment. We took it and left the city with a reliable guide just as the gates were being closed. We started off as if we had wanted to go to Rottweil. But soon we went off on a byway and crossed the Swiss border that same night. We came to a village the next morning, where we provided ourselves with long robes, pilgrims'

staffs and rosaries. Then we sent our guide back again with a generous reward.

Compared to other German lands[253], this country seemed as strange to me as if I had been in Brazil or China. There I saw the people going about their business in peace; the stalls were full of livestock; there was an abundance of chickens, geese and ducks in the barnyards; travelers used the roads without fear; the inns were full of people enjoying themselves; no one was afraid of an enemy; no one worried about plundering; they had no fears of losing life, limb or property. Everyone lived safely under his vines and fig trees. In comparison to other German lands, they lived in pure joy and delight, That's why I thought that this country was an earthly paradise, though it seemed to be harsh enough by nature. I even had to gape at everything along the way, while Heartbrother prayed on his rosary. He rebuked me for this because he also wanted me to pray without ceasing. But I couldn't get used to that.

In Zürich he found out about a trick of mine and he frankly told me what he thought about it. We had spent the previous night in Schaffenhausen, where my feet were really hurting me. Because I was afraid to continue on those peas for another day, I had them cooked and I put them back in my shoes again. That's why I was able to get to Zürich fairly well, though Heartbrother had to hobble along in pain.

"Brother," he said to me, "God has given you the grace to walk along well even despite the peas in your shoes."

"Yes, dearest Heartbrother," I replied, "I boiled them - otherwise I couldn't have gone so far on them."

"God have mercy!" he exclaimed, "What have you done? It would have been better if you hadn't put them in at all, if you are only going to make a mockery of it. I'm afraid God will punish both of us for it. I don't want you to take it wrong if brotherly love forces me to tell you plainly what's troubling me: I am afraid that if you don't behave differently towards God, your salvation is in grave danger. I assure you that there's no one I love more than you, but I can't deny that, if you don't change for the better, I would burden my conscience by continuing that love."

I was struck dumb by shock and could hardly recover again. At last I confessed openly to him that I hadn't put the peas in my shoes out of piety, but only to please him so that he would take me on the trip with him.

"Brother," he answered, "I can see that you are a long way from the road to salvation, peas or no peas. I hope that God helps you to get better, for otherwise our friendship won't last."

From this time on I followed sadly after him like a man being led to the gallows, because my conscience started to trouble me. Thinking things over, I recalled to my mind's eye all of the mean things I'd ever done. For the first time I felt sorry about losing the innocence which I'd brought with me out of the forest and which I'd trifled away in so many different ways. And what afflicted me even more was that Heartbrother would no longer say much to me. He just looked at me and sighed. It seemed to me that he knew of my damnation and felt sorrow for me.

THE 2ND CHAPTER: SIMPLICIUS CHANGES HIS WAYS AFTER BEING FRIGHTENED BY THE DEVIL

Right after we arrived in Einsiedeln we went into the church just as a priest was exorcising a man who was possessed by an evil spirit. Because this was new and strange to me, I left Heartbrother praying on his knees and went over just to watch the show.

But I'd hardly approached when an evil spirit cried out from the poor man, "Hey, old chum, what the devil brings you here? I thought I'd see you along with Olivier when I got home to hell, but I can see that you are here, you adulterous, murderous, whore-monger. You don't think you'll get away from us, do you? Oh, you parsons, don't have anything to do with him - he's a hypocrite and a worse liar than I am. He's only fooling himself and making a mockery of both God and religion!"

The exorcist told the spirit to be silent because he was an arch-liar and would not be believed anyway.

"Yes, yes," he replied, "then ask this runaway monk's traveling companion. He can tell you that this atheist didn't shrink from boiling the peas on which he'd vowed to walk here."

When I heard this, I didn't know if I were standing on my feet or my head, because everyone was looking at me. Though the priest punished the spirit and made him be silent, he wasn't able to drive him out that day.

Meanwhile, Heartbrother came to me just as fear was making me look more like a corpse than a living person; I was between fear and hope, and I didn't know what I should do. Heartbrother consoled me as well as he could and assured the bystanders, especially the clergy, that I'd never been a monk in my life, but was a soldier who may have done more bad than good. Then he said that the devil was a liar and had made the story with the peas much worse than it had really been.

But my mind was so disconcerted that it seemed to me that I was already feeling the very pains of hell and the clergy had enough to do trying to console me. They admonished me to go to confession and communion, but the spirit cried out again from the possessed man: "Yes, yes! He'll make a fine confession, all right. He doesn't even know what it means to confess! What do you want to do with him, anyway? He's a heretic and belongs to us. His parents were more Anabaptist[254] than Calvinist," and so on.

The exorcist again ordered him to be silent and said to him, "Then it will gall you just that much more when this poor lost sheep is pulled from your jaws and returned to the fold of Christ."

That made the spirit start to roar so savagely that it was terrifying to listen to him. But its abominable outcry was a great source of consolation to me, for it seemed to me that this devil wouldn't be making such a commotion, if I had really lost any chance of gaining the grace of God.

Although I wasn't prepared for confession and had never considered it because my shame had made me fear it like the devil fears the holy cross, I then felt such a desire to repent and better my life that I immediately wanted to find a confessor. Heartbrother was overjoyed at my sudden conversion, because he well knew that I hadn't joined any church up to that time. Then and there I publicly embraced the Catholic Church. I also went to confession and, after I had received absolution, I took communion. I can't express how relieved and well I felt in my heart after that. The most amazing thing of all was the way the spirit in the possessed man left me alone after that, though before my confession and communion, he'd reproached me for the various malicious acts I'd committed, as if he'd been sent out only to point out my sins. But none of the bystanders had believed him, a liar, because my reverent pilgrim's garments made quite a different impression.

We stayed fourteen whole days at this blessed place. There I thanked God for my conversion and contemplated the miracles which had happened there. All these things moved me to a kind of reverence and blessedness. But this couldn't last long because my conversion had not sprung from my love of God, but from my fear of damnation. I slowly became tepid and indifferent again because I gradually forgot the fright which the wicked enemy had given me.

After we had seen enough of the relics of the saints, the ornate vestments of the priests and other worthwhile sights in the church, we made our way to Baden[255] to spend the rest of the winter.

THE 3RD CHAPTER: HOW THE TWO FRIENDS SPEND THE WINTER

There I rented a cozy parlor and room for us; they were usually used in the summer by visitors to the baths; these were mostly rich people from Switzerland who go there more to enjoy themselves and show off than to cure their ills in the baths. I also paid for our board at the same time. When Heartbrother saw how lavishly I was living, he advised me to be careful with my money and reminded me of the long, hard winter ahead of us, which we still had to endure. He was afraid that my money wouldn't last very long. He said I'd probably need some of it in the spring, when we wanted to leave there again - it is easy for a person to rid himself of a lot of money in a short time, if he doesn't add any to it, because it vanishes like smoke and promises never to return again, and so on.

Because of all these well-meant reminders, I could no longer conceal from Heartbrother how fat my purse really was and that I intended to spend it freely on both of us, especially because I had gained and increased it in a way that was so unworthy of any blessing that I wouldn't even consider buying a farm with it. And even if I didn't want to use it for the support of the best friend I had on earth, it was only right that Heartbrother should enjoy Olivier's money just to make up for the way he'd disgraced him by Magdeburg. When I was sure that it was safe, I took off both of my scapulars, removed the ducats and pistoles. Then I said to Heartbrother that he could dispose of this in any way he wanted: He could invest it or distribute it in any way he thought would profit us most.

When he saw that, in addition to the trust I had in him, I also had so much money that I could have lived like a gentleman without him, he said: "Brother, as long as I've known you, you've done nothing except show your loyalty and your love for me! But tell me, how do you think that I can repay you for it? I don't mean the money alone because I could perhaps pay that back in time but rather your love and loyalty and the priceless trust that you have in me.

"To sum it up, Brother, your virtuous spirit has made me your slave. It isn't possible to repay what you've done; I can only admire it! Oh, honest Simplicius, even in these godless times, when the world is full of treachery, it didn't even enter into your mind that poor and needy Heartbrother would want to run off with all this money, leaving you in poverty instead of him. Brother, you can be sure that this proof of true friendship has obligated me much more than I would be if a rich gentleman had given me thousands. My brother, the only thing I ask is that you remain master, keeper and spender of your own money. It's enough for me that you're my friend!"

"My venerable brother," I answered, "what kind of talk is that? You tell me that you're obligated to me, but you still don't want me to spend our money on you and me."

And so we went on foolishly talking to each other because we were both intoxicated on the other's love. That's how Heartbrother became my steward, my treasurer, my servant and my master, all at one time.

Once, when we had nothing better to do, he told me what had happened to him and how he'd become acquainted with Count Götz and how he had been advanced by him. I then told him what I'd done since his late father had died because we hadn't talked of that up till then. When he heard that I had a young wife in L., he told me that I should have gone back to her rather than to Switzerland with him, because it would have been more fitting to return, and it was also my duty. After I had apologized by saying that I'd not been able to abandon my dearest friend, he persuaded me to write to my wife to let her know my situation and promise to return to her as soon as I could. I also apologized for having been gone so long by telling her that all sorts of unpleasant encounters had kept me from returning to her, despite my desire to do so.

Heartbrother later received word that things had gone well with Count Götz. When he learned that Götz would be vindicated in the eyes of His Imperial Majesty, set free again and even be given command of another army, he wrote to him in Vienna and told him of his present

situation. He also wrote to the army of the Elector of Bavaria about the baggage which he still had there, and he started hoping that his fortune would improve again.

Then we decided to go our separate ways in the spring. He would return to the Count and I would go back to my wife in L. Because we didn't want to idle away our time that winter, we learned more about fortifications from an engineer and his books than the kings of Spain and France would have been able to construct. I also got to know some alchemists who wanted to teach me how to make gold after they noticed that I had money; all I had to do was to pay for the equipment and supplies. I even think they would have talked me into it, if Heartbrother had not sent them packing by saying that anyone who'd mastered such an art didn't need to go begging or approach people for money.

Although Heartbrother received a favorable reply from the Count in Vienna, I didn't get a single line from L., though I wrote duplicate letters there on various mail days. That made me so irritated that I didn't start off for Westphalia the following spring, but had Heartbrother take me along with him to Vienna so that I could also enjoy the good fortune he hoped for. And so we both equipped ourselves at my expense as cavaliers: We got clothes, horses, servants and weapons. We then went on through Constance and towards Ulm, where we caught a boat on the Danube and reached Vienna safely a week later.

I didn't observe much on the way except the women who lived along the banks. They didn't call back in reply to the greetings of passing travelers, but simply showed them their backsides. That way a fellow could gain many fine perspectives of them!

THE 4TH CHAPTER: HOW HEARTBROTHER AND SIMPLICIUS AGAIN GO TO WAR AND RETURN

Some strange things certainly happen in this capricious world! Some people say that a man who knew everything would soon be rich, but I say that a man who can adapt to the times will soon be powerful and important. Many a skinflint or money-grubber (for these are the titles of honor which are bestowed on misers) soon gets rich because he knows how to use one advantage or another. But that doesn't make him great because people often think even less of him than they did when he was poor. But if you know how to become important and powerful, wealth will follow of its own accord. Fortune, who is in the habit of granting wealth and power, looked upon me with loving eyes and, after I'd been in Vienna for about a week, she gave me opportunity enough to lightly mount the ladder of success and climb to the highest reaches. But I didn't do that. Why? I suppose it was because my fate had already decided on something else: I would go wherever my fatuousness led me.

Count von der Wahl, under whose command I had previously distinguished myself in Westphalia, happened to be in Vienna at the same time Heartbrother and I were there. He was at a banquet with several Imperial military councilors, Count Götz and several others, when the conversation got around to all sorts of odd characters, soldiers and famous raiders.

That is how they started to talk about the Hunter of Soest. They told such flattering stories about a few of his exploits that some of the listeners were astonished to learn that they had been done by such a young boy. Others regretted that the crafty Hessian colonel, St. André, had succeeded in putting him in martial chains so that he either had to put his sword aside, or take up arms for the Swedes: Count von der Wahl had been able to find out all about how that colonel at L. had tricked me. Heartbrother, who was also there at the time and wanted to help my fortunes, excused his interruption and asked for permission to speak. Then he told them that he knew the Hunter of Soest better than anyone else in the world. He added that he was not only a good and courageous soldier, but also a fine rider, a perfect swordsman and an excellent gunsmith and ordnance man; he was also the equal of any engineer. He'd left his wife (who'd made a fool out of him) and everything else he had behind him in L. in order to seek the Emperor's service again because he'd served under Count Götz in the last campaign. After he'd

been captured by Weimar troops, he'd wanted to get away to the Imperial army again. Together with a comrade, he'd killed a corporal and six musketeers who'd been sent to bring them back. He'd brought a great deal of booty along with him and he and Heartbrother had traveled together to Vienna, where he intended to join the fight against the foes of the Holy Roman Emperor, if he could serve under suitable terms, for he had no desire to be a common soldier again.

By that time this stately company had become so elated with sweet wine that they wanted to satisfy their curiosity by seeing the Hunter. That's why they sent Heartbrother by coach to bring me. On the way back, he told me how to behave around such illustrious men because my future prospects were dependent upon it. When I arrived I answered all their questions briefly and succinctly, so that they began to be amazed at me because I didn't say anything which didn't make an intelligent impression.

To sum it up, everyone gained a good opinion of me. And besides, Count von der Wahl had already praised me as a good soldier. Meanwhile, I was getting a little drunk and I think that I didn't conceal how little I knew of courtly life because, when an infantry colonel promised me a company in his regiment, I didn't refuse it because I thought that it was certainly no small thing to be a captain. But Heartbrother rebuked me the next day for my superficiality and said that, if I'd held out longer, I would have received an even better offer.

After that I was presented as captain to a company which had only seven soldiers to do guard duty, though the officers' roster was complete. Most of my sergeants were such old has-beens that I could only scratch my head when I saw them. And so it's not surprising that we were wiped out in the next serious encounter, where Count Götz[256] lost his life and Heartbrother's testicles were shot off, though I was only slightly wounded in the thigh. We then went on to Vienna to recuperate, for we had our money there.

Though our wounds themselves healed quickly enough, Heartbrother's condition took a serious turn for the worse. The doctors couldn't diagnose his problem at first. He had become paralyzed in all four limbs like a choleric person who is infected by his gall (though he was not in the least inclined to that humor, or to anger). Nonetheless, he was advised to take a cure at a mineral spring and they suggested that he go to Griesbach[257] in the Black Forest.

That's how our fortune made an unexpected change. Only a short time before, Heartbrother had intended to marry a noble lady and have himself made a baron and me a gentleman. But now he had to make other plans because he had lost the things he needed to propagate a generation. And now that his paralysis threatened him with a lengthy period of convalescence when he would need his friends, he made a will in which I was named as the sole heir to his property, mainly because he could see that I was throwing my own good fortune to the winds for his sake by giving up my company so that I could go with him to the mineral springs, where I wanted to remain until he regained his health.

THE 5TH CHAPTER: SIMPLICIUS ACTS AS A MESSENGER AND, WHILE PLAYING MERCURY, HE LEARNS WHAT WAR AND PEACE ARE CAUSING JOVE TO THINK

When our Heartbrother was able to ride again, we exchanged our cash (which we'd been keeping in a common purse) for a letter of credit in Basel. We arranged for horses and servants and started up the Danube towards Ulm. From there we went on to the mineral springs because it was May and a pleasant time to travel. After we had rented quarters there, I continued on to Strasbourg to pick up a part of our money (which we'd had transferred there from Basel) and to look around for experienced doctors to prescribe medicines and a therapy at the springs for Heartbrother.

The doctors came with me and concluded that Heartbrother had been poisoned; but because the poison had not been strong enough to kill him right away, it had gone into his limbs and

would have to be removed by means of medicine, antidotes and steam baths. Such a cure would require a number of weeks. Then Heartbrother immediately remembered when and by whom he had been poisoned, that is, by those who wanted to step into his position in the army. When he heard from the doctors that he didn't need the mineral springs, he firmly concluded that his field surgeon had been bribed by these same rivals to send him far away from there. But he made up his mind to complete his convalescence at the mineral springs because the air there was healthful and the company of the other guests charming.

I didn't want to waste time there because I wanted to see my wife again. Since Heartbrother didn't especially need me, I told him what was on my mind. He praised me for the idea and advised me to go ahead and see her. He also gave me some precious jewels, which I was to give her so that he could gain her forgiveness, because he had been one of the reasons for my delay.

Then I rode to Strasbourg to furnish myself with money and find out how I could make my journey as safely as possible. I found out that the trip couldn't be made alone on horseback because the raiding parties sent out by the many garrisons of the two warring parties had made the road unsafe. So I got a passport for a courier in Strasbourg and wrote several letters to my wife, her sister and her parents, just as if I had wanted a courier to deliver them in L. Then I pretended that I had changed my mind. I got the passport from the courier, sent my horse and servant back again, disguised myself in white and red livery and finally traveled on by ship to Cologne, which was then neutral.

There I went first to visit my Jove, who'd once said that I was his Ganymede, because I wanted to find out from him what had become of the property I had deposited there, but he had gone completely mad and was disgusted with mankind.

"Oh, Mercury," he said when he saw me, "what news do you bring from Münster[258]? Do the men there really believe that they can make peace without my approval. Never! They already had it, why didn't they keep it? Weren't all of the vices in fashion when they induced me to send them the war? What have they done since then to deserve peace? Have they changed their ways? Haven't they become even worse and didn't they hurry off to war as if they were going to a fair? Or maybe they have repented because of the scarcity I sent which has caused so many thousands of souls to die of hunger? Or did the plague[259], which cut down millions of them, cause them to better themselves?

"No, no, Mercury; the survivors have seen this miserable calamity with their own eyes and they have not only failed to change their ways, they have become even worse than they were before! And if they haven't repented after so many horrible afflictions and haven't stopped living their godless lives in spite of such heavy crosses and tribulations, what would they do if I sent them luxurious and golden peace again? Then I'd have to be careful that they didn't attempt to overthrow me in heaven, as the Titans[260] once did. But I would know how to redirect such insolence in time; I'd have them get tied up in war. "

Since I knew how to humor this god when I wanted to get him in a good mood, I said,
"Oh great god, the whole world is sighing for peace and promising to repent. How can you withhold it from them?"

"Yes," Jupiter answered, "they're sighing all right, but not for my sake, only for theirs! They don't want to praise God, each under his own vine and fig tree. No, they just want to enjoy their noble fruits in peace and lechery. I recently asked a mangy tailor if I should grant them peace. He replied that it didn't matter to him because he would have to fence with his needles in war as well as in peace. I got the same kind of answer from a foundry man. He said that, if he couldn't cast bells in peacetime, he could always keep busy in war casting cannons and mortars. And a blacksmith said to me, 'Even if I don't have any plows and farm wagons to work on in war, I have so much work with cavalry horses and military wagons that I can well do without peace.'

"You see, my dear Mercury, why should I grant them peace? Even though some of them want it, it's like I said: They only want it because of their stomachs and their lust. And there are others who want to keep the war, but not because it's my will! They simply want to keep it because they are making a profit out of it. Though masons and carpenters want peace so that they can make money rebuilding houses which have been leveled, there are others who

wouldn't be able to feed themselves by manual labor in time of peace, and these people want the war to continue so that they can keep on making a living by plundering."

Because my Jupiter was so concerned with these matters, I could easily imagine that he was much too confused and distracted to give me any information about my family, so I didn't bother to tell him what I was doing, but just continued on my way to Lippstadt over the byways I knew so well.

When I got there I asked for my father-in-law, just as if I had been a strange messenger. I was told that both he and my mother-in-law had departed from this world a half year before and that my darling wife had left this mortal world a short time later, after she had given birth to a son who was now being cared for by her sister.

So I gave my brother-in-law the letters I'd written to my father-in-law, my wife, and to him. Then he wanted me to stay there so that he could find out from me (the messenger) how Simplicius was doing. For the same reason my sister-in-law talked to me for a long time about myself and I told her everything praiseworthy I could think of. My pockmarks had changed my face so much that no one recognized me except von Schönstein (who had once captured me) . But because he was my most loyal friend, he kept his mouth closed.

When I told my sister-in-law in great detail that Master Simplicius had many servants and fine horses and dressed in a black velvet coat which was trimmed with gold, she said, "Yes, I always thought that his family was by no means as lowly as he pretended. The present commander persuaded my late parents with splendid promises that the match between him and my late sister, who was a pious girl, was advantageous, but I could never see that it would have a good end. Nevertheless, he showed promise and had decided to serve the Swedish, or rather, the Hessian garrison here. So he went to Cologne to get what he had there first, but the matter got delayed. In the meantime, he was tricked into going to France. My sister, who'd had him for hardly four weeks, and probably about half a dozen burghers' daughters were left behind, pregnant. Then, one after the other, they all gave birth to boys; my sister was the last.

"Since my father and mother are now dead and I and my husband have no hope of having children together, we have taken my sister's child as the heir to all of our property and, with the help of the commander here, we have recovered his father's property in Cologne, which was worth about three thousand guilders. When the young boy grows up, he'll have no reason to consider himself poor. I and my husband love that child so much that we wouldn't let his father have him, even if he came to pick him up himself. Besides, he's prettier than his half-brothers and he's the image of his father. I'm sure that if my brother-in-law knew what a handsome son he has here, nothing would keep him from coming here to see the little sweetheart, even if he didn't want to see his little bastards."

From this and other things which my sister-in-law told me, I could easily see how much they loved my child, who was running around us there in his first breeches and making my heart glad. So I took out the jewels which Heartbrother had given me for my wife; I told them that Master Simplicius had given them to me to present to his beloved wife. Because she was dead, I thought it would be only right, if I gave them to his child; my brother-in-law and his wife accepted them happily. That made them conclude that I must have been wealthy and that I was quite different from what they had imagined.

Then I requested permission to depart. When I received it, I asked if I could give young Simplicius a kiss on behalf of his father, so that I could tell him about this token. My sister-in-law gave me permission, and when I did, both of our noses started to bleed[261]. Though my heart could have broken, I hid my feelings and left as quickly as I could so that they wouldn't have any time to start thinking about this affinity .

After suffering great difficulties, I arrived at the mineral springs fourteen days later dressed as a beggar because I had been robbed of everything along the way.

THE 6TH CHAPTER: TELLS OF A PRACTICAL JOKE WHICH SIMPLICIUS PLAYED AT THE MINERAL SPRINGS

After my return it became clear to me that Heartbrother was becoming worse rather than better, though the doctors and pharmacists had plucked him cleaner than a fat goose. He seemed rather childlike to me and he could walk only with great difficulty. I cheered him up as well as I could, but things weren't going well. He noticed himself that he was losing his strength. His biggest consolations were that he wouldn't last much longer and that I would be with him when he closed his eyes.

In the meanwhile, I enjoyed myself and sought my pleasure wherever I could find it, but only in such a way that my Heartbrother didn't have to do without the care he needed. Because I knew that I was a widower, the pleasant days and my youth again aroused my desire to chase after women, which I ardently did, for I had forgotten the fright I'd received in Einsiedeln by that time. There was a beautiful woman[262] at the mineral springs who said that she was a member of the nobility, but I thought that she was more **mobilis** than **nobilis**. I courted this mantrap intently because she seemed to be rather attractive. It didn't take long before I not only got acquainted with her, but I also got all of the delights I could have ever wanted. But at the same time, I was disgusted by her wantonness. That's why I looked for a chance to politely rid myself of her. I also suspected that she was more interested in fleecing me than she was in marrying me. Wherever we were, she went so overboard with her loving and fiery glances and other tokens of her burning affection, that I was ashamed of myself and of her, too.

There was also a wealthy Swiss nobleman at the springs from whom they'd stolen not only his money, but also his wife's jewelry, which consisted of gold, silver, pearls and gems. Because it is as unpleasant to lose such things as it is difficult to gain them, the Swiss sought all the advice and help he could get in order to get them back into his hands again. So he sent for the famous exorcist from the Geisshaut settlement, who so harassed the thief with his curses that he was forced to personally return the stolen goods to their proper place. The sorcerer was then rewarded ten thalers for this.

Though I would have liked to see this master of the black arts, I didn't think that I could do it without damaging my reputation because I didn't consider myself to be a nobody. That's why I had my servant drink with him that night because he was supposed to be an arch-boozer; I thought that perhaps I could get to know him in this way. I'd heard them tell so many strange stories about him that I couldn't believe them before I had heard about them directly from him. So I disguised myself as an itinerant peddler who was selling ointments and sat down at his table because I wanted to see if he would guess (or if the devil would tell him) who I really was. But I didn't notice a thing. He just kept on drinking and treated me the way my clothes warranted.

Though he brought me a few glasses, he showed more respect to my servant than to me. He told him confidentially that, if the man who had robbed the Swiss had only thrown a very small share of his loot into flowing water for the cursed devil, it would have been impossible to name the thief or recover the loss.

I listened to these foolish tricks and was amazed that the crafty and extremely cunning enemy could get this poor fellow into his clutches at so little cost. I could easily tell that this was part of the pact which he had made with the devil and I could well imagine that such a trick would be of no help to the thief if another exorcist (who didn't have this provision in his pact) were called in to clear up the robbery. So I ordered my servant, who could steal like a magpie, to get him completely drunk and then swipe his ten thalers; I told him that he should throw a couple of small coins into the River Rench, which my servant soon did.

When the exorcist missed his money the following morning, he went upstream on the Rench, undoubtedly to talk to his familiar spirit about his loss. But he got so roughly mishandled that he came back with a black eye and a scratched face. That made me feel so

sorry for the old rascal that I gave him his money back. I also told him that, since he could now see what an evil and deceiving guest the devil was, he should renounce his service and company from now on and return to God again. But this warning turned out to be my own undoing because my lucky star disappeared from that time on. Soon afterwards, my beautiful horses were struck dead from sorcery. But what could I do about it? Since I was living like an epicurean and I had never invoked God's protection for my possessions, why shouldn't this sorcerer have the power to avenge himself on me?

THE 7TH CHAPTER: HEARTBROTHER DIES, AND SIMPLICIUS STARTS TO CHASE AFTER WOMEN AGAIN

The longer I was at the mineral springs, the more I enjoyed it: Not only did the number of guest increase by the day, but the place itself and the way of living there seemed delightful. I became acquainted with the rollicking people who came there and I first began to learn to make polite conversation and pay compliments, though I hadn't given much attention to such things before. I was taken for a nobleman because my servants called me captain and soldiers of fortune don't usually attain that rank at my age. For that reason the wealthy dandies sought my acquaintance and I theirs. We even became fraternal friends. Amusements, gambling, eating and drinking became my greatest labor and concern, and they cost me many a fine ducat, but I didn't worry about that because Olivier's legacy was still heavy in my purse.

In the meanwhile, Heartbrother's condition got so bad that he finally had to pay nature's debt. The doctors and men of medicine had already abandoned him after fleecing him sufficiently. He confirmed his last will and testament and made me heir to what he had to inherit from his late father. I ordered a splendid burial for him and dismissed his servants with a gratuity and their mourning clothes

His departure was especially painful for me because he'd been poisoned. And though I couldn't change that, it changed me, for I fled from people and sought only solitude so that I could meditate over my own dismal thoughts. In order to do that, I would hide myself somewhere in a bush to think about the friend I'd lost and that I would never again have another one like him. I also got all sorts of notions about how I would lead my life in the future, but I couldn't decide on anything specific. At first I wanted to go back to the army, but then it occurred to me that the simplest peasants in that region were better off than a colonel, because no raiding parties came into these hills. I couldn't even imagine all of the things that an army would have to do to ruin that part of the country because all of the farms were in good condition, just as in peacetime, and all of the stables were full of livestock, though you couldn't even find a dog or cat in the villages of the low country.

Once, as I was delighting in the loveliest of songs of the birds, I imagined that the sweetness of the nightingale enchanted the other birds into attentive silence, for they were either ashamed or they listened so that they could learn to imitate its sweet sound. Just then, a beautiful woman neared the water on the far shore. She was wearing the garments of a peasant girl and she moved me more than a stately damsel could have done. She took a basket from her head in which she carried a large ball of fresh butter that she wanted to sell at the mineral springs. She had come to cool it in the water so that it wouldn't melt in the heat. Meanwhile, she sat down in the grass, took off her veil and peasant's hat and wiped the perspiration from her brow, so that I had a good chance to see her and to let my curious eyes gaze on her. It seemed to me that I'd never seen a more beautiful person in my life. Her bodily proportions appeared to be perfect and beyond reproach. Her hands and arms were white as snow; her face was fresh and lovely and her dark eyes were full of fire and exciting glances.

When she was packing up her butter again, I called out, "Ah, maiden! You've cooled your butter in the water with your beautiful hands, but your bright eyes have set my heart on fire!"

As soon as she heard and saw me, she ran away as if she were being chased. Without

having said even a word to me, she left me behind burdened with all those follies with which enamored fools are usually tortured.

But my desire to have this sun shine more upon me didn't allow me to remain in the seclusion I had chosen. She had brought me to regard the song of the nightingale as worth no more than the howling of the wolf. So I toddled along towards the mineral springs and sent my servant ahead to catch up with the woman selling the butter in order to haggle with her until I arrived. He did all he could and after I arrived, I did all I could. But I found a heart of stone and a coldness which I never would have expected in a peasant girl. But that only made me love her all the more, though as an old hand at such matters, I could tell that she would not let someone make a fool out of her easily.

I should have had an implacable enemy or a good friend: An enemy would have provided me with someone to direct my thoughts against and caused me to forget this foolish love and a friend could have advised me against it and warned me. But, unfortunately, I had nothing but my money, which had put out my eyes and allowed my blind desires to mislead me. But I didn't keep a tight rein on either of them or on the crude rashness which led me to ruin and unhappiness. Fool that I was, I hadn't been able to see a bad omen for our love in our black clothes: I was dressed in mourning clothes because of Heartbrother's death and she was also dressed in the same color because her parents had died shortly before we had seen each other for the first time. What kind of joy could have been in store for such a love? In a word, I was tied up with the fool's rope, blind and without reason like the child Cupid himself.

Because I didn't dare to satisfy my carnal desires in any other way, I decided to marry her. "Well," I thought, "you are only a peasant's son and will never own a castle. This is a beautiful region which, compared to others, has remained blooming and prosperous throughout this terrible war. And anyway, you've got enough money to buy the best farm in the area. You can marry this honest peasant maid and get yourself a quiet country manor in the midst of these peasants.

"And what could be better than to live near the mineral springs, for guests, who come and go every six weeks, can continually provide me with a new world which will allow me to imagine how the earth changes from one generation to the next."

These and thousands of similar thoughts went through my head till I finally asked my beloved to marry me and, after some difficulty, she accepted.

THE 8TH CHAPTER: SIMPLICIUS MARRYS FOR THE SECOND TIME, MEETS UP WITH HIS KNAN AND LEARNS WHO HIS PARENTS WERE

I made preparations for a splendid wedding, for the heavens seemed to be filled with violins. I not only bought the farm on which my bride was born, but I also started to have such a beautiful home constructed that it looked more as though I wanted to play host than keep house. Even before the wedding, I bought over thirty head of livestock because that was the number which the farm could support throughout the year. In short, I ordered the best of everything, including whatever costly furnishings had captured my foolish imagination.

But this arrow soon plunged into the mud. Though we had set sail on the sea of love, I had to discover that this was not her maiden voyage. Then I realized much too late why my bride had been so reluctant to take me. But what hurt me most was that I couldn't blame anyone but myself for my scornful situation. Though it was clear to me that it was only right for me to suffer for my sins in this way, this knowledge didn't make me any more patient, much less pious. Because I had been forced to find out that I had been deceived in this way, I thought that I was entitled to deceive my deceiver. That's why I started to graze around wherever I could find fresh grass. I came to spend more time in pleasant company at the mineral springs than I did at home. In short, I let my household go to ruin for a whole year.

But my wife, for her part, was just as slovenly: When I had an ox slaughtered for the household, she just salted it away in some baskets. Once, when she was supposed to prepare a suckling pig for me, she tried to pluck off its bristles as if they had been feathers. She also wanted to grill crayfish and roast trout on a spit. It is easy to see from these few examples how carelessly she took care of me in other things. My wife also liked to have a nice sip of wine and enjoyed sharing it with other good people - and that was a sign of my future disaster.

I once went for a walk down the valley with some dandies to attend a party in the lower springs. That's when we met an old peasant leading a goat he wanted to sell. Because I thought I'd seen him before, I asked him where he was coming from with that goat.

He removed his hat and said: "Sir, I can't really say."

"You didn't steal that goat, did you?" I responded.

"No!" he replied, "I'm bringing it from **that town**[263] in the valley, but I don't want to mention its name around this here nanny goat."

Though this reply brought laughter from everyone else, it caused me to turn pale. My friends thought that I was annoyed or ashamed at having received such a clever retort from a peasant, but I was thinking about something else: The old peasant had a large wart in the middle of his forehead which made him look like a unicorn - and it made me certain that he was my knan from the Spessart.

This made me decide to play the prophet before I told him who I was and pleased him by showing him a son as fine as the clothes he was wearing. So I said to him, "My dear old man, don't you come from the Spessart?"

"Yes, sir." the peasant answered.

Then I asked, "Didn't raiders plunder and burn your house about eighteen years ago?"

"Yes - God have mercy!" the peasant replied, "But it couldn't have been that long ago!"

"Didn't you have two children then," I asked, "a grown daughter and a young boy who herded your sheep?"

"Sir," my knan replied, "the daughter was my own child, but not the boy. But I wanted to raise him as my own child."

From this I could gather that I was not the son of this coarse clod. On the one hand, that made me glad, but on the other, I was disturbed because I thought that I must be a bastard or a foundling. So I had to ask him where he'd got the boy, and what reason he'd had to raise him as his own.

"Ah," he said, "it was strange with him: The war gave him to me and the war took him away again."

Because I was afraid that something might come out about my birth that could be disadvantageous to me, I changed the subject to the goat and asked, if he had sold it at the inn to the woman in the kitchen. That would have been strange because the guests at the mineral springs weren't in the habit of eating the meat of old goats.

"Oh, no sir," the peasant answered, "the woman at the inn has plenty of goats and wouldn't pay anything for one. I'm bringing it to the countess who's bathing at the mineral springs. Doctor Jack-of-all-trades has prescribed some herbs for the goat to eat. Then he takes the milk it gives and puts some medicine into it. Then she has to drink the milk to get well again. They say there's somethin' wrong with her guts, and if the goat helps, it'll be doin' more than the doctor and his farmercist together."

During the conversation I tried to think of how I could get to talk more with the peasant. That's why I offered him one thaler more for the goat than the doctor or the countess had been willing to pay. He immediately agreed (A small profit is usually persuasive enough.) but only on the condition that he first let the countess know that I had offered him one thaler more. If she wanted to give as much as that for it, then she should have the option of buying it. If not, he would let me have the goat. He added that he would tell me that evening how things stood.

Then my knan went on, and I and my companions continued on our way, but because I neither could nor wanted to go on, I turned around and soon found my knan again. He still had his goat because no one would give him as much for it as I would. I was surprised about these wealthy people, but that didn't cause me to lower my price. I led him to the farm I'd recently purchased and paid him for the goat.

After I had got him half drunk, I asked him where he'd found the boy we'd talked about that day.

"Well, sir," he said, "the Mansfeld war brought him to us, and the battle of Nördlingen[264] took him away again."

"That must be quite a story." I said, and then I asked him to tell it to me to pass the time because we didn't have anything else to talk about.

Then the old man began his story: "When Mansfeld's men lost the battle by Höchst[265], his beaten troops scattered far and wide because a lot of them didn't know where they were supposed to retreat to. Many came to the Spessart, where they could hide in the woods. But though some of them had escaped death on the plain, they found it with us in the hills.

"Because both warring parties thought that it was all right to rob and slaughter on our ground, we took'em by the horns. A peasant seldom went into the brush in those days without his gun because we couldn't just stay home with our plows and hoes.

"In all the turmoil that was going on then, I heard some shots not far away and found a beautiful young noble woman on a magnificent horse in a terribly wild forest not far from my farm. At first I thought she was a man because she rode like one, but when I saw her raise her eyes and hands to heaven and call on God, speaking French in a pitiful voice, I put down the gun I was about to fire at her and uncocked it again because I could tell by her voice and her gestures that she was a distressed woman.

"When we approached each other and she saw me, she said, 'Oh! If you're an honest Christian, then for the sake of the Last Judgment before which we must all account for what we've done and what we've neglected, I beg you to lead me to some honest woman who, with God's help, will aid me in relieving my body of its burden!'

"Her words (They made me think of such great things.) the gracious way she spoke, and her troubled, but very beautiful and charming appearance were enough to move me to such compassion that I took her horse by the reins and led her through the hedges and bushes to the place where the brush was thickest. There I'd hidden my wife, my child, my hired help and my livestock. In less than half and hour, she gave birth to the young boy we were talking about today."

My knan then took a drink to show me that he was finished with his story, and I drank to him. But when he had emptied his glass, I asked him, "And what happened to the woman after that?"

"After she gave birth," he replied, "she asked me to be godfather and to see to it that the child was baptized as soon as possible. Then she told me her name and her husband's, so that I could have them written in the baptismal register. Then she opened her knapsack, where she kept some precious things, and gave me, my wife, our milkmaid and another woman so much that we had good reason to be satisfied. But while she was doing that and telling us about her husband, she died in our hands after she had commended the child to us.

"Because there was so much chaos in the country that nobody could stay at his home, we could hardly find a pastor for the burial and baptism. But when we'd finally got both done, our pastor and our village overseer told me to raise the child to manhood. For my trouble and expense, I was told to keep everything the woman had left behind, except some rosaries, precious stones and some jewelry, which I was to keep for the child. After that we nourished the child on goat's milk and we were glad to have the boy. We thought that he could marry our girl when he grew up. But after the battle at Nördlingen, I lost both the girl and the boy, along with everything we had."

Then I said to my knan, "You've told me a very fine story, but you forgot the most important part, because you didn't tell me the name of the woman, her husband or the child."

"Sir," he answered, "I didn't think that you wanted to know. The name of the noble woman was Susanna Ramsey. Her husband was Captain Sternfels von Fuchsheim. Because my name's Melchior, I had the boy baptized as Melchior Sternfels von Fuchsheim[266], and that is the name which is written in the baptismal register."

In this roundabout way I found out that I was the son of my hermit and Governor Ramsey's sister, but much too late[267], for both of my parents were dead. And I couldn't find out anything more about my uncle Ramsey than that the people of Hanau had rid themselves of both him

and the Swedish garrison. That had caused him so much anger and frustration that he'd gone completely insane[268].

I completely submerged my godfather in wine and, on the following day, I sent for his wife. I then made my identity known to them, but they refused to believe me till I showed them a black and hairy birthmark on my chest.

THE 9TH CHAPTER: HE SUFFERS THE PAINS OF CHILDBIRTH AND BECOMES A WIDOWER AGAIN

I later took my godfather and rode down into the Spessart area to obtain credible documents concerning my descent and legitimate birth; I easily got them because I had the baptismal record and the witness of my godfather. I also stopped to see the pastor who had been in Hanau and had taken care of me. He gave me written evidence concerning my deceased father, that I had remained with him up till his death and that I had been in Hanau for a time by Ramsey, the governor. I even had a notary prepare a document of my personal history from the statements of witnesses because I thought that it might come in handy some day. This trip cost me over four hundred thalers because we were caught, plundered and robbed of our horses by a raiding party on our way back. I and my knan (or godfather) were stripped and hardly got away with our lives.

After that, things started to go badly at home: When my wife found out that her husband was really a nobleman, she not only played the great lady, but she also allowed the whole household to go to ruin while I had to put up with this in silence because she was pregnant. Moreover, misfortune struck my barn, too, because most of my livestock, including the best, died.

I could have endured all of that, but oh, woe! Misfortunes never come alone! In the very hour in which my wife gave birth, our maid also had child which looked very much like me, though the one my wife had looked like the spitting image of the servant. On top of it all, the lady I'd already mentioned deposited another baby at my door that very night along with a note saying that I was the father[269]. So I had three children all at once, and the fear that others would crawl out from every corner caused me some gray hairs! But that is the way it has to be if you lead the godless life I I had done by following my bestial desires.

But what could I do? I had to have them baptized and, in addition, I was punished by the authorities. Because they were Swedish[270] and I had served the Emperor, I had to pay just that much more. This was the prelude of another complete ruin for me. And though all these misfortunes troubled me greatly, they didn't matter much to my dear wife. She even warbled at me day and night because of the pretty package that had been laid at my door and because I'd had to pay so much in fines. But if she had known about me and the maid, she would have made my life even more miserable. But that good woman was so loyal that she let herself be persuaded by me (and the money I would have had to pay as a fine) to claim that the father of the child was a dandy who'd visited me the year before and had been present at my wedding, even though the maid really hadn't had anything else to do with him.

But the maid still had to leave the house because my wife suspected the same thing about us that I suspected about her and the servant. Nonetheless, my wife couldn't scold her because I'd have rebuked her by asking her how I could have been with her and the maid at the same time. Meanwhile, I was greatly troubled because I was supposed to raise my servant's child, while my own son could not be my heir. In addition to this,I even had to keep quiet about the whole affair and just be glad that no one else knew about it.

Though I tortured myself with such thoughts every day, my wife enjoyed herself with wine every minute. She had grown so used to the cup since our marriage that it was seldom from her lips and she never went to bed at night without being drunk. In the process, she drank her child's life away and infected her insides so much that they soon failed her, making me a widower again. I took this so much to heart that I almost laughed myself sick.

THE 10TH CHAPTER: WHAT SOME PEASANTS TELL ABOUT THE STRANGE MUMMEL LAKE

Now that I had thus returned to my original freedom, I found my purse was rather empty, but my farm burdened with livestock and hired help. I adopted my godfather, Melchior, as my father, and my godmother, his wife, as my mother. The bastard Simplicius, who'd been put on my doorstep, became my heir. Then I turned my house and farm over to the old couple; they also got all my fortune, except for the few gold coins and jewels that I kept stored away for emergencies. I was disgusted with the company of women. I resolved never to marry again because I'd had such bad experiences with them.

But this old couple, who probably had no equals in farming matters, soon poured my household into another mold: They got rid of all the help and livestock they couldn't use and acquired things in their place that showed a profit. My old knan and meuder consoled me with the promise that all would be well because, if I let them take care of things, they would always have a good horse on the straw for me and they would earn enough so that I would be able to drink a jug of wine with an honest fellow now and then.

I could sense immediately what kind of people were now running my farm because my godfather worked in the fields along with the hired help, and he haggled furiously with the dealers in livestock, wood and resin. My godmother took care of the livestock and knew how to watch her pin-money better than ten women of the kind I'd had. It didn't take long before my farm was so well stocked with all kinds of useful equipment and animals large and small that it was considered to be the best in the whole area. Meanwhile, I could take walks and spend my time with contemplation of all sorts because, when I noticed that my godmother could earn more with wax and honey from her bees than my wife could have gained from cattle, pigs and other livestock, I could well imagine that she wouldn't let herself be caught sleeping in other matters.

I once took a stroll down to the mineral springs, intending to get a drink of fresh water, but not to get to know the prodigals there (as I used to do), for I had started to become wary of them: my old folks had advised me to stay away from people who uselessly waste what they and their parents have. Nevertheless, I was soon in the company of some people of the middle class because they were discussing something strange - Mummel Lake. This is a bottomless pool that is located on one of the highest mountains around there. They had sent for some old peasants who told them what they knew about the strange lake. I enjoyed listening to their stories, even though I thought they were just legends, because they sounded to me as fatuous as some of Pliny's[271] yarns.

One man said that if you took an odd number of things - it didn't matter if they were peas, pebbles or anything else - and tied them up in a wet cloth and dipped them into the lake, you would take out an even number. Someone else (and a lot of the others, too) used examples to claim that, regardless of how beautiful the weather had been, if someone threw one or more stones into the lake, a terrible storm would arise, bringing a frightening rain, large hailstones and heavy winds.

From this subject they went on to tell of all sorts of strange happenings there. They told of the amazing spirits of the earth and water which had been seen there and what they had said to humans. One man told us that some herdsmen were once watching over their animals near the lake when a brown bull arose from it and started to go over to the other cattle. Then a little man had come after the bull and wanted to drive it back to the lake. But the bull didn't want to obey until the little man threatened it with all of the suffering men have to endure if it didn't return. After he had done that, they both immediately went back to the lake.

Another man told us that once, when the lake was frozen over, a peasant had safely driven a team of oxen pulling a load of saw logs over it, but when his dog tried to follow him, the ice broke under him and the poor dog fell in and was never seen again.

Still another man swore that a hunter tracking his quarry by the lake had seen a water sprite

playing with a lap full of gold coins; when the hunter was about to shoot at it, it ducked away. Then the hunter could hear its voice say: "If you'd have asked me to help you in your poverty, I would have made you and your family rich."

I listened to these and other stories, but they all seemed to me to be fairy tales to entertain children, so I just scoffed and didn't believe that there was such a bottomless lake on the top of a high mountain. But there were other peasants, old and credible men, who said that within their and their fathers' memories high and noble people had come to the lake, such as the then-reigning Duke of Württemberg. He had ordered a raft to be made and had floated onto the lake so that he could measure its depth. Then the weighted measuring line had been let down nine thread-nets. (That's a unit of measure which the peasant women of the Black Forest know better than I or any surveyor.) But it still hadn't touched bottom. Then the raft, contrary to the nature of wood, began to sink so that the men on board had to abandon their project and swim to shore. Even today you can see the pieces of the raft on the shore of the lake. To commemorate this event, they had left a stone inscribed with the coat of arms of Württemberg and several other things.

Others used many witnesses to prove that an archduke of Austria, etc., had wanted to drain the lake, but many people had advised him against it. Finally he'd decided not to carry out his plan because of the requests of the peasants, who were afraid that the whole country might perish and drown.

Furthermore, the nobles were said to have had the lake stocked with barrels of trout, but the fish had all died in front of their very eyes within an hour. They had floated out of the outlet of the lake. Nevertheless, the water which flows through the valley below the mountain on which the lake is located produces such fish and the outlet of the lake flows into the same water.

THE 11TH CHAPTER: THE INCREDIBLE GRATITUDE OF A PATIENT ALMOST CAUSES SIMPLICIUS TO HAVE PIOUS THOUGHTS

This last story almost made me believe the earlier ones and it so aroused my curiosity that I decided to have a look at this amazing lake. Others who had listened to these stories with me came to various and contradictory explanations of the lake's name; I said that the German name Mummel[272] referred to mummery, as at a masquerade, because the lake's character and depths had remained hidden even though many powerful men had attempted to discover them.

Then I went back to the same place where I'd first seen my wife a year before and had drunk in the sweet poison of love. There I lay down on the green grass in the shade, but this time I didn't pay any attention to what the nightingales were piping because I was taking stock of the changes I'd endured since then. In my mind's eye I could see how, at that very place, I'd started to change from a free man to a slave of love. I also thought of how I'd changed from an officer to a peasant, from a rich peasant to a poor gentleman, from a Simplicius to a Melchior, from a widower to a married man, from a married man to a cuckold, and from a cuckold back to a widower again. Likewise, I'd gone from being a peasant's son to being the son of an honest soldier, and then back to being the son of my knan again. I thought over how my fate had robbed me of Heartbrother and replaced him with two old married people. When I considered the blessed life and death of my father, the pitiful death of my mother and the many different changes which I'd been subject to in my life, I couldn't stop myself from crying.

While I was remorsefully thinking of how much good money I had gained and wasted in my life, two good drunkards or boozers came by. They had gout in their joints, and this had made them lame and in need of the mineral bathes. They came and sat down not far away because it was a good place to rest. Then they began to tell their troubles to each other because they thought that they were alone there.

One of them said: "My doctor had me come here because he feared for my health, or because he used me and others to compensate the innkeeper for the keg of butter he'd received

from him. I only wish that I had never laid eyes on him or that he had advised me to come to these mineral springs from the start, so that I would either be richer or healthier than I am now, because these mineral springs do me good."

"Oh!" the other man replied, "I thank God that He didn't give me more superfluous money than He did because, if my doctor had thought that I'd had more, he wouldn't have advised me to go to the mineral springs before he and the pharmacist who pays him off had taken their share of it, even if it had meant that I would have died in the process. These bloodsuckers will never tell you to go to a healthy place like this till they are at their wits' end or they're sure they've plucked you bare. If you want to know the truth, it pays them to keep you sick once you've gone to them, if they know you've got money."

These two had even more abuse for the doctors, but I won't repeat everything they said because I don't want to alienate the men of medicine. They might give me a purgative someday that could drive out my very soul. I'm only reporting all this because the last patient had consoled me so much when he said that he was grateful God hadn't given him more money. That made me forgot all about the financial worries I was having and I resolved that I wouldn't strive for honor, money or anything else the world loved. I even made up my mind to turn to philosophy because I wanted to lead a holy life, repent my lack of contrition and venture to climb to the highest rung of virtue, as my blessed father had done.

THE 12TH CHAPTER: HOW SIMPLICIUS TRAVELS TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH WITH THE SYLPHS[273]

My desire to see Mummel Lake increased when my godfather told me that he'd once been there and knew the way. But when he heard that I wanted to go there, he said, "What good will it do you to go there? You and I won't see anything but the sight of a lake in the middle of a large forest. And when you've paid for this fancy with great fatigue, you won't have anything else from it but regret, tired feet and (because you can't ride up there) the trip down for the trip up. Nobody could have dragged me up there, if I hadn't had to flee when Doctor Daniel," (he meant the Duc d'Anguin[274]) "was marching down through the country towards Philippsburg."

But because my curiosity couldn't be rebuffed by his warning, I engaged a fellow to take me up there. When my knan saw how serious I was, he said that, because the oats had been planted and there was nothing on the farm to cut or harvest, he would go with me himself. He could show me the way, for he was so fond of me that he didn't want to let me out of his sight. Because the people around there thought that I was his real son, he liked to show off with me. That's why he acted towards me and others like any other poor, common man would do, if fortune had made his son into an important gentleman without any aid or help on his part.

And so we walked together over mountain and valley, and we arrived at Mummel Lake before we had gone six hours. (My godfather was still as nimble and as good on his feet as a young man.) There we ate and drank what we'd brought with us because the long walk and the altitude of the mountains in which the lake was located had made us hungry and tired. After we had refreshed ourselves, I looked at the lake and immediately found some finished timbers lying around which I and my knan thought must be the remains of the Württemberg raft. I had to measure the length and width of the waters by means of geometry because it was very difficult to walk around the lake and measure it with strides. I also sketched its dimensions on a reduced scale into my notebook.

When I was finished, the sky was clear and the air was still and warm, so I wanted to test the truth of the story that a storm would arise, if you threw a stone into the lake. I'd already discovered that the story that trout couldn't live in the lake was true because of the mineral taste of the water.

In order to make my test, I went along the left side of the lake to the place where the water, which is otherwise as clear as crystal, appears to be coal black because of the frightening depth

of the lake. (Its appearance is so terrible that it makes you afraid to even look at it.) There I started to throw in stones as large as I could carry. My godfather or knan not only refused to help me, but he even warned and begged me to stop, but I just went on with what I was doing. I even rolled in the stones which were too large to carry till I had put more than thirty of them into the lake.

Then the wind began to cover the sky with dark clouds which produced a terrible thunder storm. This made my godfather, who was on the opposite side of the lake by the outlet deploring my work, shout to me to save myself before we got caught in the rain and terrifying weather - or something even worse happened to us.

But I replied, "Father, I want to stay and wait for the end of this even if it rains halberds!"

"Yes," my knan answered, "you're behaving just like all reckless boys who don't care if they cause the whole world to be destroyed."

While I was listening to his scolding, I didn't turn my eyes from the depths of the lake because I was looking out for the bubbles that come up from the bottom when you throw a stone into deep water which is standing or flowing, but I could see nothing of the kind.

But far down in the depths, I did see some creatures whose shape reminded me of frogs fluttering through the water. As they sped about down there, they seemed to be like the trails of sparks which follow rockets rising into the air.

As they gradually approached me, they seemed to be taller, larger and shaped more like men. At first I was very astonished, but as they came nearer, I even became terrified.

Shocked and amazed, I spoke to myself in a voice loud enough for my knan (who was standing on the opposite shore) to hear, in spite of the crashing thunder: "Oh, how great are the miracles of the Creator, even in the bowels of the earth and the depths of the water!"

I'd hardly spoken these words when one of these sylphs appeared on the surface of the water and answered: "Behold! You acknowledge something even before you have seen it. What would you say if you could go to the center of the earth and see our home, which has been disturbed by your curiosity?"

Meanwhile, more such little watermen emerged all sides like bobbing ducklings. They all looked at me and returned the stones I'd thrown, which astonished me greatly.

Then the foremost and finest of them, whose suit gleamed like silver and gold, threw me a glimmering stone as big as a pigeon's egg and as green and transparent as an emerald. He said: "Take this jewel so that you'll have something to tell about us and this lake!"

But I'd hardly picked it up and put it away when it seemed to me that I was suffocating or drowning in the air. I couldn't stand up, but spun around like a ball of yarn until I finally fell into the lake. But as soon as I was in the water, I began to recover again. The power of the stone I was carrying caused me to need to breath water instead of air. Just like the watermen, I could shuttle easily about in the lake. I descended with them into the depths in a way which reminded me of a flock of birds circling down to earth from up in the air.

Because my knan had seen some of this wonder, the part that took place above the water, including my violent gyrations, he ran away from the lake and towards home as though his hair were on fire. When my knan got back, he told of everything that had taken place, especially of how the watermen had carried the stones I'd thrown back up again right in the middle of a thunder storm and had put them back in their places. He also told of how they had taken me down again with them.

Some people believed him, but most of them thought it was just a tall story. There were others who thought that I was like Empedocles Agrigentius[275]who had jumped into the crater of Mt. Etna so that everyone would think that he had ascended into the sky when he wasn't found. Some believed I had drowned myself in the lake after ordering my father to spread these stories about me so that I could gain an immortal name for myself. They supposed that they'd already long noticed that I'd been in a melancholy mood which had driven me to desperation, and so on.

Had they not known how strong I was, others might have believed that my adoptive father had murdered me himself, so that the greedy old man could get rid of me and become the owner of my farm. And so it was that people at the mineral springs and in the surrounding area talked about nothing else except Mummel Lake, me, my disappearance and my godfather.

THE 13TH CHAPTER: THE PRINCE OF LAKE MUMMEL TELLS ABOUT THE ORIGIN AND NATURE OF THE SYLPHS

At the end of the second book of Geometra Dionysio Doro[276], Plinius tells us that some friends of Dionysio Doro found a letter in his grave which he had written. It reported that he'd gone from his grave to the center of the earth and discovered that it was a distance of 4,780 miles. But the Prince of Lake Mummel, who accompanied me there and had taken Doro from his grave, said that it was certain that the distance from the center of the earth to the surface was exactly 900 German miles.

He also said that, when they wanted to go directly to Germany or to the Antipodes, they had to travel through lakes like this, of which there were as many as there are days in the year. Their ends or depths all converged at the place where their king lived. We had been able to travel this great distance in less than an hour.

Though our rapid journey was very little (if at all) slower than the course of the moon, it was so easy that I felt no fatigue and could talk to the Prince of Lake Mummel about all sorts of things during our pleasant trip. When I noticed how friendly he was, I asked him why they were taking me with them on a journey which was so long, dangerous and unfamiliar. He modestly replied that the trip could be made in an hour and it was not dangerous because I had him, his companions and the stone I'd been given; and it was not surprising that it seemed strange to me. Their king had ordered me to be summoned, not only because he had something to say to me, but also so that I could view the strange wonders of nature beneath the earth and in the waters. Though I had already marveled over them while I was up on the surface, I'd hardly seen more than a shadow of them.

Then I asked him to tell me why the benevolent Creator had made so many wondrous lakes, because it seemed to me that they were of no use to anyone and might even cause great damage.

"You may certainly ask about what you don't understand," he replied. "These lakes have been created for three purposes: First, my means of these lakes, all the seas (and especially the Great Ocean) are fastened to the earth as with nails. Second, like the pipes, hoses and cylinders with which men transport water, these lakes enable us to bring water from the depths of the Great Ocean to all of the wells and springs in the world, for this is our task. This makes them all flow and creates the large and small streams which irrigate the earth, make things grow and bring drink to both men and beasts. Third, it allows us to live as intelligent creatures of God, to perform our task and to praise God the Creator in His wondrous works!

"We and these lakes have been created for these purposes, and this will endure until the Last Judgment. But if, towards the end of time, we should have to neglect the work for which we have been created and ordained for any reason, the world would be destroyed by fire. But I don't imagine that can happen till you lose the moon - "so long as the moon endureth.', Psalms, 72, 7 - or Venus or Mars as the morning and evening star, for the origin and perpetuation of the fruits and animals must first perish and all water disappear before the earth will be ignited by the heat of the sun, calcified by heat and regenerated again.

"But it's not our place to know about these things. They are known to God alone (except for what we can suppose and the skill of your physical science allows you to babble about)."

When I heard him talk like this and quote the Holy Scripture, I asked if they were mortal creatures who could hope for a future life after the present world, or if they were spirits which did only their appointed tasks as long as the world exists.

"We are not spirits," he replied, "but a mortal folk which is endowed with souls which, however, die and perish with our bodies. Though God is so wondrous in His works that no creature is able to give it expression, to make it simple, I will just tell you as much about our kind as you need to know to understand the ways we differ from the other creatures of God.

"The holy angels are spirits and true images of God. They were created to be just, intelligent, free, chaste, bright, beautiful, clear, fast and immortal to the very end, so that they

could laud, glorify and praise God in eternal happiness and, in this temporal state, serve the church of God on earth and carry out His most holy and divine commands. For that reason they are sometimes called the messengers of God..

"Many hundred thousand times thousand millions of them were created at one time by God, as was pleasing to his divine wisdom. But after inexpressibly many of their number became vain on account of their great nobility and fell because of pride, your first parents were then created in the image of God with a rational and immortal soul. They were also given bodies so they would be able to multiply themselves till their kind replaced the number of fallen angels. The world and all its creatures were created so that earthly man would be able to live until his kind had multiplied itself to the point where they would be able to replace the number of fallen angels.

"Man was to praise God and to make use of all other created things,for God had made him master over them. That way he could honor God and maintain and nourish his body. At the same time, man was different from the holy angels because he was burdened with an earthly body and didn't know good or evil. Therefore, he could not be as strong and fast as an angel. On the other hand, he didn't have anything in common with irrational animals.

"But after man's body became subject to death after the Fall of Man in Paradise, we considered him to be half way between the holy angels and the irrational animals because a mundane man, just like a blessed soul which has left the body, has all of the good qualities of the holy angels, even though earthly man's body, after the soul has left it, is subject to decay like the carcass of an irrational beast.

"We consider ourselves to be between your kind and all of the other living creatures in the world: Though we have a rational soul, it also dies along with our bodies just like the animated spirits of irrational animals perish with death. We know that your kind was ennobled in the highest degree through the eternal Son of God (through whom we were also created) when He accepted your race, satisfied divine justice, pacified the anger of God and regained eternal blessedness for you, thus raising your kind far above ours.

"But I can neither understand nor speak of eternity because we are not capable of enjoying it. We have only this temporal state, in which the all-benevolent Creator has generously blessed us with a good and healthy intelligence, a knowledge of as much of the most holy will of God as we have need of, healthy bodies, a long life, noble freedom, enough science, art and knowledge of all natural things, and,what is most important, we are not subject to sin. Therefore, we are not subject to punishment, the anger of God or even the least illness. I've told you this much and included the holy angels, earthly men and irrational beasts, so that you would be better able to understand me."

I replied that I still didn't quite understand: If they weren't sinners and subject to punishment, why did they need a king? And how could they boast of their freedom, if they were subject to a king? And how could they be born and die if they were immune to pain and illness?

The little prince replied that they didn't have their king to dispense justice to them or to be served by them, but to direct their affairs in the same way a king bee or leader does in a hive. And their women had neither feelings of lust during copulation nor were they subject to pain at childbirth. This was plausible, for we know the example of cats (which is somewhat similar). Though they are subject to pain when impregnated, they give birth with joy.

The prince also said that his people do not die in pain or from the frailties of old age, much less of disease. They are simply extinguished like a light which has burned out. Their bodies also vanish with their souls. The freedom of the very greatest earthly monarch couldn't even be considered a shadow of the freedom he had praised, because his folk cannot be killed by us or by other creatures. They cannot be forced to do anything against their wills, much less can they be taken prisoner, for they can go through fire, water, air and earth without the slightest effort or tiredness. (They didn't even know what that was.)

"If you have been created like that," I replied, "then your kind has been ennobled and blessed by our Creator far more than ours."

"Oh, no," the prince answered, "you are sinning, if you believe that. Then you would accuse the goodness of God of something which is not true: You are far more blessed than we

are because you have been created for a blessed eternity in which you are to ceaselessly behold the face of God. In this holy state, a saint will enjoy more joy and bliss in a single moment than our entire race has done from the Creation to the Last Judgment."

"But what good does all that do for the damned?" I asked.

He answered me with a question by asking, "What can the goodness of God do, if one of your kind forgets himself and surrenders to the creatures of the world and their shameful lusts by giving in to his bestial desires and bringing himself down to the level of irrational beasts? This kind of disobedience against God makes man more like the diabolical spirits than the divine. The eternal misery into which the damned have plunged themselves does not diminish the highness and nobility of your race because the damned (like others) could have attained eternal blessedness in their temporal lives, if they had only wanted to follow the path ordained for them.

THE 14TH CHAPTER: MORE OF WHAT SIMPLICIUS DISCUSSES WITH THIS PRINCE ALONG THE WAY AND OF THE AMAZING AND WONDROUS THINGS HE HEARD

I told the little prince that because I had been able to hear more about such matter on the surface than I could profit from, I now would prefer to learn why a great storm sometimes arises when stones are thrown into such lakes because I remember having heard the same thing about Lake Pilatus in Switzerland and having read it about Lake Camarina in Sicily, of which they say, **"Camarinam movere".**

To this he replied, "No heavy object stops sinking till it gets to the center of the earth, unless it first strikes the bottom. But if a stone is thrown into these lakes, all of which are completely open and bottomless to the center of the earth, it naturally has to sink down to where we live and remain there, if we don't take it back up to where it came from. When we do that, we cause a storm to arise in order to dampen the audacity of the one who threw it in and to show him his limits because this is one of the most important tasks for which we were created.

"If we would allow stones to be thrown in and returned without causing such storms, then we wouldn't have time for anything except malicious people from everywhere who threw stones down here just for amusement. This duty alone shows you the necessity of our race: If we didn't continually remove these stones from all of the various lakes of this kind throughout the world, so many stones would be thrown down to our home in the center of the earth that the structure which fastens the seas together would be destroyed, and the passages through which the water of the springs are brought from the depths of the ocean would become plugged up. That would bring nothing but chaos and destruction to the whole world."

I thanked him for this information and said: "Because I can see that your race provides water to all the springs and rivers in the world by means of these lakes, you might also tell me why all waters are not the same in odor, taste, etc. They also vary in their powers, even though (as I understand) they all originally have their source in the depths of the same great ocean into which all waters flow again. Some waters are gentle mineral springs which are suitable for our health; others are useless and harmful, even though they contain minerals. Others are even deadly and poisonous, like the well in Arcadia from which Jolla[277] was supposed to have poisoned Alexander the Great. Some springs are lukewarm, some are boiling hot, and still others are ice cold. Some can eat through iron, as does **aquafortis**, like the springs in Zepusio or in the county of Zips in Hungry. Others cure all wounds, like the springs which is supposed to be in Thessalia. Some waters turn into stone, others into salt, and still others into vitriol.

"The lake by Zircknitz in Carinthia contains water only in winter and remains dry in summer. The springs by Engstlen flow only in summer, and only during the hours when the livestock are watered. The Schandle Brook by Ober-Nahenheim doesn't flow when misfortune strikes the land. The River Sabbaticus in Syria ceases to flow on the seventh day. I am amazed

every time I think about these things, and I've never been able to find out their causes."

The prince replied that all of these things had natural causes which mortal scientists had been able to guess and make known because of the various smells, tastes, powers and effects of the waters. He told me that if the water which leaves their home and goes to its outlet (which we call a spring) passes through stone, it remains cold and fresh. But when it has to pass right through or by metals (The great bowels of the earth are not the same in one place as in another.) such as gold, silver, copper, zinc, lead, iron, mercury[278], etc., or through such half-minerals such as sulfur, salt in all its forms, such as **naturale**, **sal gemmae**, **sal nativum**, **sal radicum**, **sal nitrum, sal ammoniacum, sal petrae,** etc. - white, red, yellow and green colors, vitriol, **marchasita aurea, argentea, plumbea**, **ferrea**, **lapis lazuli, alumen, arsenicum, antimonium, rigigallum, electrum naturale, chrysocolla, sublimatum**, etc., then it takes on their taste, smell, characteristics powers and effects. That's why it becomes either healthful or harmful to men. And because there are so many salts, some of them are good and some harmful.

Then he went on to say, "In Cervia and Comacchio, salt is rather black, in Memphis red and in Sicily snow-white; salt from Centuripe is purple-colored but that Cappadocia is yellow. “Concerning the warm waters," he added, "they get their heat from the fire which burns in the earth and which, like our lakes, has chimneys and airholes here and there, such as you can see at Mt. Etna on Sicily, Hekla on Iceland, Gunung-Api in the East Indies and others more. As far as the lake by Zircknitz is concerned, its waters can be found by the Antipodes of Carinthia in the summer. The springs by Engstlen can be seen at other places on earth at certain hours and times, where they do the same things they do in Switzerland. It has that in common with the Schändle Brook by Ober-Nähenheim.

"These streams are led and controlled by the little people of our race for God's glory according to His will and plan. As far as the River Sabbaticus in Syria is concerned, we are accustomed to rest at its source and channel on the seventh day because that's the most pleasant place in our whole region. During the time we are there, the river ceases to flow in honor of the Creator."

After this conversation, I asked the prince if it would also be possible for them to take me to some place in the world other than Mummel Lake.

"Of course," he answered, "why not, if it's God's will. It was in this way that our forefathers long ago took some Canaanites to America. They escaped Joshua's sword by jumping into such a lake out of desperation. Even today their descendants can point out the lake from which they came[279]."

When I saw that he was surprised by my astonishment (just as if what he'd told me was not astonishing at all) I asked him if he'd ever been surprised by seeing odd or unusual things about us men.

To that he replied: "That which most astonishes us about your kind is that, even though you have been created for an eternally blessed life and the joys of heaven, you let yourselves be misled by temporal and earthly lusts which are no more without disgust and pain than roses are without thorns. Because of them, you lose your claim to heaven, deprive yourselves of the beatific vision of the most holy face of God, and are plunged down to the fallen angels in eternal damnation! Oh, how our kind would like to be in your places! Each and every one of us would endeavor to stand the test better than you in that brief moment of your worthless and fleeting existence. The life you have is not really your life. Your life, or death, will be given to you only when you leave this temporal state.

"But that which you call your life is only a moment and a twinkling which has been lent to you so that you can recognize and approach God and He can take you up to Himself. That is the reason that we consider the world to be the touchstone of God: With it, the Almighty tests men just like a rich man tests his gold and silver. After He has proven their value or after He has had them purified in the fire, He puts the good and fine sorts of gold and silver in His heavenly treasure and throws the bad and false into the eternal fire - but your Saviour and our Creator has clearly foretold and revealed that to you in the parable of the wheat and the tares[280]."

THE 15TH CHAPTER: WHAT THE KING TOLD SIMPLICIUS AND SIMPLICIUS TOLD THE KING

That was the end of our conversation, for we were approaching the home of the king. I was then brought into his presence without ceremony or waiting. There I had good reason to be amazed by his majesty because I saw neither an elaborate household nor the least splendor: I saw no chancellors, no privy councilors and not a single interpreter, lackey or body guard and not one buffoon, cook, waiter, page, favorite or flatterer. The princes of all the lakes in the entire world floated in circles around him; each one was dressed according to the custom of the regions surrounding the lakes they ruled. There I saw the images of Chinese and Africans, Troglodytes and men from Novaja Semlja, Tartars and Mexicans, Samoyeds and Moluccans and even of people who live on the North and South Poles. What a strange spectacle they were! The two who were responsible for Wild Lake and Black Lake were dressed like those who accompanied me, because their waters were not far from Mummel Lake. The one who watched over Lake Pilatus had the broad, dignified beard and wide breeches of a respectable Swiss. The one responsible for Lake Camarine looked so much like a Sicilian, with his clothes and beard that you could have sworn a thousand oaths that he'd never left Sicily and couldn't speak a word of German. Like looking in a book of national costumes, I saw the images of Persians, Japanese, Muscovites, Finns, Lapps and all the other nations of the world.

I didn't need to make many compliments because the king himself began to speak to me in excellent German and asked with his first words: "What made you start to so maliciously send down such a pile of stones onto us?"

I answered briefly: "Because where I live, anyone is allowed to knock on a closed door."

"How would it be," he replied, "if you receive the just wages for your inquisitive obtrusiveness?"

"I can receive no worse punishment than death." I answered, "But because I have now experienced and seen so many wonders, which none of the many millions of men have had the good fortune to see, I would consider dying to be a small punishment and death none at all."

"Oh, what miserable blindness!" the king replied as he raised up his eyes just like someone who looks up to the sky in amazement. Then he said, "You men can only die once and you Christians shouldn't be ready to face death until you are reassured by the indubitable hope of your faith and love of God that your souls will really see the face of the Most High as soon as your mortal body closes its eyes. But I have something else to tell you now."

Then he said: "It has been reported to me that earthly men, and especially you Christians, have lost sight of the Last Judgment and are fulfilling all of the prophecies, especially those of the sibyls*[281], for everything alive on earth has succumbed fully to vice. Therefore, Almighty God won't wait much longer to put an end to the world. Even though our race is accustomed to water, we will have to perish by fire along with the world. Because we are appalled by the approach of such a terrifying time, we have brought you down here to help us find out, if we have reason to fear or to hope. Because we have not yet been able to see such an event in the stars or to notice anything on the earth's globe to show us that such a change is at hand, we have to find out from those who have received the signs of the future from their Saviour himself. For that reason, we are reverently entreating you to tell us if there is anything left on earth of that faith which the coming Judge will find little of when He arrives."

I told the king that he had asked me questions which were too high for me to answer because only God knew the future and when the Lord would come.

"Well, get on with it then," the king replied, "and tell me how the various estates of the world behave themselves in their callings, so that I will be able to discern from what you say, if the end of the world and our race is approaching or if I and my people will live long and enjoy a blessed reign. When you do, I will let you see what few are allowed to behold and I'll send you off with honors and rewards which will make you rejoice your whole life long, if only you tell the truth."

Then he went on to say: "Go ahead! Start with the highest and finish with the lowest, if you ever want to return to the surface of the earth."

"If I begin with the highest," I replied, "then it's only right to start with the clergy. Regardless of what religion they might belong to, all of them are usually like Eusebius[282] described in a sermon: They honestly have contempt for rest and they avoid lust. They are ambitious to work in their calling. They are slow in contempt and quick in honor. They are poor in possessions, but rich in conscience. They are humble in regard to their merits, but proud against vice. They are eager only to serve God and to bring other men to the Kingdom, but more through their example than through their words.

"The great men and rulers of the world are interested only in blessed justice, which they administer impartially to rich and poor alike. The theologians are all just like Hieronymus and Bede[283]; the cardinals are all like Borromaius[284]; the bishops are Augustines[285]; the abbots are other Hylarions and Pachoms[286], and the other religious are just like the congregation of hermits in the Thebian Wilderness[287]!

"The merchants do not act out of greed or the desire for profits, but in order to be able to serve their fellow men with the wares they bring from far countries. Innkeepers don't run their inns to get rich, but to refresh the hungry, the thirsty and the travelers and to practice hospitality on tired and weak men as an act of mercy. The doctors don't seek their own profit, but the health of their patients. That is also the goal of the pharmacists. Craftsmen are unfamiliar with advantages, lies and deceptions; for they endeavor to provide their customers with lasting and honest labor. The tailors can't stand to see anything stolen and honesty makes the weavers so poor that no mouse could live with them and have a ball of yarn thrown away at it[288].

"There are no usurers; the opulent help the needy out of Christian charity, without being asked. If a poor man can't repay him without suffering or hunger, the rich man will cancel his debt of his own accord. There is no vanity because everyone remembers that he is only mortal, and there is no envy because everyone knows and recognizes everyone else as an image of God who is loved by his Creator. No one gets angry at anyone else because they all know that Christ suffered and died for everyone. You never hear of lewdness or irregular carnal desires, but whatever happens does so from the desire and love of children.

"There are no drunks or boozers, but when one man drinks with another, they never get more than Christianly tipsy. There is no laziness in the service of God because every man is zealous and eager above all things to honestly serve God - and that is just the reason that there is now so much war on earth: Each side believes that the other side is not serving God correctly!

"There are no misers anymore, but just people who are thrifty; There are no wastrels, but only generous men; no military cutthroats, but only soldiers defending their native lands; no deliberately lazy beggars, but just men with contempt for riches and love for voluntary poverty; no grain or wine hoarders, but only prudent men who gather together excess supplies to care for the needs of the future."

THE 16TH CHAPTER: NEWS FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE BOTTOMLESS SEA, MARE DEL ZUR, WHICH IS ALSO CALLED THE PEACEFUL OR PACIFIC OCEAN

I paused for a moment and thought of what else I wanted to say, but the king said that he had already heard so much that he didn't want to know anything more. If I wanted, his people would take me right back where they got me, but if I cared to look at a few of the things in his kingdom which my kind seldom gets to see, I would be guided safely to wherever I wished to go in his realm.

"I can see," he said, "that you are rather curious." But when he wanted to send me off with

a gift that I would be satisfied with, I couldn't make up my mind. That's why he turned to those who were just about to go to the depths of the **Mare** del **Zur** to gather food there , as if they were in a garden or on a hunt, and said: "Take him with you and bring him back here again soon, so that he can be returned to the surface of the earth today." Then he told me to think of some gift that he could give me to take back to the surface as a perpetual remembrance.

Then I whizzed away with the sylphs through a cave several hundred miles long which led us to the bottom of that ocean. Coral spikes as big as oak trees were growing there; from them they took pieces which were not yet hard or colored, because they are in the habit of eating them like that, just as we eat the new antlers of red deer. There you could also see snail shells as big as towers and as broad as barn doors. There were also pearls as big as your fist which they ate like eggs. There were even stranger sea wonders there, but it would take me too long to tell about all of them.

The bottom of the sea was covered everywhere with emeralds, turquoise, rubies, diamonds, sapphires and other precious stones. Most of them were about the size of the stepping stones you often see in brooks. Here and there you could also see mighty cliffs in the distance which protruded out of the water as pleasant islands. These were surrounded by all sorts of delightful and marvelous sea vegetation which was inhabited by many strange crawling and stationary creatures. The fish, large and small, were moving about in schools in the water above us. They reminded me of the many kinds of birds which merrily fly about in the air in spring and autumn.

There was a full moon out and it was very bright there because the sun was then over our horizon and it was night on the other side of the world while the Europeans were having day. Through the water I could see the moon, the stars and the Antarctic Pole, which astonished me greatly. But the one who was taking care of me told me that, if it were day instead of night, I would be even more astonished because I could then see beautiful mountains and valleys in the distance which were more beautiful than any landscape on the surface.

When he saw that I was amazed at him and his companions because, though they were dressed as Peruvians, Brazilians, Mexicans and the natives of the Marianas, they could all speak excellent German, he told me that they didn't know any more than one language, but they could still understand all of the people of the whole earth and be understood by them because his race had had no part in the foolishness of the Tower of Babel.

As soon as my group had gathered together enough provisions, we went from the ocean back to the center of the earth through another cave. On the way, I told them that I had thought that the earth's center was hollow and that the pygmies (of Greek legend) ran around in there as if in a squirrel-cage in order to make the whole globe turn around so that the sun could shine upon all of the parts of it: According to the opinion of Aristarchus and Copernicus[289], the sun stood motionless in the heavens. They ridiculed me terribly because of the simplicity I had shown and advised me to forget the opinions of these scholars, as well as my own theory, just as I would do an idle dream.

Instead of these thoughts, they said, I should be thinking of what kind of gift I wanted from their king, so that I would not have to return empty-handed to the surface of the earth. I replied that the wonders which I had seen up to that time had made me so excited that I couldn't think of anything else. I added that they should advise me of what to ask the king for. Because he directed all of the springs in the world, I had thought of asking him for health springs on my farm like the one which had appeared recently of its own accord in Germany, but which now brought forth only fresh water.

The prince who ruled over the Pacific Ocean and its caves replied that this was not in the king's power. If it were up to him and he wanted to give me a gift, it would not be a health springs because such things do not last very long anyway.

When I asked him to tell me the reason for this, he replied: "There are empty places in the earth here and there which gradually fill up with all kinds of metal because they are generated there by virtue of vapors which are damp, cohesive and thick. When such a generation takes place, water can come up from the center of the earth (from where all springs originate) and pass through a cleft of gold or silver bismuth. This water is then preserved in and around the metal for many hundreds of years till it absorbs the healing qualities of these precious metals.

If the pressure of the water from the center increases, this water will seek and find an outlet on the surface of the earth.

"Then the water which has been trapped for many hundreds or thousands of years by the metal and which has taken on its medicinal power will be pushed out first of all, and it will then have the marvelous effect on the human body that you see in such new health springs. But as soon as the water which was trapped so long by the metals has flowed out, ordinary water follows. Though this water flows through the same channels, it moves too rapidly to absorb any virtues or powers from the metals. That's why it lacks the healing powers of the first water."

He said that if I was so interested in health, I should ask his king to have the king of the fire spirits (with whom he had good relations) to give me a cure. He could treat the human body and, by means of a precious stone, make it so that it would be immune to fire like the asbestos we have on earth. (This is cleaned in fire when it gets dirty.) If such a person were then put in the middle of a fire like a slimy, stinking old pipe, all of the bad humors and harmful moisture would be consumed and the patient would then emerge as young, fresh, healthy and newly created as if he had taken the elixir of Theophrastus Paracelsus.[290]

Though I didn't know if the fellow was joking with me or if he was serious, I thanked him for his confidential information and told him that such a cure would be much too warm for me. There was nothing that I would like better than to be able to bring a health springs back with me to the surface for my fellow men. It would be of value to men, an honor to his king and the source of an immortal reputation for me.

The prince replied that if that was what I wanted, then he would put in a good word for me, although their king was completely indifferent to any honor or discredit which he might receive on earth.

Meanwhile, we'd returned to the center of the earth and the presence of the king just as he and his princes were about to eat. It was a meal like that of the Greek Nephalists[291], for they had neither wine nor strong drinks. Instead, they drank out unhardened pearls as if they had been raw or soft-boiled eggs which, the peasants say, give great strength.

There I could observe how the sun shined on one lake after another. Because its rays penetrated even down to these frightening depths, the sylphs never lacked light. Even in this abyss, it shined as brightly as on the surface and even cast shadows, for the lakes were like windows or holes for daylight through which they received both light and warmth. If it didn't work that way everywhere because some lakes curved downwards, they could use reflection because nature has put whole rocks of crystal, diamond and carbuncle here and there in the angles to transmit the light towards the bottom.

THE 17TH CHAPTER: RETURNING FROM THE CENTER OF THE EARTH; STRANGE NOTIONS, CASTLES IN THE AIR, CALENDARS AND A RECKONING WITHOUT THE HOST

Meanwhile the time for my departure was approaching, so the king gave the order that I should make known what favor I wanted to receive. I replied that I could receive no greater favor than the appearance of a real medicinal mineral springs on my farm.

"Is that all?" the king responded, "I'd have thought that you'd have picked up some large emeralds from the American sea and would want to return to the earth's surface with them. Now I can see that you Christians are really not greedy."

Then he handed me a strangely colored stone and said: "Put this away. Wherever you put it down upon the ground, it will try to seek the center of the earth; it will go through the lightest minerals before it returns to us. Then it will send back marvelous mineral springs, which should be a source of benefit to you, just as you have been to us by revealing the truth." Then I went with the prince of Mummel Lake, and we returned through the same passages by which we had come.

The trip back up seemed much longer to me than the one down because it seemed to me that it was about three and a half thousand German-Swiss miles, but the reason time seemed to go by so slowly was that I hardly talked to my convoy. But I did learn that they got to be three, four or five hundred years old and lived all that time without a single illness.

Anyway, I was so busy thinking about my mineral springs that I employed all my mental powers deciding where to locate it and how to use it. I already had ideas about the impressive structure I would build there so that the guests could be put up in style and about all the money I would earn by renting lodgings. I was already thinking about how much I would have to bribe the doctors to persuade them to recommend my marvelous mineral springs over others, even the ones in Schwalbach, so that I'd have a bunch of rich guests. I was already grading whole mountains so that those who came and went wouldn't complain about the road. I was even hiring crafty houseboys, miserly cooks, careful maids, vigilant stable boys and orderly bath and water supervisors.

I even thought of a place near my farm where I could plant a beautiful, level pleasure garden on the side of the wild mountain. There I would raise all kinds of rare plants, so that my gentleman guests and their ladies could go walking there. There the sick could refresh themselves and the healthy could philander or amuse themselves with all sorts of entertaining games. The doctors would have to compose a fabulous testimonial about my springs and its qualities (for a price, of course) which I would have printed along with an engraving of my farm Then any patient who hadn't yet been there could work up his hopes by reading himself half-well. I'd send for all of my children from L. so that they could learn all the trades that I would need at my new springs, but none of them would work in the baths, because I intended to do all of the cleaning up myself, for I wanted to scour their purses, if not their bodies!

With my head full of these opulent ideas and hilariously happy schemes, I reached the air again, for the prince had brought me out of his Mummel Lake and onto land again with dry clothes. But I had to get rid of the jewel he'd given me when he first picked me up, for otherwise I would have either drowned in the air or had to stick my head back into the water again to breath, for such is the power of the stone. When he had taken it back again, we wished each other farewell like people do when they will never see each other again. Then he submerged and returned to the depths with his companions, while I was so pleased with the stone the king had given me that I walked away as if I had just captured the Gold Fleece of Colchis.

But alas, my joy, which was supposedly based on eternal constancy, did not last long. I had hardly left that wondrous lake when I got lost in an immense forest because I had not paid any attention to the way my knan had taken me. I had gone on quite a way before I became aware of being lost because I was still making plans about how I would put the precious springs on my farm, set things up well and thus make a gentlemanly business out of it for myself. The longer I went on like this, the further I got from the place I most wanted to go and,what was worst of all, I hardly took this seriously till the sun started to sink and I didn't know what to do; I stood there in the middle of a wilderness like a pathetic fool without a gun or anything to eat, though I could have used both because night was approaching.

But the stone I'd brought with me from the bowels of the earth gave me comfort. "Patience, patience!" I said to myself, "This stone will repay you for all of your suffering. Good things take time and fine objects can't be had without toil and trouble. If they could, then every fool would be able to get a mineral springs as fine as the one you've got in your pocket anytime he wanted it, without even having to breathe hard or wring his beard."

After having talked to myself like that, I was filled with new resolution and strength, so I rambled off far more vigorously than before, even though night was falling. Although the full moon was shining brightly for me, the tall firs did not let any more light fall on me than had the depths of the lake earlier that day. But I still went on until about midnight, when I noticed a fire in the distance. I then made my way directly towards it. From a distance I could see that some forest peasants were there who had something to do with resin. Although such fellows can't always be trusted, necessity and my own courage prompted me to speak to them. I crept around behind them without being seen and said, "Good evening, or good afternoon, or good morning, gentlemen! First, tell me what time it is; then I'll know how to greet you."

All six of them stood or sat there, shook with fright and didn't know what to reply because I must have been a fearful sight: I was very tall and still wearing black mourning clothes on account of my wife's recent death; I was also carrying a frightening club in my hands which I was leaning on like a wild man.

"What?" I said, "Doesn't anyone want to answer me?"

But still they remained flabbergasted for some time, till one of them had recovered enough to say, "And who are you, Sir?"

I could tell by his accent that they had to be Swabians (They are wrongly thought to be simple-minded.), so I said that I was a wandering student who had just come from the Mountain of Venus, where I'd learned a bunch of marvelous arts.

"Oh!" the oldest peasant answered, "Praise God! Now I think that I'll see peace again, because the wandering students are starting to travel again."

THE 18TH CHAPTER: SIMPLICIUS SQUANDERS HIS MINERAL SPRINGS AT THE WRONG PLACE

So that was how our conversation began. They politely asked me to sit down by the fire and have a piece of black bread and some cheese made of skim milk, which I accepted. We gradually got to be on such good terms that they expected me, as a wandering student, to tell their fortunes. And because I know something about palmistry and physiognomy, I started to hoodwink each in turn by telling them whatever I thought would make them happy for I didn't want to get on the wrong side of them because I didn't feel at ease around these backwoods bumpkins.

Then they wanted to learn all sorts of clever tricks from me, but I put them off till the next day by saying that I needed to rest a little. After having played the Gypsy like that, I went off a short distance to lie down, but more to listen and find out what they were thinking than to sleep, though I wanted to do that, too. The louder I seemed to snore, the more active they became. They put their heads together and tried to guess who I might be. They didn't think I was a soldier because I was wearing black clothes, and they didn't think that I could be a burgher because I'd come tramping at such a late hour into the remote Flyhole area. (That was the name of the forest.)

They finally decided that I had to be a schoolman who'd lost his way or a wandering student, as I had said, for I could tell fortunes very well.

"Yes," one man said, "but he didn't know everything, so he could be a soldier disguised like that so that he can find out about our livestock and forest trails. Oh, if we were sure of that, we could put him to sleep so that he would forget to wake up again!"

But another peasant quickly contradicted him by saying that I looked like something else. Meanwhile, I lay there with my ears pricked up thinking that if these bumpkins attacked me, a couple of them would have to bite the dust before they got me.

While they were deliberating like that and I was torturing myself with fears, it suddenly seemed to me I was laying by someone who was pissing, for I felt wet all over! But oh, heavens! Troy was lost and all my fine dreams were over: The odor told me that it was my mineral springs! My anger and chagrin put me into such a rage that I almost got into a brawl.

"You godless louts!" I said as I sprang up with my terrible club, "You can tell who I am by this mineral springs coming up where I was sleeping. Don't be surprised, if I punish you all and send you to hell for having filled your heads with such rotten ideas!"

Though the threatening and terrifying expressions on my face frightened them, I quickly came to my senses, for I realized how stupid I'd been. No, I thought, it's better to lose the mineral springs than your life, and that could easily happen, if you start anything with these bumpkins, so say something nice to them before they can think of anything to do: "Get up and try the marvelous mineral springs which you and all of the resin gatherers and woodsmen will

be able to enjoy in this forest because of me!"

Because they didn't know what to make of that, they just stared at each other like herring till they saw me solemnly taking the first drink out of my hat. One after another, they got up from where they'd been sitting by the fire to look at this wonder and to try the water.

But instead of being grateful for it, they started to curse, saying that they wished I and my mineral springs were somewhere else because, if their master found out about them, the people around Dornstetten would be forced to build roads to the springs, and that would mean nothing but drudgery for them.

"Nevertheless," I replied, "you'll still benefit by being able to sell your chickens, eggs, butter, livestock and so on for good prices."

"No, no, no!" they answered, "Our master will put an innkeeper there and he'll be the one to get rich, while we'll have the short end of it by having to keep up the roads and paths - and they won't even thank us for that!"

But they couldn't agree among themselves in the end. Two of them wanted to keep the springs, but the other four wanted to get rid of it again. If it had been in my power, I would have done that anyway, whether they'd wanted me to or not.

Since it was now dawn, I had to be careful that we didn't get into a fight if the argument dragged on, so I told them that, if they didn't want all of the cows in Murg Valley to give red milk till the springs stopped flowing, they'd better show me the way to Seebach right then. They agreed, and two of them went with me because one of them alone would have been afraid of me.

And so I left there and, although the whole area was already so infertile that nothing but fir cones would grow around there, I would have still cursed it because all my hopes were buried there. But I left in silence with my guides and continued like that till we came to the top of the mountain, where I could recognize the country a little.

There I said to them, "You gentlemen can make good use of your mineral springs, if you go to your master and tell him where it comes up, for he'll give you a fine reward. The prince will develop it into an ornament and asset for the land and it'll be in his own interest to make it known to the whole world."

"Yes," they replied, "then we really would be fools for whipping our own backsides. You ought to go to hell and take your springs with you! We've already told you why we can't stand the sight of it."

"Oh, you hopeless simpletons!" I said, "I ought to call you disrespectful rascals for straying so far from the ways of your god-fearing ancestors! They were so loyal to their prince[292] that he boasted that he could lay his head in the lap of any of his subjects and sleep in safety. But you louts aren't even loyal enough to do a little work, which would eventually be generously rewarded and be of great benefit to your descendants. You could be of value to your noble prince and a service to the health and welfare of the sick, if you report the location of these health-bringing springs. What difference does it make, if you have to suffer a few days of forced labor?"

"What!" they cried, "We'd rather use our labor to knock you dead, so that your mineral springs will stay unknown!"

"There'd have to be more of you birds here to do that!" I replied. Then I shook my club and chased them off to Old Nick.

After that I went down the slope, descended that afternoon and, after a hard trip, I returned to my farm that evening. That's the way I found out that what my knan had told me earlier was true: I wouldn't have anything more from this pilgrimage than tired legs and the trip down for the trip up.

THE 19TH CHAPTER: A LITTLE ABOUT THE HUNGARIAN ANABAPTISTS[293] AND HOW THEY LIVE

After I returned home, I kept entirely to myself. My greatest pleasure and delight was to study my books, of which I had acquired many. Though they treated all sorts of subjects, especially those which required a good deal of reflection, I soon became bored by the things which grammarians and pedants have to teach. I also got tired of arithmetic. As far as music was concerned, I hated it like the plague and smashed my lute to pieces. I still found time for mathematics and geometry, but as soon as they had led me to astronomy, I let them fall to take up this and astrology[294]. They were a great delight to me for a while, but in the end they also came to seem so false and uncertain that I didn't want to waste any more time with them.

I then reached for the **Ars magna et ultima** of Raymund Lullus[295], but found only much ado about nothing. Because I had found it to be rhetorical, I gave it up and went to the **Cabbala** of the Hebrews and the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians. But at last I discovered that of all my arts and sciences, there was none better than theology, if it helped me to love and serve God! With its aid, I discovered a way to live which could be more angelic than human: A group of married and single men and women could join together under a wise leader, concentrate on earning their bread with the labor of their own hands (like the Anabaptists) and spend the remainder of their time praising and serving God and tending to the salvation of their souls.

I have seen this way of life on the farms of the Anabaptists in Hungry. I would have gladly joined them, or at least considered their way of life the most blessed in the world, if only these good people had not involved themselves with false and heretical opinions contrary to the views of the general Christian church, for I thought that their lives and deeds were much like the Jewish sect of Essenes[296] described by Flavius Josephus[297] and others. First, though they had great wealth and an abundance of food, they wasted nothing. You could find no cursing, grumbling or impatience among them. They didn't even speak without necessity. There I saw craftsmen in the shops working as though they had owned them, and their schoolmaster taught the children as if they had been his own.

I didn't see men and women together anywhere. Each sex had its own separate work to do at its particular place. I found rooms in which there were only women in child-bed. There they and their children received care from the sisterly hands of other women, not from their husbands. Other special rooms were filled only with cradles. There the infants were fed and kept clean by women picked for this task. The mothers themselves didn't have to care for them except when they came at three regular times a day to offer the infants their maternal breasts. The business of caring for the new mothers and babies was left exclusively to widows.

In still other places, I saw the female sex doing nothing but spinning. There were over a hundred distaffs side by side in this one room. One woman washed, another made beds, a third took care of livestock, a fourth washed the pots and pans, a fifth served meals, a sixth took care of the linen - and each one of the others also knew just what she was to do.

Just as the tasks had been divided in an orderly fashion among the females, so too did every man and youth have his own special work to do. If one of the males or females happened to be ill, he or she had a special nurse. There was one doctor and pharmacist for both sexes, though they were seldom ill because of their good diet and orderly lives. I also saw many fine, old men there living in peace and health - you seldom see such men elsewhere.

They had a special time to eat and a special time to sleep, but not a single moment to play or walk around, except for the children, who went for an hour's walk with their teacher after meals for the sake of their health. And while they were walking, they had to pray and sing spiritual songs. There was no anger among them, no zealotry, no envy, no enmity, no cares about temporal goods, no vanity - and no regret! In short, the harmony there seemed to be directed only towards the honorable increase of the human race and of God's kingdom.

No man saw his wife except at an appointed time. Then they found themselves together in his bedroom, which contained nothing except a bed, a chamber pot, a water pitcher and basin,

and a white hand towel, so that the man could sleep there and then go to his work in the morning with clean hands. And though they all called each other brother and sister, this honorable intimacy did not cause them to be unchaste.

I would have liked to have led the holy life of these heretical Anabaptists because it seemed to me that there was more sanctity there than in the monasteries. I said to myself: "If only you could be responsible for starting such an honorable Christian activity under the protection of your sovereign, then you'd be another Dominic or Francis."

"Oh!" I often said, "If you could only convert these Anabaptists so that they could teach their way of living to those of our faith, how blessed you would be! Or if you could only convince your fellow Christians to lead the honorable and Christian lives that these Anabaptists make the appearance of doing, what an accomplishment that would be!"

But then I thought again, "You fool, what do you care what other people do? Why don't you become a Capuchin monk. You can't stand women, anyway!"

But soon afterwards, I thought: "You change from day to day. Who knows what will help you to follow the Christian path in the future? Today you are inclined to chastity - tomorrow you might be burning up inside."

I went around with thoughts like these for a long time. I would have been glad to give up my farm and all my fortune for the benefit of such a united Christian society. Then I might even become a member of it. But my knan promptly predicted that I would probably never find the right fellows for such a group.

THE 20TH CHAPTER: CONTAINS AN ENTERTAINING STROLL FROM THE BLACK FOREST TO MOSCOW IN RUSSIA[298]

That autumn, French, Swedish and Hessian troops approached our area to recuperate and to support the blockade of the Imperial city of Offenburg[299] (which was built by an English king, Offa, and named after him.) That caused everyone to take his livestock and valuables and flee into the forest. Like my neighbors, I left my house almost empty.

A retired Swedish colonel was quartered there and he was still able to find some books in my den, for I had been in too much of a hurry to take them all with me. Because there were several mathematical and geometrical summaries, and engineers' books on fortification among them, he concluded that he wasn't quartered in the home of an ordinary peasant. That's why he started to gather information and to take an interest in me. By a combination of polite invitations and threatening words, he got me to come to my farm to see him. There he treated me very politely and told his men not to destroy or kill anything of mine, if it wasn't necessary.

Through such friendliness he got me to tell him all about myself, especially about my family and descent. He was very surprised that I was living among peasants in the middle of war, and that I was willing to look on while someone else tied his horse to my fence when I had a better right to tie mine to someone else's. He told me that I should put on my sword again and not let the gifts God had given me go to waste in front of a stove or at a plow. He said he was sure that, if I entered Swedish service, my qualities and knowledge of military matters would take me a long way.

That made me impertinent enough to say that promotions were hard to get, if you didn't have friends to help you out. He replied that my qualities would soon bring me friends and advancement. Besides, he didn't doubt that I would meet influential relatives at the main Swedish army, because there were many Scottish nobles there. He went on to say that General Torstenson[300] had promised him a regiment. When that happened, and he didn't doubt that it would, he would make me his lieutenant-colonel. With these words and more, he made my mouth water. Since there wasn't much hope for peace (and that meant more ruinous quartering for me) I decided to join. I promised the colonel that I would go with him, if he would keep his word and give me the lieutenant-colonel's position in the regiment he expected to get.

That's how the bells were cast. I sent for my knan (or godfather), who'd gone to Baiersbronn with my livestock. I signed my farm over to him and his wife on the condition that after he died, my bastard son Simplicius (who'd been left at my door) was to inherit the farm and everything on it because no legitimate offspring were at hand. After that, I took my horse and what money and jewels I had left.

After I'd settled my affairs and made arrangements for the education of my natural son, the blockade was unexpectedly lifted and we had to pack up and march to the main army sooner than we'd expected. I acted as steward for the colonel and supported him and his entire household (along with his servants and horses) by robbing and stealing - this is called foraging in the military.

General Torsten's promises (which the colonel had bragged about on my farm) were not nearly as big as he'd made them out to be. I had the feeling that they even looked down on him. "Oh," he said to me, "some dirty dog has been slandering me around the generals. I won't stay around for very long."

Being suspicious that I wouldn't stay with him much longer either, he made up some letters authorizing himself to raise a new regiment in Livonia, where his home was. With them, he was able to convince me to embark from Wismar and sail to Livonia with him. But even that didn't turn out well. Not only did he have no regiment to raise, but he was also an impoverished noble - what he did have, he'd received from his wife.

Even though I'd already allowed myself be fooled twice and led far away, I still let myself be taken in a third time. He showed me a letter from Moscow which (he claimed) offered him a high military post. Anyway, that's how he translated it for me. He also boasted of good and regular wages. Because he immediately set out with his family, I thought that he wasn't doing it for nothing, so I got up my hopes again and accompanied him. Anyway, I had neither the means nor the opportunity to return to Germany.

But as soon as we had crossed the Russian border and met various discharged German soldiers, mostly officers, I started to get worried, so I said to my colonel: "What in the hell are we doing? We went away from where there was a war. Now we're going to a place where there's peace and they discharge the soldiers they don't need!"

But he reassured me by saying that I should let him worry about that because he had a better idea of what could be done than these fellows, who weren't worth much, anyway.

When we arrived safely in the city of Moscow, I could immediately see that something had gone wrong. Although the colonel conferred with the magnates every day, he saw much more of the bishops than the princes. This wasn't so strange, but it did seem much too churchy to me. It did make me suspicious because I still couldn't figure out what he was up to. He finally let me know that nothing would come of our war and that his conscience was urging him to embrace the Orthodox religion. He gave me the sincere advice to do the same because he wouldn't be able to help me as he had promised, anyway.

He went on to tell me that his majesty the Czar had already heard favorable reports about me and my good qualities, and he would graciously condescend to bestow a fine and noble estate upon me and make me a cavalier, if I embraced this faith. Such an exceptionally gracious offer should not be refused because it was better to have this great monarch as a gracious master than an offended prince.

I was fully dismayed and didn't know what to reply. If I'd had the colonel at any other place, he would have had to feel my answer rather than hear it. But I was forced to sing a different song because I had to take into account that I was nearly a prisoner there. So I remained silent for a long time before I could bring myself to give him an answer.

Finally, I told him that I'd come with the idea in mind of serving his majesty the Czar as a soldier, just as he had suggested. If the Czar didn't need my military services, I couldn't do anything about it, much less blame him for having made such a long journey in vain, for he had not sent for me. Then I added that if the Czar was prepared to show me such gracious favor, it would be more fitting for me to carry his praises to the whole world than to humbly accept it, because I was not presently prepared to abandon my religion; I just wished that I were back again on my farm in the Black Forest, where I wouldn't be a bother to anyone.

He replied to me by saying: "Do whatever you want to. I just thought that you would be

grateful for the chance that God and fortune have sent you. But if you don't want anyone to help you and you don't want to live like a prince, I still hope that you think that I didn't spare any effort to do my very best for you." Then he made a deep bow and went his way while I just sat there without seeing him to the door.

While I was sitting there in a state of confusion and taking stock of my position, I heard Russian coaches in front of my quarters. When I looked out of the window, I saw my good colonel and his sons getting into one of them while his wife and daughters boarded the other one. The coaches and livery were those of the Great Prince. Some priests were also there to practically wait on the pair in order to show them their good will.

THE 21ST CHAPTER: WHAT HAPPENED TO SIMPLICIUS IN MOSCOW AFTER THAT

From then on I was discreetly kept under surveillance by some of the Czar's guardsmen, though I was unaware of it. Because I didn't get to see the colonel or his family again, I had no way to know where they had gone. As you can imagine, I then started to get all sorts of strange notions in my head, and no doubt a lot of gray hairs, too. I got to know the German merchants and craftsmen there, who usually lived in Moscow. When I complained to them of how I had been tricked, they consoled me and told me how to get back to Germany again. But as soon as they found out that the Czar was determined to keep me in the country, they all stopped talking and wouldn't even have anything more to do with me. I even had a hard time finding a place to stay because I'd already eaten up my horse along with the saddle and gear, and one by one I was taking out the ducats which I had so wisely sewed up in my clothes. Finally, I also turned my jewels and ring into cash in the hope of surviving till I got a chance to return to Germany.

Meanwhile, a quarter of a year had gone by. The colonel and his household were baptized for the second time and he was granted an impressive estate and a large number of serfs.

About that time a law was proclaimed which permitted neither natives or foreigners to be idle under pain of certain and severe punishment because such people took the bread out of the mouths of working people. Foreigners who didn't want to work were to leave the country within a month and the city within twenty-four hours. For this reason, about fifty of us joined together to travel, with God's blessing, by way of Podiam to Germany.

But we were hardly two hours' distance away from the city when we were overtaken by Russian cavalrymen who claimed that his majesty the Czar was greatly displeased because of the disrespectful way in which so many of us had fancied to band together and travel without passports through his country. They added that his majesty would be within his rights to send us to Siberia for what we were trying to do. On the way back I found out what kind of situation I was really in, because the leader of the troop told me explicitly that the Czar was not going to let me leave the country. He candidly advised me to accommodate myself to his most gracious wishes. He also advised me to embrace their religion and accept an estate, as the colonel had done. He assured me that if I refused and didn't want to live as a gentleman, I would have to labor like a serf.

After all, he said, the Czar couldn't be blamed for not wanting to let a man the colonel described as having such experience leave the country. I reacted modestly to his news and said that the colonel had probably ascribed more arts, talents and sciences to me than I really knew. Though I'd come to the country to offer my blood to his majesty the Czar and the great nation of Russia by defending them against their enemies, I was not prepared to change my religion. But if there was any way for me to serve the Czar without doing violence to my conscience, I wouldn't hesitate to do everything in my powers.

I was separated from the others and quartered with a merchant. Though I was openly guarded there, I was also treated every day to the splendid food and magnificent drink of the court. I received a number of callers, who occasionally invited me to be their guest.

There was one clever fellow in particular who had undoubtedly been told to watch over me. He entertained me every day with friendly conversation, for I could already speak some Russian. We often discussed all kinds of mechanical arts, devises, machines of war, fortification and artillery.

Finally, after having beaten around the bush to find out if I would accommodate the Czar, he gave up the hope that I would change my confession. Then he asked me to pass on some of my knowledge to their nation for the honor of the Czar, even if I did not want to become a Russian. The Czar would acknowledge my willingness with his imperial graciousness.

I replied that I had always been ready to humbly serve his majesty. That was I'd come to their country. But now he could see that I was being held there like a prisoner.

"That's not true, Sir!" he replied, "You're not a prisoner - it's just that his majesty loves you so much that he doesn't want to do without you."

"Then why," I asked, "am I being watched?"

"Because," he responded, "his majesty the Czar is afraid that something could happen to you."

When he understood what I was willing to do, he said that his majesty was interested in producing saltpeter and gunpowder in his own country, but because there wasn't anyone else there who knew how to go about it, I was in position to render his majesty a welcome service. If I accepted this responsibility, they would furnish me with the means and the men I needed. He sincerely advised me not to refuse to help with his gracious plan because they already knew that I had great abilities in this area.

"Sir," I replied, "as I've said before, if there is any way in which I can serve his majesty, except by giving up my religion, I'll spare no efforts." Then the Russian, who was one of their noblest princes, became so jubilant that he drank more toasts to me than any German ever had.

The next day two princes and an interpreter came from the Czar to draw up a contract and present me with a costly Russian wardrobe. Several days later I started to look for a place to extract saltpeter. Then I taught the Russians assigned to me to separate it from the dirt and refine it. I then drew up the plans for a gunpowder mill and taught others how to burn charcoal. After a short while, we were able to manufacture a rather large quantity of both rifle and artillery powder, for now I had enough men. In addition to them, I also had my own special servants to wait on me (or rather, to keep me under observation).

When things were going well for me, the colonel I've talked so much about came to me dressed in Russian clothes and accompanied by many splendid servants. Undoubtedly he was using this show of magnificence to persuade me to have myself rebaptized, but I was well aware that his clothes had only been borrowed from the Czar's wardrobe to make me envious, because that was the custom of the Czar's court.

I'll give the reader an example of my own of this to show him how things went there: I was working on the gunpowder mill being constructed on a river outside of Moscow. As I was planning the work which my men were to do on that and the following day, an alarm was unexpectedly sounded because a hundred thousand mounted Tartars were advancing and devastating the countryside only four miles away. I had to return to court with my men so that we could be equipped from the armory and stables of the Czar. Instead of a breastplate, I got a quilted silk vest which could stop any arrow, but not a bullet. I was also given boots, spurs, a princely headgear with a heron plume brush and a saber (decorated with pure gold and precious stones) which could split a hair. From the Czar's stables, I was mounted on a horse, the likes of which I'd never seen before in my life, let alone ridden. I and the horse's gear gleamed with gold, silver, precious stones and pearls. I also had a steel mace which shined like a mirror and was so heavy and well-made that it could easily kill anyone struck by it. Even the Czar himself couldn't have ridden out better equipped than I was.

I was followed by a white flag with a double eagle, and people immediately flocked to it from every nook and corner. Before two hours had passed, we numbered about forty thousand horsemen. Before six hours had passed, sixty thousand were advancing together in the direction of the Tartars. Every quarter of an hour I got new verbal orders from the Czar, but they didn't amount to any more than word that I should prove myself to be the soldier I'd said I was - then the Czar would know that it was true. Our ranks were continually being swelled by

men from every class of people; they came by themselves and in groups. But in all this rush, I couldn't make out anyone who was commanding the group or who was supposed to direct it in battle.

I don't need to go into detail because the encounter is not very important to my story. I just want to mention that we surprised the Tartars when they least expected us: Their horses were tired and heavily loaded and they were in a valley or low area. We plunged into them from all directions with such fury that we immediately scattered them. In the first attack I told my followers in Russian: "Let's go! Just do what I do!"

They all shouted this to each other while I charged the enemy with my reins loose. I bashed in the head of the first man I met, a mirza (prince), causing brain to cling to my steel mace. The Russians followed my heroic example and the Tartars, who could not withstand our attack, broke in flight.

I acted like a madman, or rather like a man who was desperately seeking death and not finding it. I struck down everyone in front of me, whether Tartar or Russian. The men the Czar had ordered to watch me pressed on so hard behind me that they always kept my back free. Arrows flew through the air like swarms of bees and I got hit by one in the arm because I'd rolled up my sleeves so that I could slaughter and kill more easily with my saber and mace. Before the arrow had struck, this bloodshed had filled my heart with joy and laughter, but when I saw the flow of my own blood, my laughter changed into mad rage.

When this savage enemy had been routed, several princes ordered me in the name of the Czar to bring their monarch the news of the Tartars' defeat. Upon hearing this, I turned back and about a hundred horsemen followed me. While I was riding through the city towards the Czar's residence, the people joyously cheered and congratulated me.

But as soon as I had given my report to the Czar (who'd already been informed) I had to remove my princely clothes. They were then returned to the Czar's wardrobe, though they and the horse's gear were fully splattered with blood and nearly ruined. I thought that I should have received the clothes and the horse for the noble way I'd served in this skirmish. But this just shows what was behind the splendid Russian clothes my colonel had been wearing. They'd all been borrowed because they, like everything else in Russia, belonged to the Czar.

THE 22ND CHAPTER: IS ABOUT THE SHORT AND MERRY TRIP BACK HOME TO HIS KNAN

While my wound was healing, I was treated like a prince. I always went around in a gown of gold brocade which was lined with sable, though my wound was neither mortal nor dangerous. I'd never before enjoyed such rich cakes as I did then, but that was all the reward I got for my labor, except the praises from the Czar, which were made bitter for me by the envy of some of the princes.

When my wounds had healed completely, I was sent down the Volga by ship to Astrakhan to set up a gunpowder factory there, just as I had done in Moscow, because it wasn't possible for the Czar to always keep these frontier outposts supplied from Moscow with good, fresh powder, which had to be transported the long and dangerous way by water. I was glad to be of service, for the Czar was supposed to return me to Holland after I'd finished the business and give me a fitting amount of money to take with me on my way for the services I had rendered.

But oh! When we think we are most secure and certain in our hopes and the plans we have fashioned, a wind unexpectedly comes up which blows everything down we worked so long to build up.

The governor treated me as if I'd been the Czar himself. Within a short time, I had everything in order. The munitions which were stored there had become stale and had lost their effectiveness, so I immediately remolded them just like a tinker makes new spoons out of old ones. (This practice was unheard of in Russia at that time.) Because of this and other skills,

more than a few people thought that I was a wizard, a saint or a prophet. And there were others who thought that I was a second Empedocles or Gorgias Leontius[301].

While I was right in the middle of my work and spending the night in a gunpowder mill outside the fortress, a band of Tartars picked me up and stole me away like thieves. I was taken along with others so far into their country that I not only saw the sheep-plant Borametz[302] growing, but I even ate from it. My captors then traded me to some Nuichian Tartars for Chinese wares. They, in turn, made a special present of me to the King of Korea, with whom they had recently concluded an armistice. The King thought highly of me because I had no equal with the saber and because I taught the King how to hit the bull's-eye while the barrel of his gun was resting over one shoulder and his back was fully turned to the target.

Because this had pleased him so much, he granted my humble request for freedom and sent me on through Japan to the Portuguese in Macao, but they didn't pay much attention to me there; I just wandered around there like a sheep that has strayed from its flock, till strange events led me to be captured by some Turkish or Mohammedan pirates. After they had dragged me around with them to the strange and exotic people who inhabit the East Indies for nearly a year, I was traded to some merchants from Alexandria in Egypt.

Along with their wares, they took me to Constantinople, where the Turkish emperor just happened to be manning some galleys to use against the Venetians. Because he lacked men to pull the oars, many Turkish merchants were forced to give up their Christian slaves, but they were paid for them. Being a strong, young man then, I had to learn to row. But this heavy labor didn't last any longer than two months because our galley was bravely stormed in the Levant by the Venetians. That's when I and the other galley slaves were taken from the power of the Turks. After the galley had been brought to Venice loaded with rich booty and noble Turkish prisoners, I was set free.

Because I wanted to make a pilgrimage to Rome and to Loreto[303] to see these places and to thank God for my rescue, I had no trouble getting a passport as well as a considerable contribution from honest people, especially some Germans. That's how I was able to buy a long pilgrim's robe and start off on my journey.

I then took the most convenient road to Rome, where things went well, for I was able to beg a lot from both the humble and the rich. After I'd been there for about six weeks, I left for Loreto with some other pilgrims. There were some Germans among them, including some Swiss who wanted to return home. From there I crossed the Gotthard Pass, went through Switzerland and then back again to the Black Forest and my knan, who had been taking care of my farm. I didn't bring anything worth mentioning back with me, except the beard which I'd grown since I had been away.

I'd been gone three years and several months. During that time I'd crossed several different seas and seen many different peoples, from whom I'd usually received more bad than good. (I could write a thick book about that.) In the meanwhile, the German Peace[304] had been concluded, so I could live in quiet security with my knan. I let him worry about everything while I sat down with my books, which were my labor as well as my delight.

THE 23RD CHAPTER: IS NICE AND SHORT; IT DOESN'T CONCERN ANYONE EXCEPT SIMPLICIUS

I once read that when a Roman delegation asked the oracle of Apollo how they should govern their subjects in peace, they were told: "**Nosce te ipsum**", that is, each person should know himself. That remark led me to reflect, so (because I had nothing else to do anyway) I wanted to make an accounting of the way I had led my life. I said to myself: "Your life has not been a life at all, but a death; your days have been a grave shadow, your years a grave dream, your desires a grave sin, your youth a reverie and your prosperity an alchemist's treasure which floats up the chimney and is gone before you are even aware of it! You've burdened yourself

with dangers to chase after wars, where you have experienced both great fortune and misfortune; you've sometimes been up and sometimes down, sometimes great and sometimes humble, sometimes rich and sometimes poor, sometimes happy and sometimes sad, sometimes honored and sometimes despised. But now, my poor soul, what have you gained from this whole journey?

"Just this much: I am poor in goods; my heart is heavy with sorrow; I'm indifferent to everything good; I'm lazy and corrupt; and, what's worst of all, my conscience is troubled and fearful. And you yourself are burdened down with sins and horribly disfigured! Your body is tired; your mind is confused; your innocence is gone; the best of your youth has been misspent; precious time has been lost; there's nothing which makes you happy and, on top of it all, you are your own enemy.

When I came into this world after my father's blessed death, I was simple and pure, sincere and honest, truthful, retired, moderate, chaste, shy, pious and reverent. But I soon became malicious, false, deceptive, proud, restless and totally godless. And I had learned all of these vices without a teacher. I guarded my honor, not for its own sake, but in order to advance myself. I was careful with my time, but not to invest it for my salvation, but to spend it for my body.

"I've exposed my life to danger many times, but I have never made any effort to better it so that I could die blessed and consoled. I kept watch only over the present, and my temporal advantage, but I never thought of what was to come, much less that I would someday have to give an account of myself in the presence of God!"

I was tortured by such thoughts every day; but just at that time, I got my hands on several books by Guevara[305].I would like to quote something from them here, because they were powerful enough to make me contemptuous of the world. My quotation goes like this:

THE 24TH CHAPTER: IS THE VERY LAST, AND IT TELLS WHY AND HOW SIMPLICIUS LEFT THE WORLD AGAIN

"Farewell, World, for you can neither be trusted nor can we hope for anything from you. In your house the past has already disappeared, the present is slipping through our fingers and the future has never begun. The strongest things break and the most eternal come to an end, so that you are dead among the dead and you won't let us live a single hour in a century.

"Farewell, World, for you make us prisoners and don't let us go again; you bind, but you don't free us again; you trouble us without consoling us; you rob us and bring nothing back; you accuse us without a hearing, so that you can kill us without a sentence and bury us without a death! With you there is no joy without pain, no peace without discord, no love without suspicion, no rest without fear, no plenty without want, no station without trials and no friendship without falsehood.

"Farewell, World, for in your palace gifts are promised without the intention to give; men serve without being paid; they caress in order to kill; they raise up in order to bring down; they help in order to disgrace; they borrow in order to keep; they punish without forgiving.

"God keep you, World, for in your house great lords and favorites are overthrown; the unworthy receive preference; traitors are treated graciously; loyal men are shoved aside; the malicious are in peace; the innocent are condemned; the wise and qualified are dismissed; the incompetent are given great rewards; the crafty are believed; sincere and honest men are not trusted. Everyone does what he wants to do and no one does what he should.

"Farewell, World, for in you no one is called by his right name: Presumptuous men are called bold; the timid are called cautious; the rash are eager; the sluggish are called peaceful. The wastrel is called splendid; a miser is reserved, a deceitful gossip and windbag is called eloquent; a quiet man is called a fool or a dreamer. An adulterer and debaucher of virgins is called a charmer; an obscene person is called a courtier; a vindictive one is called a zealot and a

gentle one a dreamer. You've sold us the just for the unjust and the unjust for the just.

"Farewell, World, for you seduce everyone: You promise honor to the ambitious, change to the restless, the favor of princes to the proud, offices to the neglectful, treasure to the miser, joy and lust to the glutton and libertine, revenge to the hostile, secrecy to thieves, long life to youths and the constant grace of princes to favorites.

"Farewell, World, for in your palace neither truth nor loyalty find their home! He who talks to you will be embarrassed; he who follows you will be misled; he who fears you will be mistreated; he who loves you will be ill-rewarded; and he who depends most on you will receive the most injury. It does not help to give you gifts, to render you services, to speak kind words to you, to be loyal to you or to offer you friendship, for you deceive, ruin, disgrace, besmirch, threaten, devour and forget everyone. That is the reason that everyone cries, sighs, moans, laments and goes to ruin - and every man finds his end. When we watch you, we learn to hate until we choke, to talk until we lie, to love until we despair, to take until we steal, to beg until we deceive and to sin until we die.

"God keep you, World, for while following you, we devour our time in oblivion and our youth in racing, running and jumping over fence and stile, over walk and way, over mountain and valley, through wood and wilderness, over lake and sea, in rain and snow, in heat and cold and in wind and storm. Our manhood is devoured by mining ore and smelting it, by quarrying and cutting stones, by chopping and timbering, by planting and cultivating, by dreaming and plotting, in pondering advice, in worrying and complaining, in quarreling and arguing and in fighting, lying and deceiving. Our old age is devoured by distress and misery; our spirit becomes weary; our breath starts to smell; our face becomes wrinkled; our body is bent; our eyes grow dim; we begin to shake and tremble; our nose drips; our head grows bald; we become hard of hearing; we can't taste or smell any more. To sum it up, we have nothing but sorrow and toil till we die.

"Farewell, World, for no one wants to be pious in you. Every day murderers are condemned; traitors are quartered; thieves, highwaymen and freebooters are hanged; killers are beheaded; sorcerers are burned; perjurers are punished and rebels are exiled.

"God keep you, World, for your servants have no task but to idle, to irritate and scold each other, to court maidens, to wait on beautiful women and make eyes at them, to gamble with dice and cards, to bargain with pimps, to quarrel with neighbors, to pass on gossip, to think up new ideas, to practice usury, to plot new schemes, to come up with new deceptions and to introduce new vices.

"Farewell, World, for no one is happy or satisfied in you. If someone is poor, he wants to have; if he's rich, he wants to be important; if he's lowly, he wants to advance himself; if he's injured, he wants revenge; if he's in favor, he wants to command; if he's wicked, he wants to be in good spirits all the time.

"Farewell, World, for nothing is constant in you. High towers are struck by lightning; mills are washed away by water; wood is eaten by worms; grain by mice, fruits by caterpillars and clothes by moths. Livestock is ruined by age and the poor man by disease. One has got mange, another cancer; a third has chafe and a fourth syphilis; a fifth has gout, a sixth arthritis; a seventh has dropsy and an eighth stones; a ninth has gravel and a tenth consumption; an eleventh has fever, a twelfth leprosy; a thirteenth has infirmity and a fourteenth folly!

"In you, oh World, one man never does what the next man does, for when one man cries, then another laughs; when one sighs, then another is gay; when one man fasts, then another carouses; when one man feasts, another starves; one man rides and another walks; one man talks and another is silent; one man plays, another works; and when one man is born, then another dies. Nor does one man live like another: One man rules, another man serves; one leads to pasture, another herds swine; one follows the court, another the plow; one sails the seas, another goes around the country to annual fairs and weekly markets; one man works with fire, another with earth, and another catches birds in the air; one man works hard, another goes around the country robbing and stealing.

"God keep you, World, for in your house men can neither lead a holy life nor die that kind of death. One person dies in the cradle, another as a youth in his bed; a third dies at the end of a rope, the fourth at the end of a sword; the fifth dies on the wheel and the sixth at the stake; the

seventh dies from a wine glass, the eighth in a stream of water; the ninth suffocates in gluttony, and the tenth chokes to death on poison; the eleventh dies suddenly, the twelfth in battle, the thirteenth dies through witchcraft, the fourteenth drowns his poor soul in an inkwell.

"God keep you, World, for I'm tired of your conversation. The life which you give us is a miserable pilgrimage, an inconstant, uncertain, hard, raw, fleeting and unclean life full of wretchedness and error - we should call it death rather than life, for in it we can die at any moment of the many ailments of inconstancy and take one of the many roads to death! You are not satisfied with the bitterness which surrounds and seasons you. But you also deceive most men with your flattery, incitements and false promises. From the golden chalice which you hold in your hand, you give us bitterness and deception to drink. You make us blind, deaf, insane, drunk and senseless. Oh, how happy are those who reject your company, despise your quick and fleeting joys, spurn your society and refuse to be led to destruction by such a cunning deceiver, for you make of us a gloomy pit, a miserable worldly realm, a child of anger, a stinking carcass, an unclean vessel, a dung pit and a bowl of corruption full of stench and disgust; for after you have treated us and tormented us for a while with flattery, caresses, tortures, plagues, tribulations and pains, you turn our worn-out bodies over to the grave and deliver our souls to an uncertain fate. Although nothing is more certain than death, men never know how, when and where they will die; but the most miserable thing of all is that a man doesn't know where his soul will go or what will happen to it. But woe to the poor soul which has served you, oh World, and which has obeyed you and followed your lusts and exuberance. After such a poor, sinful, and unrepentant soul has departed this miserable life with a quick and unexpected fright, it won't be surrounded by servants and acquaintances like the body was in life, but it will be led before the judgment seat of Christ by a horde of the most abominable enemies.

"Therefore, God keep you, World, for I am certain that you would in time leave me and abandon me, not only when my poor soul has to appear before the face of that stern judge, but also when the most terrible judgment of all is made and pronounced: 'Go, you damned, into the eternal fire!'

Farewell, World, oh scornful, wicked World, oh stinking, miserable flesh, for because of you and because you were followed, served and obeyed, the godless and unrepentant are condemned to an eternal damnation where, for all eternity , nothing can be expected except suffering without consolation for all the pleasure that was enjoyed, thirst without refreshment for all the drunkenness, hunger without relief for all the gluttony, gloominess without light for all the splendor and pomp, pain without alleviation for all the lust, howling and lamenting without end for all the domination and triumph, heat without cooling, fire without extinction, cold without measure, and misery without end!

"God keep you, oh World, for instead of the joys and lust you promised, evil spirits will lay hands on the damned and unrepentant soul and in an instant they will drag it down to the pit of hell, where it will see and hear nothing but the terrifying figures of the devils and the damned, unbroken gloominess and vapors, fire without brightness, howling, gnashing of teeth and blasphemy. Then all hope of grace and mercy will be gone. There will be no respect of persons: The higher a man has risen and the worse he has sinned, the deeper he will fall and the more he will suffer pain. Much will be required of those who have received much and the more splendid a man has lived in you, oh hard and shameless World, the more his cup will be filled with torment and suffering, for that is what the justice of God demands.

"God keep you, oh World, for although the body rests for a time with you in the earth to decay, it will rise again on Judgment Day and after the Last Judgment, the soul will be forced into the eternal fires of hell. Then the poor soul will say, 'Accursed be you, World! For you led me to forget God and myself and to follow after you all the days of my life in voluptuousness, malice, sin and shame. Accursed be the hour in which God created me! Accursed be the day I was born into you, oh cunning and wicked World! Oh, may mountain, hill and stone fall upon me and hide me from the wrathful anger of the Lamb, from the face of Him who sits on the seat. Oh, woe and woe again in eternity!'

"Oh, World, you unclean World! That is why I adjure you, I ask you, I beg you, I admonish you and I protest against you! You are to have no part and I, in turn, will have no desire to

place my hopes in you, for you know what it is that I have resolved to do: **Posui finem curis, spes & fortuna valete.**[306]"

I carefully and constantly weighed all of these words, and they moved me to the decision to abandon the world and become a hermit again. I would have liked to have lived near my mineral springs in the Fly-hole area, but the peasants there did not want me, though I'd found it to be a pleasant wilderness. They were afraid that I might give away the secret of the springs and cause their master to force them to build roads and lanes to it, now that peace had come. So I went to another wilderness to live in the same way I had done in the Spessart area. It's not certain that I, like my blessed father, will endure to the end. May God grant us all the grace of obtaining from Him what we are most in need of, namely, a blessed

END.

CONTINUATIO
des abentheurlichen
SIMPLICIS-SIMI
Oder
Der Schluß deſſelben.
Durch
GERMAN SCHLEIFHEIM
von Sulsfort.

Mompelgart/
Bey Johann Jillion / 1669.

THE SIXTH BOOK

THE CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTUROUS SIMPLICISSIMUS OR THE END OF THE SAME:

Oh wondrous the deed! Oh inconsistent stance,
When someone thinks he stands,
that's when he's got to dance.

Oh treacherous estate! In your supposed retreat,
You hear the marching sound,
the tramp of enemy feet.

Like death itself will come. But now that you may heed,
What has been done to me,
'tis here for you to read.

From this I pray you'll learn, that inconsistency,
Alone consistent is,
in joy and misery.

THE FIRST CHAPTER: IS A SMALL INTRODUCTION AND BRIEF REPORT OF HOW THE HERMIT HIT IT OFF IN HIS NEW CALLING

If anyone imagines that I am telling the story of my life to while away the time or to cause the reader to laugh, like buffoons and jokers often do, then he is making a serious error! I find a lot of laughter to be disgusting. Anyway, it is a waste to throw away our noble time, for it is a divine gift which has been given to us for the purpose of achieving our salvation. So why should I lend a hand to such vain folly by uselessly passing the time for other people? As if I didn't know that this would make me partially responsible for the sins of others!

My dear reader, I consider myself to be above such a business. Whoever wants a fool for that should buy two of them. Then he'll never be without. If I've occasionally given the impression of being a bit ridiculous, I only acted like that out of consideration for those who are too tender to swallow the pills they need without having them sugared and gilded first. Anyway, even the gravest of men would rather put a book aside that is full of nothing but seriousness than he would a book which can squeeze a laugh out of him occasionally.

Don't believe those who accuse me of being too satirical, because there are many people who would rather see general vices ridiculed and punished in general than have their own vices corrected in a friendly way.

Unfortunately, Mr. Everyone (for whom I have written my story) doesn't particularly care for the theological style; that's why I didn't make use of it. You can see what I mean by watching a huckster or quack. (I don't care if he happens to call himself a celebrated doctor, oculist or lapidary, and can produce a seal and a parchment certificate.) When he shows up at a market with his Merry Andrew, the shouts and capers of this clown can draw a larger crowd

than the most enthusiastic shepherd of souls can do by ringing all of his church bells three times to call his flock together so that they can hear a wholesome sermon.

You can take that any way you want to. I hereby protest to the whole world that I'm not to blame if anyone gets angry because I have dressed up my **SIMPLICISSIMUS** in clothes the people will accept when they want to learn something useful. And if occasionally a reader is satisfied with these husks and disregards the kernel which is hidden inside, he may well enjoy an amusing story, but he certainly won't find out what I was really trying to tell him. So let me start now where I left off at the end of the fifth book.

There my beloved reader learned that I'd become a hermit again and he heard the reason for this. Now I should tell him what I did in my new vocation. During the first few months, while my fervor lasted, everything went splendidly. I was easily able to suppress the desire for carnal lust (or rather, disgust) which had previously vanquished me, for when I stopped serving Bacchus and Ceres, Venus left me alone. But I was still a long way from being perfect because I had many struggles every hour. Whenever I recalled my old sinful ways in order to awaken regret within myself, I immediately remembered the lusts I'd occasionally enjoyed, and this practice was neither healthy nor edifying for my spiritual progress. Now that I think back on it, I know that idleness has always been my worst enemy. Because I was without a spiritual guide to watch over me, my freedom prevented me from persevering in the life I had begun.

I lived up in a high mountain area called the Moos[307], a part of the Black Forest that is covered with forbiddingly dark stands of fir trees. I had a beautiful sunrise view of the Oppenau Valley and the valleys surrounding it from there. I could also look south into the valley of the Kinzig and the Country of Geroldseck, where a castle amidst the neighboring mountains stands out like the kingpin in a bowling match. I could also see upper and lower Alsace in the west. To the north and across the Margravate of Baden-Durlach, I could look down the Rhine to the area where Strasbourg with its cathedral tower is as prominent as a heart enclosed in its body. But I spent more time delighting at the sight of this beautiful landscape than I did in fervent prayer.

My telescope, which I hadn't been able to give up, made it just that much easier for me to do this. But when darkness kept me from using it, I picked up the instrument I'd invented to increase my power of hearing, and listened through it to the distant barking of peasants' dogs or the movement of wild animals around me. Because I was playing around with such foolishness, I gradually came to forget the prayer and work which had once helped the old hermits of Egypt to keep alive both physically and spiritually.

In the beginning when I was just starting I went from house to house in the valleys around there to beg for alms so that I could live. I never took more than I needed to get by and I explicitly shunned money, which the people there thought was quite wondrous, and even a kind of apostolic holiness. As soon as they found out where I lived, no one went for a walk in the forest without bringing me something to eat. These people praised my holiness and my unusual hermit's life to others, so that either piety or curiosity drove people who lived even farther away to take the trouble to visit me and leave their gifts. That's the reason that I never lacked bread, butter, salt, cheese, bacon, eggs and other things - I even had a surplus!

But that didn't make me any holier and I gradually grew so cold, indifferent and wretched that you could have almost called me a hypocrite or a holy rogue. Despite this, I didn't give up thinking about virtue and vice, and what I would have to do if I wanted to get to heaven. But I did so in a disorderly way because I lacked sincere advice, firm resolution and the seriousness which my vocation and its improvement demanded.

THE 2ND CHAPTER: HOW LUCIFER REACTED WHEN HE RECEIVED FRESH NEWS THAT THE GERMAN PEACE HAD BEEN MADE

We can read that long ago the holy members of the Christian church mortified the flesh chiefly by praying, fasting and staying awake. But not only did I pay little attention to the first two of these, I also immediately let myself be overcome by sleep's sweet torpor every time I might be expected to pay this debt of nature, which we have in common with the animals.

Once I was loafing in the shade of a fir tree while entertaining useless thoughts by asking myself whether avarice or extravagance was the worst and most serious vice. I said that my thoughts were useless and I meant it! For, dear reader, why should I have worried about waste when I didn't have anything to squander. And why should I be concerned about avarice, for the vocation I had freely chosen required me to live in poverty and meagerness anyway. But oh, how foolish! I was still so set on finding that out that I couldn't get these thoughts out of my mind, but fell asleep thinking about them!

The things which occupy your mind when you are awake are usually the same things which trouble your dreams, and that's just what happened to me, too. As soon as I had closed my eyes, I looked down into a deep and terrifying chasm and saw Lucifer, the Prince of Hell, sitting on his throne; he was bound by a chain so that he couldn't rage through the world as he wanted to. He was surrounded by a multitude of diabolic spirits who paid homage to the greatness of his hellish power by their diligent attendance.

As I was watching these courtiers, a messenger unexpectedly came speeding through the air and alighted in front of Lucifer, saying: "Oh great prince, the conclusion of the German Peace has brought rest to almost all of Europe. **Gloria in excelsis** and **Te Deum laudamus**[308] are resounding up to heaven from everywhere; from now on, everyone will strive to serve God in his own vineyard and under his own fig tree."

When Lucifer heard this news, he was shocked, for he vehemently begrudged mankind this happiness. But as soon as he had begun to take stock of the disadvantage and damage his diabolical realm would suffer to its accustomed interests, he started to grumble terribly! He gnashed his teeth so atrociously that, near or far, he was horrible to listen to. His eyes blazed fiercely with anger and impatience, and sulfurous flames of fire sprang out like lightning to fill this entire chamber; this terrified not only the poor, damned men and lesser diabolical spirits, but also even his most distinguished nobles and privy counselors. Finally, he ran up against the rocks with his horns and made all Hell tremble. Then he started to rant and rage so much that his subjects thought that he was about to stomp out of there or become completely deranged and demented. No one dared to approach him or even say a single word for quite a while.

Belial[309] finally grew bold enough to speak: "Great and powerful prince, what sort of behavior is that for such an incomparable majesty? What, has the great lord forgotten himself? What's this strange conduct supposed to mean to us? It is neither useful nor glorious for your grand majesty?"

"Alas!" Lucifer replied, "Alas! Alas!; we've all been asleep and through our laziness the **Lerna malorum**[310], the most beloved growth we had in the whole world, has been rooted out of Germany. We planted it with care, tended it with toil, but now we'll have to be careful that it is not rooted out of Europe entirely!

"Nonetheless, not one of you fully realizes what has happened! Wouldn't it be a shame if we let the few short days which the world has left be wasted so miserably? Don't you lazy ninnies even know that we're supposed to be gathering in our richest harvest in these last days? But I'll hardly be able to take power towards the end of the world, if we get to be as unfit and listless as old hunting dogs. Though business has been as good as we'd hoped since the war started, what do we have to expect now? With the exception of Poland[311], Mars has left Europe, and the **Lerna malorum** usually follows him."

His malice and anger were so aroused that his words were more thundered than spoken.

Just as he was about to give way to his rage again, Belial restrained him by saying, "There's no reason for us to lose courage and act like weak humans who allow themselves to be blown about by every adverse wind. Don't you know, oh great Prince, that more fall victim to wine than to the sword? Won't a tranquil peace, which brings lusts with it on its back, be worse for men and for Christians than Mars? Don't we know that the virtues of the bride of Christ[312] never shine brighter than in the midst of the greatest gloom?"

"But it is my wish and will," Lucifer replied, "that men live their earthly lives in unmitigated misery and spend eternity in suffering after their deaths. But our sluggishness could make it possible for them to enjoy temporal prosperity and even come to gain eternal blessedness."

"Ha !" Belial answered, "We both know my trade - and I don't take many holidays. I'll hustle so much to fulfill your wish and will that **Lerna malorum** will stay in Europe even longer or see to it that this lady[313] gets some other burrs in her hair. But I want your majesty to remember that I can't force anything to be done if the Deity is against it."

THE 3RD CHAPTER: THE STRANGE PROCESSION OF SOME HELLISH COURTIERS AND OTHER SUCH FELLOWS

The friendly conversation of these two diabolical spirits was so fierce and terrible that it raised such a storm of noise all throughout Hell that its entire host gathered around to find out if there was anything for them to do. Lucifer's first child, Pride, appeared with her daughters; so did Greed with his children; Anger was also there together with Envy, Hate, Revenge, Jealousy, Slander and everything related to them. Lust arrived with such companions as Lasciviousness, Gluttony, Idleness and others like them, for example, Laziness, Disloyalty, Wantonness, Lies, the Inquisitiveness so costly to virginity, Deceitfulness and her lovely little daughter, Flattery, who carried a fox tail[314] instead of a fan.

They made a strange procession which was astonishing to watch because each of them came in his or her own attire. Some of them were splendidly dressed, while others wore beggar's clothes. Some, including Immodesty and others like her, even went around almost naked. Some of them were as fat and corpulent as Bacchus, while others were as yellow, pale and thin as scrawny, old nags. Many of them seemed as lovely and charming as Venus, while others were as ill-tempered as Saturn. Still others were as grim as Mars or as cunning and sneaking as Mercury. Some of them were as strong as Hercules or as straight and tall as Hippomenes[315]; others were as lame and limping as Vulcan. You could observe so many strange and different kinds and costumes that you'd have thought that you had seen the fierce army of which the ancients reported so many wondrous things. In addition to those mentioned, many others appeared that I didn't recognize and can't describe because they were masked and disguised.

Lucifer harangued this monstrous swarm and rebuked the whole pack in general and each one in particular for his negligence; he upbraided them all because their slovenliness had allowed **Lerna malorum** to leave Europe. He then discharged Laziness as an incompetent bastard who was ruining his subjects; he even banned her from his hellish realm forever and ordered her to seek her shelter on earth.

Then he started to inflame the others with the importance of worming their way into men; he even threatened them with all kinds of punishments he had reserved for those who were caught not doing their duties as diligently as he wanted them to. He then gave them new instructions and memorandums; he even promised splendid rewards to those who succeeded in carrying out his orders.

Just when it seemed as though this assembly of the realm was about to come to an end and the estates of Hell were ready to go back to their duties, a ragged fellow with a very pale

complexion came riding in on a mangy old wolf. Rider and mount looked as starved, lean, faint and decrepit as if both of them had just spent a long time lying in a grave or carrion pit.

He was there to complain about an attractive lady who pranced in front of him on a Neapolitan horse worth a hundred pistoles. Her clothes and the horse's gear gleamed with pearls and precious stones; the stirrups, ornaments, bar, buckles and bit, with the curb, were made of pure gold. The horseshoes with which the horse was shod were of pure silver, not iron. The woman herself looked splendid, magnificent and defiant; her face bloomed like a rose on the vine, or at least she gave the appearance of being half-intoxicated, for even her gestures seemed groggy. She was surrounded by such an odor of balsam, musk, ambergris and other aromatic substances that her very scent could arouse feelings of lust. In short, everything about her was so magnificent that you'd have thought that she was the most omnipotent of queens, if she'd only been wearing a crown. And that's what she really was, for they say that she alone rules over money, and not money over her.

I was surprised at first to see that this decrepit, rapacious old man on the wolf was allowed to berate her; he even got a good deal more impertinent with her than I thought he would dare.

THE 4TH CHAPTER: THE CONTEST BETWEEN AVARICE AND EXTRAVAGANCE; THIS CHAPTER IS A LITTLE LONGER THAN THE PREVIOUS ONE

He shoved his way till he was in front of Lucifer himself, then he said: "Great and mighty Prince! There's almost no one on the face of the earth who is more disgusting to me than this bitch, who pretends to be Generosity to men. But under this name and with the help of Pride, Lust and Gluttony, she is suppressing me and bringing me into disrepute among men. She flies ahead like the chaff from the wheat to get in my way when I work. She tears down what I have taken great pains to build up for the increase and advantage of your realm.

"Doesn't everyone here in the realm of Hell know that even the children of men call me **'the root of evil'**? What kind of pleasure or honor do I get to console me from such a splendid title when this young snot-nose wants to be superior to me? Do I have to look on while I! I! I! I say! Your worthiest counselor and most distinguished servant! The great champion of your state and the interests of Hell! am just shoved aside in my old age by this young whore, who was first spawned in my thoughts by Lust and Vanity? Am I to be forced to pay deference to her? No! Never!

"Great and mighty prince! It wouldn't be fitting of your majesty, nor would it be in accord with your intention to torture the human race here as well as there, if you agree that this frenchified fool had been right in the way she treated me.

"But it was just a slip of the tongue when I said **'right'** because right and wrong are all the same to me. I just wanted to say that it is damaging to your realm when the diligence which I have exercised since time immemorial were to be rewarded with such contempt. That would reduce my reputation, standing and value among men down to the point where I could be rooted out of their hearts and driven away. Therefore, order this foolish young tramp to respect my age, leave my undertakings alone and not bother me in any way so that I can pursue the interests of your realm just as I did before anyone in the world had ever heard of her."

After Avarice had elaborated even more on his opinion, Extravagance replied that nothing surprised her more than the way her grandfather so unashamedly raged against his own family, just as Herodes Ascalonita[316] had done.

"He called me a bitch!" she said, "Although, as his granddaughter, I do deserve the title, no one would ever think of calling me that on account of my own qualities. He attacks me because I pretend to be Generosity and carry on my business under that disguise. Oh, the simple-minded complaint of an old fool! What would be more ridiculous than to punish me for my actions? Doesn't the old fool know that there are no diabolical spirits who don't disguise themselves like angels of light whenever they need to?

"Let my renowned ancestor be honest with himself; doesn't he try to convince men that he is Thrift when he knocks at their doors seeking shelter? Should I blame him or even accuse him for that? Not at all! That doesn't make me spiteful! We've all got to use the same tricks and deceptions so that they won't notice us when we slip in.

"I would just like to hear what an honest and pious man (they're the only ones we need to fool because the godless won't run away from us anyway.) would have to say, if one of us came walking up and said: 'I'm Avarice! I want to take you to Hell!'; 'I'm Extravagance, I want to ruin you.'; 'I'm Envy, follow me and you'll arrive at your eternal damnation.'; 'I'm Pride, let me find shelter with you and you'll get to be like the devil, who was expelled from the sight of God.'; 'I'm this one or that, and if you imitate me, you'll regret it much too late, for then you'll never escape eternal pain!'

Then she said to Lucifer: "Don't you think, great and mighty prince, that such a man would say: 'Be off with you in a hurry with a hundred thousand curses, down to the pit of Hell to your grandfather, who sent you and leave me in peace!'"

Then she turned to the great crowd around her and said: "Who among you wouldn't be sent away like that, if he tried to approach with Truth, who is hated everywhere, anyway? Am I to be the only one fool enough to drag Truth along with me? Shouldn't I be allowed to follow after the grandfather of us all, whose greatest secret is the lie?

"And it's also beside the point when the old cheapskate tries to run me down by saying that Pride and Lust help me, for when they do help, it's because it's their duty and because it increases the realm of Hell. I'm surprised that he isn't ready to see me receive the help he can't do without himself! Doesn't our infernal protocol show that these two vices have slipped into the hearts of many poor wretches and prepared the way for Avarice before he, Avarice, ever thought or even dared to hope of attacking such men? You can see that those who were seduced by Avarice were first persuaded by Pride that they had to get something that they could show off with, or they were trapped by the charms of Lust and had to scrape something together before they could live in joy and lasciviousness. So why doesn't my charming grandfather want those who have done so much for him to help me?

"But as far as Gluttony and Indulgence are concerned, I can't help it if Avarice is so cheap with his subordinates that they aren't as ready to help him as they are me. And while I make use of their help because that's part of my work, he is also ready to let them help, but only as long as someone else is paying the bill. But I still won't claim that he's doing anything inconsistent because it's an old custom in our infernal realm that everyone helps everyone else and that we all hang together like a chain.

"But now about my ancestor's claim that he is known everywhere as 'the root of all evil' and that I try to run him down or even be preferred to him. Well, my answer to that is that I neither begrudge him the proper and established honor that even the children of men pay to him nor do I want to rob him of it. But none of the diabolical spirits will hold it against me, if I attempt to use my own qualities in order to equal or excel my grandfather. That would contribute more to his honor than to his shame, because I admit that I owe my origin to him. He only started that erroneous story about my descent because he was ashamed of me: I'm not a daughter of Lust, as he claims, but of his son, Profusion, who was mated with Pride, the eldest daughter of our almighty prince. He was also the father of Lust from Foolishness. So my family and descent is just as noble as Mammon's is supposed to be, for I am every bit as useful as this old fogy. Though I might not appear to be as wise, I'm still not ready to yield to him because I insist on gaining preference over him. That's why I have every right to expect that the great prince and the whole infernal army will applaud me and demand that he retract the insults he has poured out against me, stop meddling in my business and accept me as a person of quality and one of the noblest members of the realm of Hell."

"Who wouldn't be pained," the old miser on the wolf replied, "if he had such a disgusting child who had turned out like that? And I'm supposed to crawl and be silent while this trollop does everything she can think of to make trouble for me and even abuses my advanced age by being insolent to me and trying to advance ahead of me."

"Old man," Extravagance answered, "you're not the first father who's sired children who are better than he is."

"But it happens more often," Mammon responded, "that parents have cause to complain about their ill-bred children!"

"What good does it do to argue?" Lucifer demanded. "Each one of you should show that he can do more for our realm than the other. Then we will be able to judge which of you deserves preference by what you accomplish. And when we make our decision, we'll pay no regard to age or youth, or to sex or anything else; the one who is found to be the most disagreeable to the great Deity and the most ruinous to men shall, according to our custom and tradition, be the cock of the walk."

"Because, great Prince," Mammon replied, "I'm allowed to reveal my qualities and the many ways which they've enabled me to be of service to the infernal state, I don't doubt that, if I present all of the facts well enough, the whole infernal realm will not only award me preference before Extravagance, but it will also allow me the honor and place of the old. departed Pluto as my just reward, for under his name I used to be respected everywhere as the highest authority. I won't brag that even men call me the root of evil; they call everything that is damaging to their bodies and souls and useful to our infernal realm evil 's source, cesspool and basic broth. These things are so familiar that even children already know about them!

"I don't want to brag about how those who are fond of the great Deity give me the honor of damning me every day, so that men will despise me. Nevertheless, it is quite an accomplishment for me to still be able to gain a secure grip on men, despite such storms of divine persecution. And isn't it honor enough for me to be able to rule over those who were warned by the Deity himself that they couldn't serve Him and me at the same time and that I smother His word like the good seed is smothered by thorns. But as I said, I certainly don't need to talk about this because these are such old yarns that they're already too well known.

"But there is one thing I'd like to mention that I **am** proud of: It is really something that none of the spirits and members of the hellish realm have been better able to obey the will of our great Prince than I have because he wishes and wills nothing except that men should enjoy neither peace and happiness in this life nor blessedness in eternity. Just look and you'll be amazed at how they start to torture themselves when I am allowed even the smallest entry. See how incessantly those who start to shelter me in their hearts begin to live in fear, and look at the way they act when they are completely in my power. Then tell me if there is a more miserable creature on earth or if a single infernal spirit is able to prepare bigger or more dependable martyrs than those that I pull into our realm. I continually rob my victim of his sleep, which even his own nature demands so earnestly of him, and when he has been forced by pressing need to fulfill this obligation, I still bother and oppress him with all kinds of anxious and troublesome dreams, so that he is not only unable to rest, but he even sins more while he's asleep than some do while they're awake. The food, drink and other pleasant bodily necessities which the wealthy get from me are much scantier than even the poorest usually receive.

"And if I wouldn't look the other way as a favor to Pride, they would be more miserably dressed than the most pitiful beggar. I grant them no joy, no rest, no peace, no pleasure, and, in short, nothing that could be called good or that would be of benefit to their bodies, let alone to their souls; and especially none of the lusts which the worldlings seek and through which they fall to us. I even season the lusts of the flesh with bitterness (though every creature on earth has a natural weakness for them) by joining the vigorous young man with the old, discarded and disgusting hag and the most gracious virgin with the cold, gray and jealous cuckold. Their greatest delight has to be to torture themselves with worry and trouble, their greatest contentment to wear out their lives under the burden of toil and sorrow, so that they can laboriously earn their places in Hell, and all for the sake of a little bit of gold, which they can't take with them anyway.

"I don't allow them any honest prayer, much less the giving of alms, because they think it's just. Though they often fast, or, to put it better, suffer from hunger, they don't do this out of devotion, but because they are saving in order to please me. I chase them into danger to life and limb, not just in ships on the sea, but even down under the waves of the deep. Yes, they root up the innermost bowels of the earth for me and if there were anything to catch up in the air, they'd even learn to fish there for my sake. I won't mention the wars that I start or the evil that

arises from them, for that is known to the whole world! And I won't bother to tell how many usurers, pickpockets, thieves and murderers I've made.

"It is my greatest glory that everything brought to me has to be dragged along with bitter worry, fear, want, trouble and labor. They so cruelly torment their bodies that they need no other executioners. And I torture their souls in the same way so that they need no other infernal spirit to make them feel a foreboding of Hell, let alone to keep them devoted to us. I blind the courts. I chase away the Christian love which every man needs for his redemption. With me, there is no mercy!"

THE 5TH CHAPTER: THE HERMIT IS TRANSPORTED FROM HIS WILDERNESS AND ONTO A SHIP AT SEA BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE

While Avarice was chatting away like this to praise himself and to be preferred to Extravagance, a hellish spirit came fluttering in. It seemed that age had made him decrepit, emaciated, lame and bent. He wheezed like a bear or as if he'd been running after a rabbit. Everyone present perked up his ears to hear if this spirit had brought any news or bagged any game, for he had the reputation of being craftier than the other spirits. But when they saw him in the light, it was plain to them that there was nil and nothing behind him to slow him in his mission, for when he was permitted to tell his news, they found out immediately that he'd vainly been lying in wait for Julus, a nobleman of England, and his servant, Avarus. They were traveling together to France from their own country and he had wanted to inveigle either both of them or only one. But he hadn't been able to get the first one because of his noble manner and virtuous upbringing; he'd also failed to trap the second one because of this man's simple piety. That's why this spirit now wanted Lucifer to send him more help.

Just when it looked as though Mammon were ending his discourse and Extravagance were about to begin her reply, Lucifer said: "We don't need a lot of words because the work will praise its maker. Each one of you is to be responsible for one of these Englishmen. You are to harass, tempt and instigate them. Use all of your art and skill to struggle with them till one of you or the other ties his man up and leads him by a rope to join our infernal realm. The one who most securely and surely brings his man here shall win the prize and gain preference over the other."

All of the spirits of Hell praised this decision and the two contesting parties agreed to Pride's suggestion that Mammon be responsible for Avarus, and Extravagance for Julus; they also expressly agreed to the condition that neither of them would do the least to hinder the other nor would either of them venture to influence the victim of the other in his way, except if the explicit interests of the infernal realm required it. It was astonishing to see how the other vices wished them both good luck and offered them their help and services. Then the whole infernal gathering dispersed and a strong wind arose which picked me up, along with Extravagance, Avarice and all their helpers and supporters. It carried us off and, in a twinkling, placed us aboard the very ship with which the Englishmen had been crossing, just as they were about to disembark.

Pride went straight up to Julus and said, "Courageous cavalier, I am Reputation and because you are about to set foot on foreign soil, it would not be unfitting, if you would appoint me as your steward. By displaying great elegance, you can show the inhabitants here that you descend from ancient kings and are not just some poor noble! And even if it isn't true, you are only doing justice to yourself and to the honor of England by showing these Frenchmen what stout fellows England can boast of."

When he heard this, Julus ordered his servant, Avarus, to pay the ship's captain for their passage in heavy, but charming and gracious, sorts of gold. That caused the master of the ship to bow humbly to Julus and repeatedly call him a gracious gentleman.

Pride then made use of this by saying to Avarus, "Look at the way a fellow is treated when his pockets are full!"

Then Avarice said to him, "If you had as much money as your master is now spending, you wouldn't be wasting it like that. It would be much better to stay home and invest your surplus money at interest, so that you'd be able to enjoy it later, than it would be to waste it on a trip full of danger, worry and trouble."

The two youths had hardly set foot on land when Pride quietly informed Extravagance that she would probably gain entry into Julus' heart the first time she knocked and even secure a firm hold there, too. He also reminded her to get some more outside help, so that she would be that much surer and more certain of reaching her goal. Though Pride still wanted to stay with her, he also had to help her opponent, Avarice, just as much as he did her.

I want my benevolent and honored reader to know that, if I just had a story to tell, I would be much briefer and not go into such detail. I have to admit that my own inquisitiveness requires every story-teller to get on with it and not keep the reader waiting too long. But I am telling about a vision or dream and that is something completely different. I can't hurry up and finish it because I have to bring in all the details and circumstances, so I'll have to tell you a little more about what happened there.

It is just the same as using the example that a great fire can gradually grow from a tiny spark (if you aren't careful). Hardly anyone in the world is able to reach the highest degree of holiness all at once and hardly anyone can go abruptly and, so to speak, in a single moment, from being pious to being a rascal, for he only gradually changes into one, gently, gently. It is just these degrees of ruin that I don't want to forget, because everyone should know how to guard himself in time; that is the main reason I have written this story.

These two youths were both like a young deer which sees the hunter. It doesn't know at first if it should run away or stand still. That's why it's killed before it even recognizes the hunter. Though they did go into the net somewhat more quickly than usual, the reason was that the tinder in each of them was ready to catch the spark of some vice. They were both like a young animal at the end of a hard winter. It is taken out of its tiresome stall and put into the pleasant meadow in the spring; there it starts to jump, even if it should land in a crack or a pest hole. Thoughtless youths behave in the same way when they are no longer under the rod of paternal discipline. When they find themselves far from the eyes of their parents and are enjoying the freedom they had dreamed about for so long, they usually lack experience and caution.

Now Pride hadn't said all this to Extravagance just because he didn't have anything better to do, for then he turned immediately to Avarus himself, who was being accompanied by Avarice's comrades, Envy and Ill Will, who were preparing the way for him.

Taking them into account, Pride said: "Listen, Avarus, aren't you just as much a man as your master? Aren't you just as much an Englishman as Julus? Why should they call him a gracious gentleman and you only his servant? Didn't England give birth to both of you and bring you both into the world? You are now in a land which is as little his as it is yours; why do they treat him like a fine gentleman here and you like a slave? Didn't both of you come from across the sea? Couldn't he have been drowned as well as you, if your ship had been wrecked along the way? Or would he, because he's a nobleman, have escaped to a safe port like a dolphin under the waves of a stormy sea? Or perhaps he could have escaped the disaster by flying like an eagle over the clouds which contained the start and terrible cause of your shipwreck?

"No, Avarus!" he went on, "Julus is no more a man than you! So why does he receive so much more preference than you do?"

At this point Mammon interrupted Pride by saying, "You shouldn't encourage someone to fly before his feathers have grown out. As if we didn't know that money is all that Julus is! His money, his money is what he is; without it, he's nothing! He's nothing, I say, except what his money has made out of him. If this good fellow will just be patient for a while and let me see if I can use diligence and obedience to bring Avarus as much money as Julus wastes, then we will see if we can find a way for him to be able to become just as much of a dandy as Julus is."

So Avarus' first temptations took on such a form that he not only willingly listened to them,

but he also decided to follow their promptings. So Julus immediately tried his best to be like the model which Pride had given him.

THE 6TH CHAPTER: HOW JULUS AND AVARUS TRAVEL TO PARIS AND PASS THEIR TIME THERE

The gracious gentleman (that's Julus) passed the night at the place where we'd landed; he also spent the next day and the following night there because he wanted to rest, pick up a bank draft and make preparations to go on to Holland by way of the Spanish Netherlands, for not only did he want to see its United Provinces, but he had also been explicitly ordered to go there by his father. For this reason, he hired a special land coach only for himself and his servant, Avarus. But because Pride, Extravagance, Avarice, and all of their helpers did not want to remain behind, they each took whatever place could be found. Pride sat on the roof; Extravagance was by Julus' side, and Avarice in Avarus' heart. I squatted as well as I could on the fool's seat, for Humility was not there to take this place.

And so I had the good fortune of seeing many beautiful cities in my sleep, which hardly one in a thousand gets to see while he's awake. The trip was a success, despite some dangerous obstacles. But Julus' heavy purse overcame them all, for he didn't lack the money to obtain the different convoys and passports they needed while traveling through various hostile garrisons. I didn't pay much attention to the usual attractions to be seen in these countries because I wanted to see how each of these young men became more and more enamored with his own vices and many others, too, as time went on.

And so I saw how Julus was attacked and captured by Curiosity and Unchastity (which is considered to be a sin with which Pride is punished). That's why we often had to stay longer where loose women could be found and at these places, he wasted a lot of money. And while he was doing this, Avarus was torturing himself to grab money any way he could. He not only fleeced his master at every opportunity, but also the hoteliers and innkeepers. He even turned into an excellent procurer, and he wasn't afraid to steal from our hosts, even if it was only a silver spoon.

We traveled on like this through Flanders, Brabant, Hennegau, Holland, Zeeland, Zutphen, Geldern and Mecheln. Then we got to the French border, and finally went on towards Paris, where Julus ordered the most pleasant and comfortable quarters he could get. He had Avarus dressed up like a nobleman and pretended that he was a gentleman, so that everyone would think that much more of his own station, for he could hardly be a nobody, if he were being served by a noble who called him **"master".**Some people even came to believe that he must have been a count.

He also hired a fencing master, a dancing teacher, a horse trainer and a master of ceremonies, but more for show than to learn their arts and sciences. But they were only charlatans, and were passing themselves off as experts in order to get their hands on some of the money he was throwing around. They soon acquainted him with women who liked big spenders. They also introduced him to other kinds of expensive company, but he was the one who was left with the bills, for Extravagance had already invited Lust and all her daughters to help conquer and ruin Julus.

At first he was satisfied with playing ball, running circles, comedies, ballets, and other such allowed and honorable amusements which he watched and even took part in. But as his interest grew and he became known, he also went to places where people lose their money on dice and cards; finally he was even swarming through the most elegant whore houses. His quarters resembled King Arthur's court, for he lavishly treated a lot of sponges every day. And they weren't served cabbage or beets, but expensive French soups and Spanish Olla Potride[317]. A single meal often cost him over twenty-five pistoles, especially if you count the musicians, who usually played for him.

In addition, the new fashions in clothes, which quickly follow one another and change again, cost him a lot of money. He made even more of a show of these foolish things because, as a foreign cavalier, he was allowed to wear any dress. Everything had to be studded and bordered with gold; no month went by in which he didn't put on a new suit and no day in which he didn't have his wig powdered several times. Although he had beautiful hair, Pride persuaded him to cut it off and adorn himself with someone else's because that was the custom. She told him that the crank who made use of his natural hair, even when it was beautiful, let everyone know that he was a poor devil who wasn't able to spend a flat hundred ducats for a few beautiful wigs. In short, everything had to be as expensive as Pride wanted it to be and Extravagance could persuade him to make it.

Though this way of life might seem to be completely disgusting to Avarice, who now had Avarus fully in his power, he let Avarus become captivated by it because it served his purposes, for, you see, Mammon had already caused Avarus to act disloyally in order to prosper. That's why Avarus didn't let the chance to steal from his master go by, for Julus was simply throwing his money away. The least he did was to refuse to pay any seamstress or washerwoman who wasn't ready to fight for her normal wages. And what he bilked them out of went into his own pocket. No wage for mending clothes or blacking boots was too trifling for him to exaggerate in order to yield a difference, which he could keep for himself. And I needn't tell you how he grabbed and sacked in whatever way he could when greater expenses were involved. The men who carried his master's sedan chair were forced to give some of their excellent wages back to him in order to keep him from hiring others to do their work. The pastry baker, the cook, the cup-bearer, the wood dealer, the fish monger, the baker and all the other merchants of food had to practically divide their profits with him to keep Julus as a customer, because Avarus was now as ambitious to equal his master in the possession of money and goods as Lucifer before him had been when he (prompted by the gifts he had received from the Supreme Being) dared to set his chair by the mighty throne of the Great God.

And that is how both boys went on living their untroubled lives without noticing just how they were living. Julus was as rich in temporal goods as Avarus was poor, and each of them sincerely believed that he was acting well and right according to his station, that is to say, in accord with what each man's station and circumstances required of him. So while the one displayed the splendor and magnificence of his wealth, the other sought to cure his own poverty by exploiting the opportunities which his squandering master had dropped into his lap.

Nevertheless, the interior guard, the light of reason, that being which is never completely silent, that is, the conscience, didn't fail to reproach each of them for his errors in time and to remind them of other things.

"Slow and steady!" Julus was told, "Stop wasting what your ancestors gained and saved for you, perhaps with toil and trouble, or even at the cost of their own souls. You should invest what you have, so that you will be able to give a good accounting to God, the respectable world and your posterity!", and so on.

But these and other beneficial reminders and good, interior encouragements to bring Julus to moderation were answered like this: "What! I'm not a blusterer or a Shylock! I'm a cavalier! Should I carry on my noble activities as if I were a beggar's dog or a rascal? That's not the way it's done! I'm not here to suffer hunger or thirst, much less to haggle like an old, cheap skinflint; I'm here to live off my income like an honest fellow!"

But though these good impulses (which he liked to call melancholy thoughts) did not cease to admonish him in spite of his objections, he had them play the song that goes: "Let's enjoy today; God knows where we'll be tomorrow," etc., or he visited women, or other amusing people with whom he got drunk. The longer this continued, the worse he got, until he finally became an epicurean.

Avarus was also warned by a voice within him which said that the way he was using to gain property and wealth couldn't be more disloyal. It admonished him by saying that, though he had been given to his master in order to serve him, he was also to keep harm from him, promote his welfare, animate him to all honest virtues, and especially, to guard over his temporal goods as well as he could. But instead, he seized them for himself and even helped to plunge Julus into all kinds of vices. And because he was acting like this, how could he suppose

that he would be able to answer for it to God, to whom he would have to account for everything, or to Julus' pious parents, who had entrusted their only son to him and who had ordered him to loyally watch over him or finally, to Julus himself, who would come of age and sooner or later understand that Avarus' misconduct and disloyalty had caused both his own personal virtue to suffer and his wealth to be squandered?

"But Avarus, " the voice continued, "if that wasn't enough! In addition to the heavy responsibility you've burdened yourself with because of Julus' person and money, you have sullied yourself with the disgraceful vice of theft and you've made yourself worthy of the gallows and the noose. You have submitted your rational, yes, even your heavenly soul to the mud of the earthly goods which you are now disloyally and very culpably trying to scrape together. The heathen, Crates Thebanus[318], threw them into the sea so that they would not ruin him, even though he'd had a legal right to them. So you can guess how easily they can cause your downfall because you, on the contrary, want to fish them out of the great sea of your disloyalty! You don't really imagine that they will allow you to prosper?"

Even though Avarus was aware of these and more admonitions inside of him, he found no lack of excuses to gloss over and approve of his change for the worse: "What," he said with Solomon, Proverbs 26, "What benefit are honor, money and good days for a fool? Anyway, he's got enough! And who knows how his parents got them? Isn't it better to grab what he'd just waste in spite of my efforts, instead of allowing strangers to get their hands on it?"

And so both youths pursued their blind desires and plunged themselves into the depths of lust till Julus finally caught a little of the French disease and had to sweat for a few weeks and have both his body and his purse purged. But that didn't make him any better or more willing to heed warnings, for he proved the truth of the old saying: "When the sick man improved, he became worse than before."

THE 7TH CHAPTER: AVARUS CLEANS UP WHILE JULUS GOES INTO DEBT, BUT HIS FATHER DEPARTS FOR ANOTHER WORLD

Avarus was able to steal so much money that he became afraid because he didn't know how he could conceal it so that Julus would not discover his disloyalty. That's when he thought up a trick to pull the wool over his eyes. He exchanged part of his gold for heavy sorts of German silver, put these in a large knapsack and then went running to his master's bed one night with it; with studied words he lied straight out, telling him a fable about a discovery he had made: "Gracious Master, I tripped over this booty while some people were chasing me away from the quarters of your darling; if the sound which this coined metal made hadn't been different from the one made by the insides of a corpse, I would have sworn that I'd bumped into a dead man."

With that, he poured the money out and said: "Sir, you'll probably advise me to return this money to its rightful owner. I hope that he'll let me have a handsome reward for it."

"You fool," Julus replied, "if you have it, then keep it. But what kind of answer did the girl give you?"

"I didn't get a chance to speak to her this evening," Avarus answered, "because, as I said, I was in great danger and had to outrun some people before I happened to bump into this money."

So Avarus helped himself as well as he could with a lie, like beginning thieves usually do, by pretending that he had found something which he had really stolen.

About that time Julus received a letter from his father in which he was sharply rebuked for the loose way he was living and for wasting such a huge amount of money. The English merchants with whom he corresponded and from whom Julus drew his money had written and told him everything that Julus and Avarus were up to; but they hadn't said that Avarus was stealing from his master, who hadn't noticed it. This made his father so worried that he became

seriously ill. He wrote these merchants that from then on they were to give his son no more than he needed for those bare necessities which the average nobleman needed in order to get by in Paris. He added that he would not reimburse them, if they gave Julus any more than that. He also threatened to disinherit Julus if he didn't better himself by changing his style of living. He even said that he would never again consider him as his son, if he didn't.

Though this letter deeply disturbed Julus, he still wasn't ready to resolve to live more modestly. But even if he'd wanted to avoid his usual, large expenditures just to please his father, it was already too late because he was so deeply in debt, for then he would have lost his credit with his money-lenders and later, with everyone else. But pride didn't want him to do that, for then he would have damaged the reputation he had gained by spending so generously.

That caused him to speak to his countrymen, saying: "You gentlemen know that my father has a share of many of the ships that go to the East and the West Indies and that he also has three or four thousand sheep to shear every year on his farms in our own country; that's why no cavalier in the land can surpass or even equal him. I needn't tell you about the cash or other property he owns. You also know that sooner or later I will be the sole heir to all his wealth and that my father will be in his grave before too long. So who would expect me to live like a bluffer? Wouldn't I be a disgrace to our whole nation, if I did? Gentlemen, I implore you not to let me fall into such shame; help me out again with some money, which I will gratefully return to you. It will draw merchant's interest until I repay it and I will also grant each one of you a reward which will make you well satisfied with me."

Some of them just shrugged their shoulders at this and apologized by saying that they simply didn't have the means to help him at that moment. But the truth was that they were honest-minded and didn't want to make Julus' father angry. But the others thought that they would have a bird to pluck when they got Julus in their claws.

"Who knows," they said to themselves, "how long the old man will live - and every saver wants a spender. If his father disinherits him, he still can't take away his mother's legacy."

In short, they lent Julus another thousand ducats, for which he mortgaged what they wanted and promised them eight per cent interest a year. All this was then written into a legal document. But Julus couldn't go far on that because after he had paid his debts and Avarus had pocketed his share, there wasn't much left, so Julus soon had to borrow again and put up new collateral.

His father soon learned of this from other Englishmen who had not taken part in these dealings. The news made the old man so angry that he protested to those who had given money to his son contrary to his wishes. He also reminded them of his previous letter and hinted incidentally that he wouldn't make good on a single penny, but would bring action against them before Parliament for corrupting youth and helping his son carry on his squandering life, when they had returned to England. He wrote in his own hand to Julus himself saying that he wouldn't call him his son again and didn't want to set eyes on him.

When this news arrived, Julus' cause started to suffer again. He still had a little money, but not nearly enough to keep up his wasteful splendor or to mount himself for a trip to serve a master in war somewhere with a couple of horses, which both Pride and Waste were inciting him to do. Because nobody was ready to advance him the money he needed for this, he begged his loyal Avarus to lend him what he needed from the treasure he had found.

But Avarus replied, "Your grace certainly knows that I am a poor man who doesn't have anything but what God recently sent me." ("Oh, the hypocritical scoundrel!" I thought, "Did God give you what you've stolen from your master? Shouldn't you aid him in his need with his own money? And all the more so, for you went along and helped him with his eating, drinking, whoring, pederasty, gambling and banqueting until his money ran out. You rat! You were like a sheep when you left England, but ever since Avarice took possession of you in France, you've become a fox, or even a wolf.")

"Shouldn't I," he went on, "take care of such gifts of God and invest them to help support myself later on so that I will not be unworthy of the future happiness which I hope for? Those who are blessed by God should thank Him. I'll probably never make such a find again in my life. Should I now give you this, when even rich Englishmen are not willing to lend you more after they've already taken the best collateral? Who would advise me to do that? Anyway, didn't

your grace himself say that when I get something, I should keep it? Besides, my money is in a discount house and I can't get it out when I want without losing a lot of interest."

Though these words were hard for Julus to digest because he wasn't used to hearing them from his loyal servant or from others, the shoe which Pride and Extravagance had put on him pinched him so much that he easily swallowed them. He agreed and (by begging) got Avarus to lend him all of the money he had squeezed out of him and robbed, on the condition that Avarus' servant's wages and the interest he expected from his money in four weeks be added to the principal sum, which would then bear an interest rate of eight per cent annually. To be sure that he got his principal and interest, he received a manor free and clear (which Julus had inherited from his mother's sister) as collateral. This was immediately taken care of in the correct form and in the presence of other Englishmen who'd been asked to be witnesses. The total sum amounted to at least six hundred pounds in sterling, which is a considerable amount in our money.

This contract had hardly been made, the papers prepared and the money paid when Julus received report of the happy misfortune that his father had paid his debt to nature. So he immediately put on princely mourning clothes and made preparations to travel to England immediately, but more to get his inheritance than to console his mother. I had to marvel at the way Julus again got a pack of friends he hadn't had a few days before. I also noticed how hypocritical he could be, for he pretended to be very sorry about his father; but when he was alone with Avarus he said, "If the old man had lived longer, I would have had to beg my way home, especially if you, Avarus, had not come to my aid with your money."

THE 8TH CHAPTER: JULUS DEPARTS FROM ENGLAND LIKE A NOBLEMAN, WHILE AVARUS IS HALTED BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH

Julus started off with Avarus as soon as they had released and rewarded his other servants, lackeys, pages and other such useless, gluttonous or wasteful people. If I wanted to see the end of this story, I had to go along with the two, though we traveled in very unequal comfort. Julus rode on a handsome stallion because he'd never learned to do anything better than ride, while Extravagance sat behind him as if she'd been his bride or sweetheart. Avarus sat on a gelding with Avarice behind him. He looked just like a huckster or market crier with his monkey going to a church fair. Meanwhile, Pride flew along high up in the air, as if she wasn't especially interested in the trip. The other assisting vices marched along on the sides, as subordinates usually do. I held on to the tail of first one horse and then another so that I could go along and see England, too. Though I thought that I'd seen many lands, this island would be a new sight for me. We soon reached the place where the ships docked. There we all dismounted and quickly made a good voyage across with a favorable wind.

When Julus arrived, he found his mother about to breathe her last; she departed that very day, so that he was now the sole heir, for he had already come of age and was lord and master over his entire inheritance. And so the good life went on again even better than in Paris because he had also inherited a considerable amount of cash. He lived like the rich man in Luke 19[319] or even like a prince. He was soon having guests and being invited as a guest. Almost every day he took the daughters and women of other people out boating or walking, according to the English custom. He kept his own trumpeter, a horse trainer, a valet, a jester, a groom, a coachman, two lackeys, a page, a hunter, a cook and other such servants.

He also showed himself to be generous, especially to Avarus, who was made his steward and factor or factotum. Julus even signed over the very manor free and clear which he had mortgaged to Avarus in France for the principal, interest and his wage, even though the manor was worth many times that amount. In short, he treated everyone in such a way that I not only believed that he must have been born of a very ancient race of kings (just as he had often

boasted of in France), but I even swore that he had descended from the family of King Arthur, which will be praised for its generosity till the end of the world.

But Avarus continued fishing in these waters by making use of his opportunities. He stole more from his master than before and haggled on the side worse than a fifty-year-old Jew. The worst trick that he played on Julus was that he fooled around with a lady of good family and then procured her for his master. Nine months later, the young bastard he'd set her up with himself was then attributed to Julus. Because Julus couldn't bring himself to marry her, even though he was in danger because of this association, honest Avarus stepped into the breach and let himself be persuaded to save her honor, which he had enjoyed earlier and more than Julus and which he had brought to ruin. In this way, he was also able to get his hands on a considerable part of Julus' property and double the favor he enjoyed with his master. But that didn't stop him from plucking here and there as long as there were down feathers and when he got to the stubble, he took that, too.

Once Julus went for a ride on the Thames in a pleasure boat with his nearest relatives, including his father's brother, who was a very wise and intelligent gentleman. This man talked more confidentially than usual to Julus and, with polite words and gentle admonition, he made it clear to him that he hadn't taken good care of his property. He said that he'd better be more careful with it than he had been, etc.; if youth only knew what old age would need, it would turn a ducat over a hundred times before spending it, etc.

Julus only laughed at this. Then he drew his ring[320] from his finger and, throwing it into the Thames, he said: "Uncle, I'm as unlikely to squander what I've got as I am to get that ring back again."

But the old man just sighed and answered, "Take it easy, nephew. A king's property can be squandered away and a well can be pumped dry. But it's your business!" But Julus just turned away from him and hated him even more for his loyal admonition than he should have loved him for it.

Not long after that some merchants returned from France. They wanted him to repay the principal and interest of what they had lent him in Paris, for they had heard of how Julus was living and that a richly loaded ship which his parents had sent to Alexandria had been captured by pirates in the Mediterranean Sea. He could only repay them with jewels, which was a certain sign that he was running out of cash. In addition, news arrived that another of his ships had been wrecked on the coast of Brazil and that an English fleet in which Julus' parents had participated more than anyone else had been partially destroyed and captured by the Dutch not far from the Moluccas. Because everyone in the country soon learned of this, all of those who had any claim against Julus came to him for payment; it seemed as if misfortune had come to confront him from every corner of the world.

But all of these storms did not frighten him as nearly much as his cook did when he astonished him with a golden ring he had found in a fish: Julus immediately recognized it as his own and he could only too well remember his words as he threw it into the Thames. Although he was very troubled and almost desperate, he was ashamed to let people see what was troubling his heart.

Then he heard that the eldest son of the beheaded king[321] had arrived in Scotland with an army and, meeting with fortune, had high hopes of reconquering his father's kingdom. Julus planned to make use of this opportunity to maintain his own good name. Using what he had left, he equipped himself and his men and gathered a fine company of cavalry about him. He made Avarus his lieutenant and promised him mountains of gold for coming along. Although he did this all under the pretext of serving the Lord Protector[322], when he had finished his preparations he quickly marched his company in the direction of the young Scottish king and joined up with his forces.

This would have been a good move, if the king had succeeded. But when Cromwell put his army to flight, Julus and Avarus hardly escaped with their lives and couldn't let themselves be seen anywhere. That's why they had to take refuge in the forests like wild animals and feed themselves by robbing and stealing until they were finally caught and executed - Julus with the ax and Avarus with the rope[323] he had long deserved.

After that I became conscious or (at least) woke up from my sleep, I thought about my

dream or story. I finally came to the conclusion that generosity can easily become extravagance and thrift can quickly turn into avarice if wisdom is not present to rule over and control generosity and thrift by means of moderation. Though I can't say if Avarice or Extravagance won the prize, I can well imagine that they are still doing battle with each other every day to see which of them should gain preference over the other.

THE 9TH CHAPTER: SOONCHANGED[324] COMES TO SIMPLICIUS AND TEACHES HIM TO TALK TO MOVABLES AND IMMOVABLES, AND ALSO TO UNDERSTAND THEM

I was once walking around in the forest and listening to my idle thoughts when I found a life-sized stone statue lying on the ground. It looked as if it could have been the statue of an old German hero because it was wearing the old-fashioned dress of a Roman soldier, with a large Swabian codpiece in front. It seemed to have been very skillfully and naturally carved. While I was standing there looking at this image and wondering how it had got into this wilderness, it occurred to me that a heathen temple must have stood on this hill a long time ago, with this idol inside.

So I looked around to see if I could see remnants of the foundation, but I didn't find any. But I did find a lever which some woodcutter had left there. I picked it up and tried to turn the statue over in order to see what it was like on the other side. I'd hardly put the handle under its neck and started to lift it up, when it began to move by itself and said: "Leave me alone. I'm Soonchanged."

Though I was frightened, I quickly recovered again and said, "I can see that you're soon changed, for you were a dead stone but now you're a moving body. But who else are you, the devil or his mother?"

"No," he answered, "I'm neither; I'm Soonchanged, for you knew me and called me that. And how could it be possible that you wouldn't recognize me: I've been with you every day of your life? But because I've never talked to you directly, like I did to Hans Sachs, the cobbler from Nuremberg in July 1534, you've never noticed me. In spite of that, I've been the one who has made you first great, then humble, then rich, then poor; then high, then low, then merry, then sad, then bad, then good. In short, I've made you one thing and then I've soon changed you."

"If you can't do anything else but that," I responded, "then you could just as well stay away from me."

Soonchanged replied, "Because I began in Paradise and will continue as long as this world does, I will be with you until you return to the earth from which you came, whether you like it or not."

I then asked him if he were of any other use to men than to continually change them and all their doings.

"Oh, yes," Soonchanged answered, "I can teach them the art of talking with all of the things which are mute by nature, such as chairs, benches, kettles, pots and so on, just as I also taught Hans Sachs. He tells of a couple of conversations which he had with a ducat and a horse hide in his book[325]."

"Oh, dear Soonchanged," I said, "if you could teach me this art with God's help, I would cherish you my whole life long."

"Certainly," he replied, "I'd be glad to."

Then he took the book which I happened to have with me and, after he had changed himself into a scribe, he wrote the following words in it:

"I am the beginning and the end, and I am valid everywhere[326]: **Idiof, yeslo, unni, mala, glei, Nape, wash, asast, hana, pasop, eton, erad, tro, ev, er, yant, hari, noag, mata, klee,**

air, esop, olar, tapo, unnt, olif, isat, anan, doeb, estl, iste, vole, steo, mane, trah, isan, goan, eta, rut, hale, tor, unat, haat, hine, noy, otru, hapa, vile, wiih, anot, yano, ulir, flito, onal, ipis, haac, utar, io, sai.tay, dtae, mipa, nald, eand."

After he'd written this, he became a large oak tree, then a sow and then quickly a sausage, and then some peasant's dung. Then he changed himself into a beautiful meadow of clover and, before I could turn around, into a cow-pie; then he became a beautiful flower or sprout, a mulberry tree and then a beautiful silk rug and so on till he finally changed back into human form after having changed even more often than Hans Sachs had described. Because I'd not read of any such rapid and different transformations in Ovid[327] or anywhere else (I had not read Hans Sachs at that time.) I thought that old Proteus[328] had arisen again from the dead to hoax me with his tricks; or perhaps it was the devil himself trying to tempt and deceive me because I was a hermit.

Then he told me that he had more right to have a moon[329] in his coat of arms than the Turkish emperor, for inconstancy was his abode and constancy his worst enemy. He went on to say that he didn't give a hoot for it because he'd put it to flight several times. Then he changed himself into a bird and flew quickly away while I was left there to watch him fly off.

Then I sat down in the grass and started to contemplate the words which Soonchanged had left me with because I wanted to learn his art from him. But I didn't have the courage to try to speak them aloud because they seemed to be the kind of words which are used by exorcists to conjure up diabolical spirits and perform other acts of sorcery, for they were strange and unintelligible to me. I said to myself, "If you start to say them, who knows what kind of evil spirit you might attract. Perhaps this Soonchanged was Satan, who was trying to seduce you. Don't you know what the ancient hermits went through?"

But nevertheless, my curiosity forced me to keep looking at the written words because I wanted to be able to speak to mute things, for others are supposed to have been able to understand dumb beasts. I became more and more excited by the idea and, without wanting to brag, I am rather good at breaking codes. It was one of my lesser arts to write a letter on a thread (or even a hair) which nobody could decode, though other secret codes, such as that of Johannes of Tritheim[330], were deciphered long ago. So I carefully examined the writing and quickly discovered that Soonchanged had used these words (as well as his example) to communicate his art to me in good German much more honestly than I would have given him credit for. Because I was satisfied with that and didn't pay any more attention to my new skill, I just went home to read the legends of the old saints because I wanted to spiritually edify my lonely life, and to pass the time.

THE 10TH CHAPTER: THE HERMIT BECOMES A PILGRIM INSTEAD OF A RECLUSE

The first thing I saw when I opened up the book was the life of Saint Alexius[331]. There I learned of the contempt with which he had left the ease of the wealthy home of his father to reverently visit various holy places till he ended his pilgrimages and lived out his life under a stile in great poverty, incomparable patience and wonderful constancy.

"Alas," I said to myself, "Simplicius, what are you doing? You just lay around here like a loafer and serve neither God nor man! If a person is alone, who will help him get up again, if he falls down? Wouldn't it be better to serve your fellow men and to be served by them than to sit here alone and without company like a night owl? Aren't you being a dead member of the human family by staying here? And how will you survive the winter when these mountains are covered with snow and your neighbors can't bring you any more food? Even though they now honor you like an oracle, they won't look respectfully over their shoulders at you after they get tired of you. Instead of bringing you things, they will send you off from the door by saying, 'God help you!' Perhaps Soonchanged will appear to you in person again to help you to face up

to the inconstancy of the world." I was tortured by these and similar temptations and thoughts until I decided to become a pilgrim instead of a recluse.

Then I grabbed my scissors and cut off the long robe which went down to my feet. (As long as I had been a hermit, it had served as my bedding.) I sewed the pieces I'd cut off back onto it so that they would serve me as pockets which could hold the things that I would beg. Because I couldn't get a St. James staff[332] with a finely carved head, I overpowered a wild apple-tree. With it, I could put someone to sleep even if he came at me with a sword. Later, while I was underway, a pious mechanic put a nice sharp point on this Bohemian bludgeon for me so that I could protect myself from any wolves I might meet along my way.

And so I made my way to the crude village of Schapbach to beg the local pastor for a certificate or document which stated that I'd lived near there as a hermit and that I now wanted to make a pious visit to some holy places, despite the fact that he told me that he couldn't really trust me.

"My friend," he said, "I imagine that you've either done something wrong and you want to leave your home quickly or you want to be another Empedocles Agrigentus, who threw himself into the volcano of Aetna so that people would believe he had ascended into heaven when they couldn't find him. How would it be if one of these opinions were true and I helped you by vouching for you?"

But I knew how to gab my way out of this; I pretended to be moved by my simple piety and holy and sincere mind, so that he finally gave me the document I'd wanted. It seemed to me that I could feel a holy envy or zeal in him and that he was glad to see me leave because the common people thought more of my unusually severe and exemplary life than they did of some of the clergy in the area, despite the fact that I was a dissolute tramp in comparison to a true clergyman and servant of God.

I wasn't quite as godless then as I later became and I could have passed myself off as someone with good views and intentions. But after I met up with other tramps and went around with them, I got worse and worse. In the end, I could have probably passed for the chief, guild-master and teacher of that association which makes tramping a profession for no purpose other than to get something to eat. My clothes and figure were just right for this, especially when it came to moving people to generosity. When I arrived at a village or was admitted into a city, usually on Sundays or holy days, I immediately drew a bigger crowd than the best huckster who has a few jesters, apes and long-tailed monkeys with him. Some of them believed that I was an old prophet because of my long hair and wild beard, and because I went bare-headed regardless of the weather. Others thought that I was some kind of strange wonder-worker, but most of them imagined that I was the Eternal Jew, who is supposed to wander around in the world until Judgment Day.

I didn't accept any money as alms because I knew how this attitude had been of advantage to me in my hermitage. When someone wanted to press some upon me, I said, "Beggars shouldn't have any money." By scorning these few small coins, I was able to get more food and drink from them than I would have been able to buy for a few large ones.

And so I marched up the Gutach River and across the Black Forest towards Villingen and Switzerland. Nothing notable or unusual happened to me along the way, except what I've already mentioned. From there on, I knew my way to Einsiedeln and I didn't have to ask anyone. When I got to Schaffhausen, I was not only admitted but, after being gaped at by the people, I was given shelter by an honest and wealthy burgher. He had gradually come to have pity on me because he thought that I was a well-traveled gentleman who had probably seen much good and evil on his journeys, for some bad boys there had even started to throw street dung at me as evening was approaching.

THE 11TH CHAPTER: SIMPLICIUS' STRANGE CONVERSATION WITH THE TOILET PAPER

Though my host was a bit tipsy when he brought me home, he wanted to know the details about where I came from, where I was going, my profession and so on. When I told him about the many different and rarely-seen lands I'd visited in my time, such as Muscovy, Tartary, Persia, China, Turkey and our own Antipodes, he was so astounded that he treated me to wines from Veltin and Adige. He'd been to Rome, Venice, Ragout, Constantinople and Alexandria himself and so (when I was able to tell him of many of the sights and customs of these places) he was ready to believe my big talk about more distant countries and cities, for I acted according to the rhyme of Samuel von Golau,[333] who wrote:

> Those who lie,
> Tell of lands far from you,
> For who'll go there,
> To see if it's true?

When I saw that I was succeeding so well, I almost went around the whole world with my story. I even said that I had been in the wandering forest Plinius[334] describes, which is supposed to be found on the floating islands of Contigliano in Italy. (It couldn't be found later, though they searched for it night and day.) I had even eaten of the sweet and wondrous mutton of the Borametz plant in Tartary and, although I'd never seen it in my life, I could discuss its charming taste with my host in a way that made his mouth water. I said that its meat was like crayfish and it had the color of a ruby or a red peach. It had a smell which could be compared to both a melon and an orange.

I also told him what battles, skirmishes and sieges I'd been in in my time and I lied a little on top of it because I saw that he wanted it that way. So he let himself be taken in by this kind of gab and more, just like a child with a fairy-tale, until he finally went to sleep. I was then led to a bed in a well-furnished room. I didn't need to be rocked to sleep because I was in a soft bed, the likes of which I'd not seen for a long time.

I woke up much earlier than even the house servants, but I still couldn't leave my chamber to relieve myself of a burden which, though small, was very troublesome to endure for very long. But behind the drapes I found the place for it, which some people like to call a bureau. It was better furnished than I could have hoped for in my emergency. I quickly sat myself down at court and thought of how much more preferable my noble wilderness was to this well-decorated chamber: There both stranger and native could immediately squat down anywhere at all without having to suffer the fear and distress that I'd just gone through. After that, I thought of the teachings and art of Soonchanged. Then I got an octavo of paper from the sheets which were hanging in a bag near me and I was about to execute it, for it and its comrades had been condemned and held prisoner for that purpose.

But suddenly the sheet of toilet paper said to me: "Alas! So this is the way I am now to experience the general gratitude of a faithless world for the true services I have rendered, the tortures I have so long endured and the many kinds of dangers, labors, fears, afflictions and sorrows which have been forced upon me? Why didn't a finch or bullfinch eat me up in my youth and make crap out of me right at the start. Then I could have immediately served Mother Earth again by helping to bring forth lovely forest flowers or herbs with my innate plumpness. Then I wouldn't have had to wipe the backsides of a tramp like this and end up in the shit-house. Or why wasn't I used in the privy of the King of France and Navarra to wipe his arse. I would have had much more honor from that than from serving some runaway monk."

"I can tell by the way you talk," I replied, "that you're a worthless lout who doesn't deserve any better burial than the one I'm about to give you right now. It's all the same, if you're buried in a stinking place like this by a king or a beggar. You can be crude and impolite when you talk

about it, if you like, but I'm very glad about it. But if you have anything to bring forward concerning your innocence and the loyal services you've rendered the human race, you may do so. I'll be glad to give you an audience and preserve you from your immediate fall and destruction, if you prove your case."

To this the toilet paper replied: "According to Plinius, lib. 20 cap. 97, my ancestors were found in a forest, where they lived in that first freedom on their own ground and propagated their race. Then they were taken into human service and called hemp. I was begotten and produced from this line during the time of Emperor Wenzel* as a seed in the village of Goldscheur, where they say the best hemp seed in the whole world grows. There my producer took me from the stalk of my parents and sold me towards spring to a shopkeeper who mixed me with strange hemp seeds before he traded with us. This same shopkeeper sold me to a peasant in the area and earned half a golden gulden on every bushel because our price had grown unexpectedly and we'd become more expensive. So this shopkeeper was the second one to profit from me because my producer, who had sold me first, had already pocketed the first profit.

"The peasant who'd got me from the shopkeeper threw me into a well-cultivated and fertile field where I had to mold and die away in the stink of horse, pig, cow and other kinds of dung. But out of myself I brought forth the tall, proud hemp stalk into which I was gradually transformed. In my youth, I said to myself: 'Now you'll become a fruitful multiplier of your race, just like your ancestors, and you'll bring forth more grains of seeds than any of them ever did.'

"But my impulsiveness had hardly been tickled with this imaginary hope when I was forced to hear some passer-by say, 'Look! A field full of gallows-weeds!'

"I and my brothers immediately thought that this was not a good omen for us, but we could console ourselves when some old and honest peasants said: 'Look! What fine hemp that is!'

"But, too bad! We soon found out that we would not be able to propagate our kind because of the greed and miserable poverty of men, for just as we were about to bear seeds, we were mercilessly pulled out of our realm of earth by various strong fellows and bound together in a great bundle like captured criminals. For this work, they received their wages and the third profit which men pocketed from us.

"But that was by no means the last! Our suffering and the tyranny of men had just begun to fashion us respectable plants into a bit of pure human poetry (as some say about their beloved beer) for we were taken to a deep pit, packed on top of each other and loaded down with stones as if we'd been put into a press. And those who did this work received the fourth profit. Then the pit was filled with water, as if they'd wanted to drown us, even though we were all very weak. They let us remain in this press till the ornament of our already-wilted leaves rotted and we nearly choked and went to ruin. Then they let the water run off, carried us out and put us on a green meadow where we were attacked by sun, rain and wind till the sweet air itself, as if angered by our misery and sorrow, changed and stunk up everything around us so that nobody could go by us without holding his nose or, at least saying, 'Phew!'

But those who treated us like this got the fifth profit as their wages. We had to remain in this condition till the sun and wind had robbed us of our last moisture and the rain had bleached us all. Then we were sold by our peasant to the hemp-dresser for the sixth profit

"And so we got our fourth master since I'd been a seed. He put us in a shed for a short rest till his other affairs gave him the time and he could get day-laborers to torture us some more. Because autumn and the work in the fields was over, he took us out one after the other and put us in bunches of two dozen in a small room behind the stove; there he heated us up as if we were supposed to sweat out the French disease. While in this inferno I often thought that we would go up in flames along with the house, as often happens.

"After this heat had made us as flammable as sulfur matches, he turned us over to an even worse executioner who took us by the handful to a machine for crushing stalks; it broke down all of our insides and crushed our limbs till they were a hundred thousand times smaller than those of the worst arch-murderer on the wheel. Afterwards he beat us up with all his might around a stick so that our broken parts would fall out cleanly until it seemed that he would go mad and lose all his sweat (and something else like it) in the process. In this way, he became

the seventh to make a profit from us.

"We now thought that they couldn't think of any other way to torment us, mainly because we'd already been taken apart, and then so united and tied together that each of us no longer knew himself and his parts.

"Every hair or harl had to admit that we were crushed hemp. But then we were taken to a pounding board. There we were stamped, hit, squeezed, swung and, in a word, rubbed and pounded as though they had wanted to make mountain flax, asbestos, cotton, silk or at least a soft flax out of us. For this work, the beaters enjoyed the seventh profit which men had gained from me and my kind.

"On the same day, I (as a well-pounded and swung hemp) was given over to some old women and young apprentice girls. They did the most painful things to me I'd ever experienced, for they dissected us on their different hatchels worse than words can tell. First, they separated off the crude oakum, then the spinning hemp, then the poor hemp, till I was finally praised as soft hemp and an excellent ware. To prepare me for sale, I was finely combed, packed up and put in a damp cellar so that I would be softer to touch and heavier in weight.

"There I was able to get a short rest. I was happy that, after having gone through so much pain and suffering, I had become a material which was very necessary and useful to men. In the meanwhile, these females received the ninth profit from me. This gave me a wonderful consolation and hope of having finally been delivered from all pain, for now we had reached and attained the ninth number, which is the most wonderful and angelic[335]."

THE 12TH CHAPTER: THE SUBJECT ABOVE IS CONTINUED AND THE VERDICT IS GIVEN

"The next market day my master carried me to a chamber which is called a barrel room. There I was inspected, found to be good merchandise and weighed. Then I was traded to a middleman and a duty tax was paid on me. After that, I was loaded onto a wagon, taken to Strasbourg and delivered to a warehouse. There I was inspected again and found to be good; a duty tax was paid on me again and I was sold to a merchant; he had a cart-puller take me home, where I was stored in a clean room. In the meanwhile, my former master, the hemp-producer, got the tenth profit from me, the hemp-inspector the eleventh, the weigher the twelfth, the customs official the thirteenth, the wholesaler the fourteenth, the teamster the fifteenth, the warehouse the sixteenth and the cart-puller who took me to the merchant the seventeenth. They also got the eighteenth profit, for they were paid for taking me on their cart to the ship on which I went down the Rhine to Zwolle. It is impossible for me to say how many people were able to gain a profit from me along the way in fees, duties and so on, for I was packed up so that I didn't know what was going on around me.

"At Zwolle I again enjoyed a short rest. Then I was separated for the middle or English sort, dissected again and tortured: I was torn apart in the middle, pounded and combed till I became so pure and soft that they could have even spun finer things out of me than the fine yarn of Brabant. Then I was traded to Amsterdam, where I was bought, sold and turned over to the female sex, which made soft yarn out of me by kissing and licking so with their labor that I imagined that all of my sorrows were finally over.

"But shortly after that, I was washed, bound and given over to the hands of the weaver. Then I was spooled, dressed and spanned onto the loom to be woven into a fine Dutch cloth. After that, I was bleached and traded to a merchant who sold me by the ell. But before I got that far, I suffered great loss. The first and crudest oakum that I lost was made into fuses, soaked in cow manure and then burnt. From another loss, old women spun heavy yarn (which was woven into ticking and sackcloth). A third of my losses was made into a rather heavy yarn, called beard yarn, which is nonetheless sold as hemp. Though a fourth loss was made into

spinners' yarn and cloth, it wasn't anything like me. I won't mention the mighty ropes which were made out of my comrades, the other hemp starks, from which they'd made split hemp. And so I can hardly tell you just how useful my race is to men and how many of them profit from us. I suffered the last loss to myself when the weaver scrounged a couple of balls of yarn for himself when nobody was looking.

"The merchant traded me to a noble woman who cut the whole cloth into pieces and presented them to her servants for the new year. The piece from which I mainly come was given to the chamber maid, who made a shirt out of it to show off with me. That's when I found out that not everyone who is called a maiden really is one, for both the secretary and the master knew how to help themselves here, for she wasn't ugly. But this didn't last long, for the lady of the house once got to see for herself how the maid was performing her office for her. But that didn't cause her to bluster angrily. Being an intelligent lady, she just paid off her maid and gave her a friendly farewell. But because the squire wasn't pleased to have such meat snapped out of his jaws, he asked his wife why she'd released the maid when she was such a nimble, skillful and busy person. The lady answered, 'My dear squire, don't you worry about that. From now on, I'll take care of her work myself.'

"Then my maid took her baggage (in which I was the best shirt) back to her home in Cambrai. She brought a rather heavy bundle with her, for she'd been able to earn quite a bit from her master and mistress and she had busily saved up her wages. Though she didn't find a meal-ticket at home as juicy as the one she'd had to leave, she did find some suitors who were crazy about her. They brought her things to wash and sew because she intended to support herself in this trade.

"Among her admirers was a young braggart; she was able to put a rope around his horns and sell herself off to him as a virgin. The wedding was held, but after a month of kisses it became clear that the wealth and income of the young couple was not enough to support them as she'd been accustomed to with her former master. And because there seemed to be a lack of soldiers at that time in the country of Luxembourg, the husband of the young woman became a cornet[336], perhaps because someone else had been skimming off the cream and had put horns on him.

"I was starting to get rather thin and tattered by then, so my woman cut me up into diapers because she was expecting a young heir. While she was recovering, the little bastard dirtied me every day and I had to be washed just as often, which finally made us so threadbare that we weren't good for anything after that, so my mistress threw us out.

"But the landlady of the house, who was a very good housekeeper, picked us up, washed us out and put us together with other old rags in the attic. There we had to stay till a fellow from Epinal came to gather us up from everywhere and take us home to a paper-mill.

"There I was turned over to some old women who tore us up into patches. We all complained of our pain to each other with cries of misery. But that wasn't the end of it, for we were pounded up into something like children's mush in the paper mill; you could hardly tell that we'd ever been hemp or flax plants. We were finally macerated in lime and alum and washed away in water so that you could have very well said of us that we were completely gone.

"But nonetheless, I was made into a fine sheet of writing paper. Through other labors, I was first made into a book of paper along with my comrades and finally into a ream. Then we were transported into a press again, packed into a bundle of ten reams and brought to the fair in Zurzach, where we were traded to a merchant from Zürich who took us home and sold the ream I was in to a manager or bookkeeper who made a large book or accounting journal out of me. Till that had happened, I had passed through the hands of about thirty-six people since I'd been a rag.

"This book (in which I, as an honest sheet, took the part of two leaves) was loved by the bookkeeper as much as Alexander the Great had loved Homer. I was his Virgil, in which Augustus had so diligently studied; I was his ***Oppianus***[337], in which Antonius, the son of Emperor Severus, had so busily read. I was also his **Commentarii Plinii Junioris,** which Largius Licinius[338] had valued so much; I was his **Tertullinanus,** which Cyprianus[339] always held in his hands and his **Paedia Cyri**[340]", which Scipio knew so well; I was his **Philolaus**

Pythagoricus[341], which pleased Plato so much and his **Speusippus**[342], which Aristotle loved so well; I was also his **Cornelius Tacitus**[343], which had brought such pleasure to Emperor Tacitus, and his **Comminaeus**[344] , which was valued above all else by Carolus Quintus. To sum it up, this book was the Bible he studied night and day.

"But not so that the account would be honest and just, but because he wanted to hide his thievery, cover up his disloyalty and roguishness and arrange everything so that his books would seem to be in order.

"After this book had been filled up, it was put away until the master and his wife went the way of this world. Then I got to enjoy some rest. But after the inheritance was divided, the heirs tore up the book to use it as packing paper and I was put under a bordered skirt so that neither it nor what was under it would be damaged. In this way I was brought here and, after I'd been packed out, I was condemned to this place where I am to receive a reward of ruin and destruction from the human race for the loyal services I have rendered. Now you are the only one who can rescue me from this."

"Because," I replied, "your growth and propagation received its origin, descent and nourishment from the richness of the earth, which has to be maintained by means of the excretion of animals and because you are used to such crude material and are an uncouth fellow to talk of such things anyway, it is only right that you return to the origin to which your owner has damned you."

I was just executing this judgment when the toilet paper cried out: "Death will proceed with you in the same way, for he will return you to the earth from which you came and nothing will delay him, though you might have delayed my fate."

THE 13TH CHAPTER: THE ART WHICH SIMPLICIUS TAUGHT HIS HOST FOR HIS NIGHT'S LODGING

During the previous evening I had misplaced a list of all the special skills I'd practiced. (I'd written them all down so that I wouldn't forget them so easily.) But I had not included the ways and means required to practice them. To show you what I mean, I'll just mention the way I began my list:

Prepare a fuse or wick so that it will not smell. Musketeers are often betrayed by the smell, which can ruin their attack.

Prepare a fuse so that it will burn even though it is wet.

Prepare powder so that it will not burn even though a glowing iron be put into it. This is useful in fortresses which are hosts to a large quantity of powder.

Shoot men or birds, using only gunpowder, so that they will lie down as if they were dead for a while, but then get up again without any harm.

Make a man twice as strong without the use of carline thistle[345] or similar forbidden things.

When prevented from nailing up the cannons of the enemy while on a sally, quickly treat them in such a way that they will blow up.

Ruin a gun barrel in such a way that it is only capable of frightening game until it has been cleaned with a certain material.

Hit a bull's-eye better by putting the barrel of the gun over your shoulder and turning your back to the target than you can by shooting in the usual way.

A certain skill to prevent a bullet from hitting you.

Make an instrument which is marvelously capable of hearing everything which is said or done, even at a great distance, especially in the still of the night. This is very useful for guard duty, especially during a siege.

I had also described many other useful skills on this list, which my host found and saved. That's the reason he came to me in my chamber. There he showed me the list and asked me if it were really possible to do these things in a natural way.

Although it was difficult for him to believe this, he had to admit that during his youth he had stayed with Field Marshal von Schauenburg[346] in Italy; there many men had told him that the princes of Savoy were protected from bullets. The Field Marshal had wanted to test this on Prince Thomas[347], whom he was besieging in a fortress at the time. When both sides had agreed to an hour's truce in order to bury the dead and have a conversation, the Field Marshal had ordered a corporal of his regiment who was thought to have been the best marksman in the entire army and who could put out a lighted candle at fifty paces to lie in wait for the Prince, who had come to the breastwork of the walls for the conversation. The marksman was told to shoot a bullet at him as soon as the hour of truce was over.

The corporal paid very careful attention to the time and kept the Prince in his view and his sights for the entire period of the truce. When the truce ended with the first sound of the bell and both sides were starting to retire to safety, he squeezed off at him. But, contrary to all expectations, the gun failed and the Prince was behind the wall by the time the corporal could get it cocked again. Then the corporal pointed out a Swiss soldier of the Prince's guard to the Field Marshal. He took aim at him and hit him, making him tumble head over feet. This story shows you that there really is something to the belief that no prince of Savoy can be hit or wounded by a gunshot. He said that he didn't know if this was because of such arts or because this high and princely house has a special grace from God because it originates, as they say, from the family of the prophet David.

I replied, "I don't know, either - but I am certain that the arts on my list are natural and not magic. "

If he didn't believe me, I added, he only needed to tell me which one he considered to be the most wondrous and impossible. I said I would test it out for him right there, if it wasn't one requiring more time and other circumstances than I could arrange. (I had to continue the trip I'd planned.)

Then he said that it seemed most impossible to him to believe that gunpowder wouldn't burn when it came into contact with fire, if I hadn't first dumped water onto it. If I could prove this in a natural way, he would believe all of the other skills without seeing them, even though there were over sixty of them. But he wouldn't believe me before such a test had been made. I told him to hurry up and get me a single charge of powder, a material I would use with it and also some fire. Then he would see that my art was effective. When everything had been arranged, I told him to try to light the powder. But he didn't succeed in doing any more than slowly burning a few grains, even though he worked at it for a quarter of an hour. He didn't accomplish any more than putting out his glowing iron, fuse and charcoal in the gun powder itself.

"Yes," he said, "but now the powder is ruined." I then replied by simply preparing the powder without any additional cost and before he could count to sixteen. Then it burned up when he barely touched it with fire.

"Oh!" he said, "If Zürich had known this art, it would not have suffered such great damage when thunder struck the powder magazine."

After he had seen proof of this natural art, he also wanted to know how a man could protect himself from bullets, though it wasn't opportune for me to tell him. Although he approached me with caresses and promises, I told him that I needed neither money nor wealth. When he tried threats, I told him that he couldn't stop a pilgrim from going to Einsiedeln. When he accused me of being ungrateful for the friendly hospitality I'd received, I reminded him that he'd already learned enough from me. But when he didn't want to leave me alone, I made up my mind to trick him, for only a much more important person than he was could have moved me to teach him this by means of love or force.

When I noticed that he didn't pay any attention to either words or oaths as long as no one shot at him, I played the same trick on him that Soonchanged had played on me, for then I wouldn't be a liar and he wouldn't learn the art. That's why I gave him the following message:

The following words, it is true, will keep a bullet from hitting you: **Asa, vitom, rahoramarhe, ane, meridiem reaach, ortmi, nasaore epe, nahlres, oae, elcit, iea, arwes, inhbe, iee, nre, nei, alonade, sos, aoi, ina, aee, elsme, arham, aoa, loore, ratel, asi, viaet, aroneli, didan, Veloyelad, Herodan, eui, menwses, aia, elilira, ele, harbari, ereda, saser,**

elacaimai, nfi, eleeisa.

When I gave him this note, he had to give it his trust, because it was such gibberish that no one could understand it, though he thought he could. But it helped me to get away from him and to earn the grace of being offered a couple of thalers to eat from along the way. But I turned them down and was more than ready to be sent off with no more than breakfast. Then I marched down the Rhine towards Eglisau, but I stopped to sit at the falls of the Rhine, where its waters are sent spraying with a huge rushing and roaring.

There I started to worry that I'd overdone it in pulling the wool over the eyes of a host who'd treated me so well by offering him this skill. I thought that he would perhaps some day show this note and its foolish words to his children or friends and claim that it was a sure thing that they could depend upon. They might then put themselves into unnecessary danger and have to perish before their time. Then I'd be to blame for their untimely deaths.

For that reason I wanted to travel back so I could correct the matter, but because I was afraid that he would treat me more harshly than before, or at least accuse me of deception if I got into his clutches again, I continued on to Eglisau, where I begged food, drink, a night's lodging and a half-sheet of paper upon which I wrote the following message:

Noble, pious and honored Sir!

I thank you again for your fine hospitality and ask God to repay you a thousand times. But I am also afraid that you might endanger yourself in the future and tempt God because I had taught you the wonderful art to use against bullets. Therefore I want to warn you by interpreting the art for you so that it will cause you no harm. I wrote: "The following words, it is true, will keep a bullet from hitting you," etc. I want you to understand the secret correctly by reading only the middle letter of each of these unintelligible words, which are neither potent nor magic, for when you put them together, they will say: "Stand at a place where no one shoots and you will be safe." Follow this advice, wish me well and don't think that I have deceived you. I pray that God, who protects whomever He will, will guard us both. Dat. etc."

They didn't want me to go on the next day because I didn't have any money to pay the toll, so I had to sit down for about two hours till an honest man came by and paid my fee for the sake of God. He couldn't have been anything else but an executioner, for the collector said to him: "What do you think, Master Christian, do you expect to give this fellow his send-off?"

"I don't know." Master Christian replied, "I've never practiced my trade on a pilgrim, though I have on collectors like you."

That squelched the collector and I was able to stroll on towards Zürich. When I got there, I sent my letter back to Schaffhausen because I didn't feel good about any part of the affair.

THE 14TH CHAPTER: ALL KINDS OF BOASTING BY THE PILGRIM. IT SOUNDS LIKE THINGS WHICH COULD OCCUR TO SOMEONE SUFFERING FROM A FEVER

At that time I found out that a man can't go very far in the world without money, even when he wants to do without its help. Wealthy pilgrims on their way to Einsiedeln just boarded a ship and let themselves be taken up the lake, but I had to dance the long way on foot because I wasn't able to pay a boatman. But I didn't let that bother me; I just didn't go as far in a day and I was satisfied with any shelter I could find, even if I had to sleep in a charnel-house.

When some curious person would pick me up because he thought that he could hear something marvelous from a strange-looking man, I gave him what he wanted by telling him all sorts of far-fetched stories about things which I pretended I'd seen and heard on my travels.

I wasn't the least ashamed to offer the ideas, lies and fantasies of the old writers and poets as the truth, just as if I'd been everywhere and seen it all myself. For example, I claimed I'd

seen a race of Pontic people called the Thybii, which had two eye-balls in one eye and an image of a horse in the other. I proved this by using Philarchos[348] as my witness. I was also supposed to have been at the source of the Ganges, where the Astomis, who neither eat nor have mouths, are nourished only through their noses with odor, as Plinius tells us; I also claimed to have seen the Bithynishe women in Scythia and the Tribalis in Illyria, who have two eye-balls in each eye, as Apollonides and Hesigonos[349] have reported. I said I'd once got to know the inhabitants of Mount Mylas, who (as Megasthenes[350] claimed) have feet like foxes, with eight toes on each foot.

I said I'd stayed for a while with the Troglodytes, who (as Ktesias[351] tells us) have neither head nor neck; they have their eyes, mouth and nose on their chest. I'd also seen the Monoscelis or Sciopodibus[352], who have only one foot, with which they shield their bodies from rain and sun. Nonetheless, they can run down a red deer using only this one huge foot. I'd seen the Anthropophagi in Scythia and the Caffres in India, who eat human flesh; I'd seen the Andabati, who fight with their eyes closed and just hit into the pile. I'd also seen the Agriophagi (who eat the meat of panthers and lions) the Arimphei, who sleep quietly and unprotected beneath trees, the Bactrani, who live so moderately that no vices are as hated by them as gluttony and drunkenness, the Samoyeds, who live under the snow beyond Moscow, the islanders in the Persian Gulf by Ormus, who sleep in the water because of the great heat, and the Greenlanders, whose women wear trousers. I claimed to have seen the Berbers, who slaughter and offer up to their gods all of those who live more than fifty years, the Indians of the Pacific Ocean beyond the Straits of Magellan, where the women have short hair and the men long pigtails, and the Condei, who eat snakes. I said I'd seen the non-Germans beyond Livonia who change themselves into werewolves at certain times of the year and the Gapii, who kill their old people when they reach the age of seventy. I'd seen the Black Tartars, whose children are born with teeth, the Getae, who share everything, even their women, the Himantopodes, who crawl upon the earth like snakes, the Brazilians, who receive their guests with wine and the Mosineci, who whip theirs. Yes, I'd even seen the Selenitishe women, who (as Herodotus[353] claims) lay eggs from which men are hatched who become ten times larger than Europeans.

I'd also seen many marvelous springs, such as the one at the source of the Vistula whose water turns to stone from which houses are built and the springs at Zepusio in Hungry whose water can consume iron or (to be accurate) it can change it into a material which can be made into copper by using fire; this changes the rain into vitriol. I also knew where there was a poisonous spring; on the ground watered with it grew only aconite, which waxed and waned with the moon. I said I knew of a spring which produces warm water in winter but is frozen over in summer, when it is used to cool wine. I'd seen two springs in Ireland; the water of one of them would make you old and gray ; that of the other, young and beautiful. I said the springs in Engstlen in Switzerland would flow only when cattle came to drink; I also told of the different springs in Iceland; one is hot, another cold and a third has sulfur water. A fourth springs even produces melted wax!

I said that I had seen the wells at St. Stephan by Saanenland in the Swiss Confederacy, which people use as an almanac because the water becomes murky when it's going to rain and clear when there's going to be good weather; I also told of Schantli Brook near Ober-Nahenheim in Alsace, which doesn't flow except when a great disaster (such as famine, death or war) plagues the land; I'd supposedly seen the poisonous springs in Arcadia, which killed Alexander the Great, the waters at Sybaris, which make gray hair black again, the Aquae Sinessuanae, which cures women of barrenness, the water of the island of Aenaria, which banishes gravel and stone, that of Clitumno, which turns oxen white when they are bathed in it, that of Solennio, which cures the wounds of love, the springs of Aleas, which kindle the flame of love and the springs in Persia, which give pure oil.

I'd even seen a spring not far from Kronweissenburg from which only wagon and axle grease come, as well as the water on the island of Naxos, from which you can get drunk, and the springs of Arethusam, which give pure sugar-water.

I also knew how to describe famous bogs, lakes, swamps and pools, such as the lake by Zirknitz in Carinthia; its waters leave behind fish which are two yards long. The peasants there

catch, plant, cut and harvest them; then, in autumn, the lake fills itself up with water eighteen yards deep; the following spring, a similar quantity of fish can be brought in.

I described the Dead Sea in Judea, Lake Leomondo in the area of Lemnos, which is twenty-four miles long and has many islands, including one which floats and is driven to and fro by the wind along with the cattle and everything on it. I could talk about Feder Lake in Swabia, Lake Constance by Constance, Lake Pilatus on the top of the mountain Fractmont, Camarin in Sicily, Lake Bebeide in Thessaly, Gigeo in Lydia, Marette in Egypt, Stymphalide in Acadia, Lasconio in Bythinia, Icomede in Ethiopia, Thesprotio in Ambratia, Trasimeno in Umbria, Maeotide in Scythia, and many others.

I also said that I'd seen all of the famous rivers in the world, such as the Rhine and Danube in Germany, the Elbe in Saxony, the Moldau in Bohemia, the Inn in Bavaria, the Volga in Russia, the Thames in England, the Tagus in Spain, the Amphrisus in Thessaly, the Nile in Egypt, the Jordan in Judea, the Bagradam in Africa, the Ganges in India, the Rio de la Plata in America, the Eurotam in Laconia, the Euphrates in Mesopotamia, the Tiber in Italy, the Cidnum in Cilicia, the Acheloum between Aetolia and Acarnania, the Boristhenem in Thracia and the Sabbaticus in Syria, which flows for only six days and disappears on the seventh.

I said that I'd also seen a river in Sicily which, according to Aristotle, makes choked and suffocated birds and animals come alive again; I'd also seen the Gallum in Phrygia, which (according to Ovid's opinion) makes those who drink from it insane. I'd also seen the spring of Plinius at Dodona. I had even found out for myself that it extinguishes burning candles and lights extinguished ones, if they are only put into it. I was also at the springs at Apollonia, which are called the Chalice of the Nymphs; Theopompus[354] reports that they let you learn of all the misfortunes you will ever meet, if you drink from it.

I also knew how to brag about other marvelous things in the world, such as the Calaminish forests, which can be chased to wherever you want them. I was also in the Ciminish Forest, where I didn't dare to stab my pilgrim's staff into the ground because everything which was put into the earth immediately took root. You couldn't get the staff out again because it would quickly turn into a large tree. I'd also supposedly seen two forests (which Plinius spoke of) whose trees are sometimes triangular, sometimes square and sometimes round. There, all the rocks can at times be moved with only one finger and at other times they can't be moved at all!

To sum it all up, I not only knew how to lie about strange and astonishing things, but I had also supposedly seen everything with my own eyes, even such famous structures as the Seven Wonders of the World, including the Tower of Babel and other things which disappeared many hundreds of years ago. I also made similar pretenses when I talked about birds, animals, fish and the plants of the earth. My hosts wanted to hear such stories because these tales tickled their ears. But when I had intelligent people in front of me, I didn't lay it on nearly as thick. That is how I made my way to Einsiedeln, where I did reverence and then went on in the direction of Bern, for I wanted to see that city and I could go on to Italy through Savoy that way.

THE 15TH CHAPTER: WHAT HAPPENED TO SIMPLICIUS IN VARIOUS OVERNIGHT SHELTERS

Along my way I was fortunate enough to find good-hearted people who gladly shared their surplus of food and shelter with me. They were all the more willing to do so because they saw that I neither asked for money nor did I accept it when I was offered a penny or two.

While in one city, I saw a well-dressed man who was still very young. I was surprised to see him surrounded by children calling him father because I didn't know that such sons married early in order to become full-fledged citizens. Only after that were they allowed to take a seat in the administration of the city.

This man observed me as I begged at various doors; when I wanted to pass by him, I

bowed. I couldn't take off my hat because I didn't have one. Though I hadn't followed the shameless custom of some beggars by approaching him, he reached into his pocket and said, "Ha, why don't you ask me for alms? Look, here's a coin for you."

"Sir," I answered, "I can easily imagine that you don't have any bread with you, so I didn't trouble you. I'm not looking for money because it's not fitting for beggars to have any."

In the meanwhile, the usual motley crowd had gathered around us. He answered me by saying, "You seem to me to be a proud beggar because you scorn money."

"No, Sir," I replied, "You can believe that I have contempt for it because I don't want it to make me proud."

Then he asked, "Where will you stay if you don't have any money?"

"If God," I responded, "and good people will allow me to find the rest I now well need in this shed here, I'll be satisfied and content."

"If I knew that you didn't have lice," he said, "I'd give you shelter and a good bed to lie in."

I replied that, though I had as few lice as pennies, I didn't know if it was advisable for me to sleep in a bed because it might spoil me and draw me away from my habitual hard life.

Then a fine and respectable gentleman came up, and the young man said to him, "For God's sake, look at this second Diogenes the Cynic!"

"Well, well, Cousin," the old man replied, "what are you talking about? Did he bump into someone or bite them? Give him alms and let him go his way."

"Cousin," the young man answered, "he doesn't want any money and he won't accept anything else you want to do for him."

Then he told the old man everything I'd said and done. "Ha!" the old man responded, "Two heads are better than one." Then he ordered his servant to take me to an inn and tell the innkeeper that he would pay for everything I ate that night. The young man called after me to say that if I let myself be seen at his home in the morning, he would give me a good, cold meal for the road.

That's how I got away from the crowd around me, which jeered me more than I've told. But I'd gone from purgatory to hell, for the inn was packed with crazy drunks who gave me the worst treatment I'd yet received on my pilgrimage. Everyone there wanted to know who I was. One of them said that I was a spy or a scout; another said I was an Anabaptist; a third thought I was a madman; a fourth believed that I was a holy prophet, but most of them thought that I was the Eternal Jew, as usual. They were just about to make me prove that I wasn't circumcised when the innkeeper finally had pity on me; he pulled me away from them and said: "Let me take care of this man. I don't know if he is any more of a fool than any of you." Then he led me to bed.

On the following morning I went to the house of the young gentleman to get the breakfast I'd been promised, but he was not at home. But his wife came down with her children, perhaps because he'd told her what an oddity I was and she wanted to have a look at me. From her conversation I came to discover that her husband was in the senate, though she acted as though she assumed that I already knew it. He was also supposed to have had good expectations of receiving the position of a district governor or bailiff that very day. She told me that if I came back, he would return shortly.

While we were talking, he approached up the street; I thought that he didn't seem nearly as merry as the evening before. As soon as he came in the door she said to him, "Darling, what have you become?"

As he walked by and rushed up the stairs he said to her, "I've become an object of contempt!"

"It looks like their mood has changed." I thought to myself.

When I started to slip out the door, the children flocked after me, so that they could boast to others who joined them of the new honor their father had received: "Our father has become an object of contempt!" I had to laugh at their simplicity and ignorance.

When I noticed that I wasn't faring nearly as well in the city as in the country, I made up my mind not to go into any more cities, if it were possible to avoid them. I got along in the country on milk, cheese, sour cream, butter and small amounts of bread I got from peasants till I'd reached the border of Savoy. I was tramping along there in dung up to my ankles while

heading in the direction of a noble manor when it started to rain by the bucket. When I approached the manor house, I had the good fortune of seeing its master in person. He did not seem surprised by my strange appearance or by the acquiescence with which I endured the downpour without seeking shelter, though this was readily available. This only made him think that I must have been a perfect fool. Though he sent one of his servants down to me, I don't know if he did so out of pity or curiosity. The servant told me that his master wanted to know who I was and why I was walking around his house in such a terrible rain.

"Tell your master," I answered, "that I am a ball of inconsistent fortune, an example of change and a mirror of the inconstancy of human life. I am wandering around in this storm simply because no one has offered me shelter since it began to rain."

When the servant reported this to his master, he replied: "These are not the words of a fool. Anyway, it's getting dark and you shouldn't chase a dog out in weather as miserable as this." Then he allowed me into his house, where I was led to the servants' rooms. There I washed my feet and dried my coat again.

This cavalier had a fellow who was his steward, the tutor of his children and also his clerk, or (as they now like to be called) his secretary; he questioned me: Where was I going? Where did I come from? What nationality? What social class? I let him know everything about my situation; I told him where I was from, where I'd lived as a hermit and that I now wanted to visit various holy places. He passed this all on to his master, who then let me eat dinner at his table, where I was well treated.

The lord of the manor had me repeat what I'd previously told his clerk about who I was and what I was doing. His questions about the details were so exact that it seemed as though he was well acquainted with things. When I was led to bed, he went along with the servant who lighted my way. He led me into a chamber which was so well furnished that it could have pleased a count.

I was so surprised by this excessive hospitality that I imagined that he was behaving this way simply out of reverence, for I thought that I looked like a holy pilgrim. But there turned out to be something quite different behind it all, for as he stood in the doorway with his light and his servant after I had already lain down, he said: "Now then, Master Simplicius! Sleep well. Though I know that you're not in the habit of fearing ghosts, I can assure you that the ones who wander around this room can't be chased away with a whip." Then he locked the door and left me lying there in fear and worry.

Though I turned the matter over and over in my mind for a long time, I still couldn't think of how this gentleman could know me and be able to call me by my first name. But after I'd thought the matter over for a long time, it occurred to me that once, after the death of my friend Heartbrother, I'd been talking about night spirits with some gentlemen and students at the mineral springs while two Swiss brothers had been present; they'd told marvelous stories of the sounds which could be heard in their father's house at night and also during the day. I had contradicted them and rashly claimed that anyone who was afraid of a night spirit was a cowardly simpleton.

One of the two brothers had later dressed himself in white and slipped into my room at night. He had started to make strange noises in order to frighten me so that he could take away my blanket while I lay benumbed with fear. They were playing this trick to terrify me and punish me for my audacity. But when he started to shake around to wake me up, I sprang out of bed, snatched up a whip, grabbed onto the spirit by the wing and said: "Hey, fellow, when spirits walk around in white, then girls, as they say, turn into women. But I think that Master Spirit has gone astray here." Then I began to whack him until he finally succeeded in escaping out the door.

When I remembered this story and thought over the last words of my host, I had a good idea what was in store for me. I said to myself, "If they told the truth about the terrible spirits in their father's house, then I am undoubtedly lying in the very room in which they make their worst scenes. But if they were only bragging to pass the time, then they'll have you whipped so you'll have something to lick on for a while."

With these thoughts going through my head, I considered springing out of a window, but they were so well barred with iron that I wasn't able to. And worst of all, I didn't have a gun; I

didn't even have my sturdy pilgrim's staff, which I could have used to defend myself very well in an emergency. So I lay down in bed again (although I couldn't sleep) waiting in fear and worry for what this dreaded night would bring.

When it got to be about midnight, the door opened, though I had bolted it from the inside. The first figure to enter was an impressive and dignified person with a long, white beard; he was dressed in an antiquated fashion with a flowing gown of white satin lined with civet and golden flowers. He was followed by three other stately-looking men. As they entered the room, it suddenly lighted up as brightly as if they had brought torches with them, though I couldn't see a candle or anything like it. I stuck my snout under the blanket and didn't have anything uncovered except my eyes; I was just like a frightened and fearful mouse that is sitting in its hole and watching to see if the coast is clear to come out.

Then they came up to my bed and looked me over as carefully as I did them. After this had gone on for a while, they walked over to one corner of the room, lifted up a stone plate covering the privy, and took out all of the tools which a barber uses to take off someone's beard. Then they came towards me again with these instruments. Placing a chair in the middle of the room, they then let me know with expressions and gestures that I should get out of bed, sit on the chair and let them shave me. But because I continued to lie still, the most dignified of the group grabbed my blanket to take it away so that they could force me onto the chair. You can well imagine that I felt as if a cat were running up and down my spine.

I held fast to the blanket and said: "What do you gentlemen want? Why do you want to shave me? I'm a poor pilgrim who doesn't have anything to protect his head from the rain, wind and sun except his hair. Anyway, you don't look like barber shop boys to me, so leave my hair alone!"

The noblest of them replied: "We're arch-barbers, but you can help us and you've got to help us, if you want to keep your hair."

"If it is in my power to help you," I answered, "I promise to do everything possible that you need. Just tell me what you want me to do for you."

"I was the ancestor of the present lord of the manor," the old man said, "and I started an unjustified quarrel with my cousin from the N. family concerning the two villages of N. and N., which he rightfully held. Through craft and cunning, I got the case to the point where these three men were selected to judge the matter. By promises and threats, I got them to award the two villages to me. Then I began to shave, fleece and gouge my subjects so that I was able to gather together that nice sum of money which is over there in the corner. It has been there along with my shearing tools so that I would be paid for my fleecing. Because both of these villages were returned to their rightful owner shortly after my death, you'll be able to help me as much as it is in your power, if you distribute this money. When you tell my great-grandson about this, he will be more likely to believe you if you have him lead you to the so-called Green Hall tomorrow; there you will find my portrait. When you are in front of it, tell him what you have heard from me."

When he had finished, he put out his hand and wanted me to shake hands with him to assure him that I would do everything, but because I'd often heard that you should never give your hand to a spirit, I stuck out the corner of my sheet, which was burnt up as soon as he touched it. Then the spirits returned their shaving tools to the corner, put the stone in its place and brought the chair back to where it had stood. Then they all filed out of the room again. Meanwhile, I was sweating like a roast on the fire, but I was still bold enough to go back to sleep in spite of my fear.

THE 16TH CHAPTER: HOW THE PILGRIM TOOK LEAVE OF THE MANOR AGAIN

Sometime after daybreak the lord of the manor and his servant came to my bed. "Well, Master Simplicius," he said, "how was it last night? You didn't need a whip, did you?"

"No, Monsieur." I answered, "The ones who are living here don't need it like the one who tried to make a fool of me at the mineral springs."

"But what happened?" he went on to ask. "Aren't you afraid of spirits yet?"

"I'll never again say that spirits are just for amusement," I answered, "but I would never admit that that makes me afraid of them. But this burnt sheet can give you some idea of what happened. I will tell about it as soon as you lead me to your Green Hall**,** where I will show you the portrait of the principal spirit."

He looked at me in amazement and could easily imagine that I must have spoken to the spirits, not only because I knew about the Green Hall, which I could never have heard about from anyone, but also because of the evidence of the burnt sheet.

"So, now you believe," he said, "what I told you at the mineral springs?"

"Why do I need to believe," I answered, "when I know a thing myself and have experienced it?"

"Yes," he went on, "it would be worth a thousand guldens to me to rid my house of this cross."

"Sir," I replied, "you can be sure that this will be taken care of without costing you a penny. You'll even gain money while you're about it."

Then I got up and went straight towards the **Green Hall,** which was both an art chamber and an amusement room. On our way, the brother of the lord of the manor (who had been whipped at the mineral springs) came up, for he had been sent for at his home, which was about two hours away. Because he looked rather sullen, I was afraid that he was thinking of getting revenge, but I refused to behave as if I were the least afraid of him.

When we got to the Hall, I saw the very portrait I was looking for; it was among the paintings and antiques. "This," I said to the two brothers, "was your ancestor. He wrongfully wrestled the two villages of N. and N. away from the family of N., but these two villages have since been returned to their rightful owner. Your ancestor collected a tidy sum of money from these villages and had it walled in while he was alive in the room where I was forced to atone for what I'd done to you with the whip at the mineral springs. That's the reason he and his helpers still haunt the place."

Because the brothers wanted the spirit to come to rest and leave the house in peace, they were anxious to recover the money and use it in a way that would please God. Though I simply wanted to tell them where it was and go on my way in God's name, they thought that I couldn't be lying about the hidden treasure because I had told them the truth about their ancestor and the two villages. For that reason they went with me to the bedroom, where we lifted up the stone plate where the spirits had taken out their barber's tools and put them back again. But we didn't find anything there except two clay pots, which seemed to be brand new. One of them was filled with red sand and the other with white sand. This discovery caused the two brothers to abandon the hopes they had had of fishing a treasure out of the place.

But this discovery didn't cause me to hesitate because it made me glad to have the opportunity to be able to test the text which the amazing Theophrastus Paracelsus wrote about the transmutation of hidden treasure in his book, **Tom. 9** of **Philosophia occulta.** So I took the two pots and the material they contained and walked over to the blacksmith's forge, which the lord of the manor had had erected in one corner of the manor's courtyard. I then put the materials into the fire there and heated them up well in the usual way when you want to smelt metal. After I had let them cool off, I found a great mass of ducat gold in one pot and a lump of silver weighing about half a pound in the other, but it wasn't possible to tell what kind of coin it had been.

It was noon by the time we finished this work, but I still wasn't hungry or thirsty, for I very soon became so ill that they had to take me to bed. I don't know if my illness had been caused by my humble mortification in the rain a day or so ago, or by the spirits which had frightened me so much the night before. I must have stayed in bed for about twelve days and I could not have become any worse without dying. 1 was helped a great deal by a single bloodletting, as well as by the good care I received.

In the meanwhile (and without my knowledge) the two brothers had found a goldsmith who had tested the melted lump of metal because they had been afraid of being deceived. After they found out that the metal was genuine and encountered no more ghosts in their whole house, they hardly knew what sort of honor and reward they should give me. They even believed that I was some sort of holy man who knew secret things and who had been sent to them by God to put their house in order. For that reason, the lord of the manor himself hardly ever left my bedside. He was even glad just to be able to talk to me, which I let him do until my health was fully restored.

That was when the gentleman told me quite frankly that, when he had still been a lad, an impious tramp had called on his father and promised to ask the spirit what they could do to rid themselves of it. For that reason the tramp had been put in the room where I had been forced to spend the night. Then the spirit had appeared to him in the same form which I described. The spirits had then pulled him out of bed and forced him to sit in a chair. Then, despite his reluctance, they had shaved him. After that they mistreated and frightened him so much for the next few hours that he was found half-dead in the morning. His hair and beard had turned completely gray during the night, though he had gone to bed the night before as a man of thirty with black hair. He also confessed to me that he had put me in that room simply to get revenge on me for what I had done to his brother and to make me believe what he had told me about spirits years before. He then asked me to forgive him and he promised to be a friend and servant to me for the rest of his life.

When I had fully recovered again and wanted to continue on my way, he offered me a horse, clothes and money to live on. When I refused to accept any of his gifts, he was unwilling to let me go. He asked me not to turn him into the most ungrateful man in the world, but to take at least some money with me, even if I was intent on finishing my pilgrimage in my miserable condition.

"Sir," he added, "who knows when you may need it?"

"Sir," I replied laughingly, "I am very much surprised to hear you address me as if I were a gentleman when I am trying my best to remain a poor beggar."

"Well," he replied, "then you can stay with me and take your alms every day at my table."

"Sir," I answered, "if I did that, I would be a greater gentleman than even you; but how would my mortal body fare, if it lived at someone else's expense? Wouldn't such good days make it sluggish? But if you want to give me a present, you might have my coat lined, for winter is approaching."

"Thank heavens!" he responded. "There is something I can do to show my gratitude."

Then he had them give me a sheepskin until my coat could be lined with wool, for I would accept no other material. When that was done, he let me depart. He also gave me some letters to deliver on my way, but they were more to recommend me than to report anything important.

THE 17TH CHAPTER: HOW HE CROSSED THE SEA TO EGYPT AND WENT ASTRAY AT THE RED SEA

And so I wandered off with the intention of visiting the holiest and most famous places in the world in my state of poverty because I imagined that God had given me an especially gracious glance. I thought that my patience and voluntary poverty had found favor with Him and that He would therefore help me along, for I had evidently felt and enjoyed divine aid and grace in that manor.

In my first night's shelter I became acquainted with a messenger. He claimed that he wanted to take the same road I intended to use, the one to Loreto. Because I neither knew the way nor could I speak the language (and he said that he didn't want to travel very fast) we agreed to remain together and keep each other company. He also had business at the very places where I was to deliver the lord's letter, There we were both royally treated. When he had to stay at an inn, he forced me to accompany him and he paid for me. I didn't want to continue accepting his aid because I thought that I was only helping him to spend his hard-earned wages. But he said that he enjoyed the hospitality of the places where I delivered my letters and he could save his money by sponging there because of me. We continued on our way like this and overcame the high mountains to arrive together in fruitful Italy,

There my companion told me that he had been instructed by the lord of the manor to accompany me and to pay for my expenses. He also asked me to do him the favor of not disdaining the alms that his master had sent along, but to spend them instead of those I would have to beg from unwilling people. I was surprised by the man's sincere feelings, but I still didn't want the supposed messenger to remain with me or to spend any more money for my expenses. I gave him the excuse that I'd already received so much honor and favor from him that I could never dream of repaying it. But the truth was that I had made up my mind to reject all human consolation and to turn to God in deepest humility and suffering. I would never have accepted guidance or food from my companion, if I had known that he had been sent for that purpose.

When he saw that I didn't want his companionship, but simply wanted to take leave of him with the request that he bring my greetings to his master and thank him for all the good things he'd done for me, he sadly departed, saying: "Farewell, good Simplicius; even though you don't believe how much my master wants to help you, you will find it out when the lining of your coat tears or you want to mend it." With that, he departed as though the wind were chasing him.

"What could that fellow have wanted to say by these words?" I thought. I couldn't believe that his master was actually worried about the lining.

"No, Simplicius," I said to myself, "he didn't go to the expense of sending this messenger on such a journey just to remind me that he'd had my coat lined. There is something more to this than just that." I then searched through the coat and discovered that he had had one ducat after another sewn into the seam. I had been carrying a large sum of money around with me without even knowing it.

That made my spirit extremely uneasy and I wished that he'd have kept what belonged to him. Then I started getting all sorts of ideas about how I could use the money or where I could invest it. First I thought of taking it back to him. Then I thought of setting up a household or of buying a claim to a church stipend, but I finally decided to use it to visit Jerusalem because this journey could not be made without money.

So I set off for Loreto. From there I went on to Rome. After I had been there for a while, said my prayers, and made the acquaintance of some other pilgrims who also wanted to visit the Holy Land, I went with one from Genua back to his native city. When we got there, we looked around for the opportunity to cross the Mediterranean. After asking around a bit, we soon discovered a ship loaded with merchandise for Alexandria, which was just waiting for a favorable wind.

For worldly men money is a wondrous, even a divine thing! The patron or master of the ship would not have allowed me on board in my miserable clothes, even if my piety had been golden, but my coins lead, for when he saw and heard me for the first time, he simply turned me down. But when I let him see the handful of ducats which were to be used for my journey, he made the deal without another word and even without us settling for the fare in advance. Then he personally let me know what kind of provisions and other necessities I would need for the journey. I did what he told me. That's how I sailed off with him in God's name.

Because of bad weather and contrary winds, we didn't meet with a single danger on the entire trip. Our ship's master evaded the pirates who appeared several times to threaten us. He knew he could gain more by taking flight than by defending himself, for his ship was very fast. That's why we arrived at Alexandria sooner than the sailors had expected. I thought that this was a good omen for the successful completion of my journey.

I paid my fare and stayed there with the French, who could be seen everywhere around there. I learned from them that it wasn't possible for me to continue my journey because the Turkish Bassa of Damascus had just taken up arms to rebel against his emperor. For that reason, no caravan, regardless of how large or small, was able to pass from Egypt to Judea, if it didn't want to risk losing everything.

Because a contagious disease had broken out in Alexandria (which doesn't have a healthy climate anyway) many people, particularly European merchants, left the city to go elsewhere. They were more afraid of dying there than they were of the Turks and Arabs. Along with a company of them, I went across the land towards Rosetta, a large town on the Nile. There we boarded a ship and went with full sails up the Nile to Old Cairo, a place which was about an hour away from the great city of Cairo..

After we had all disembarked there about midnight, we took up our quarters and waited for daylight; then we went on to the city of Cairo itself, where I saw people from every nation. There are also as many strange plants there as there are people, but what seemed strangest of all to me was that the people there hatched out many hundreds of chicks in ovens here and there which were especially built for that purpose. No hen had come near its eggs since they'd been laid, for old women were usually waiting for them when they were.

Though I'd never before seen such a great and populous city where it was cheaper to live than this, the remainder of my ducats gradually started to vanish. Though things weren't expensive, it was easy to see that I would not be able to continue until the rebellion of the Bassa of Damascus was over and the road safe for my visit to Jerusalem. That's why I got the desire to see some other things which had excited my curiosity. Among others, I visited a place on the other side of the Nile, where mummy powder is dug. At one place, I saw the Pyramids of both Pharaonis and Rhodope*[355] I got to know the way there so well that I could lead strangers and those who didn't know how to get there.

But things didn't turn out too well for me: When I was going with some others to the old graves to get mummy powder and see the five pyramids there, we encountered some Arab robbers who were out there to catch ostriches. They captured us and led us through the wilderness by neglected paths to the Red Sea, where they sold us one of us here and there.

THE 18TH CHAPTER: WITH GOOD FORTUNE AND MUCH MONEY, THE WILD MAN IS ABLE TO GET AWAY AGAIN

I was the only one who was not sold. When the four leading robbers noticed that foolish people were astonished by the strange sight of my huge Swiss and Capuchin beard, and my long hair, they thought up a scheme to make themselves a profit. So they took me for their share and, leaving the rest of their companions, they took away my cloak and dressed me around the pubic region with a beautiful kind of moss of happy Arabia. Because I was used to going barefooted and bareheaded anyway, I made a strange and unusual appearance. I was led around to the towns and cities of the Red Sea and exhibited for money as a wild man. They pretended that they had found me in the desert of Arabia, far from human habitation, and had captured me. I wasn't allowed to speak a word to the people. They had even threatened to kill me if I did. This was hard for me because I could already mumble a little Arabic, but I could talk to them when we were alone. I told them that I enjoyed their game and gained advantages, too. I got to eat the same food they had, which was usually rice and mutton. At night and when it was cold while we were traveling, they let me cover myself with the cloak in which some ducats were still hidden.

I crossed the Red Sea like this because my four masters also wanted to visit the cities and market-places on the other side. They had already collected a great deal of money with me in a short time when we finally arrived in a large trading city, where a Turkish Bassa held court and

crowds of people from nations all over the world could be found because merchandise from India was unloaded there and taken on to Aleppo and Cairo; from there it went on to the Mediterranean.

After they had received permission from the authorities, two of my masters went with shawns to the finest places in the city to announce, as they usually did, that anyone who wanted to see a wild man who had been captured in the desert of stony Arabia should come to some particular place.

In the meanwhile, the other two sat with me in our quarters and decorated me; that is, they carefully curried my hair and beard and took more pains about it than I had ever done. No hair should be lost, because it brought them so much. An unbelievable number of people crowded in to see me. Among them were gentlemen whose clothing told me that they must be Europeans. Now, I thought, both your rescue and the exposure of the deception and roguery of your masters are near. But I kept silent until I heard some of them speaking High and Low German and others French or Italian.

When they began to exchange their opinions about me, I could no longer hold myself back; I brought together so much confused Latin that all of the nations of Europe could understand me at one time, for I said: "Gentlemen, I ask you all for the sake of Christ our Redeemer, that you rescue me from the hands of these robbers who are using me for their crooked show."

As soon as I had said that, one of my companions whipped out his sword to stop me from talking, even though he hadn't understood what I'd said. But the honest Europeans kept him from doing this. Then I said in French: "I'm a German and I was making a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. I had the necessary passports from the Bassas of Alexandria and Cairo, but I couldn't go on because of the war in Damascus. While I was staying in Cairo to wait for a chance to complete my trip, these fellows abducted me and other honest people near the city and took us away. Since then, they have used me to collect money by deceiving many thousands of people."

Then I begged the Germans to help me because of our common nationality, but my illegal masters weren't ready to let that happen. Then some men from the authorities in Cairo stepped out from the crowd. They were ready to swear that they had seen me fully dressed in their own country a half year earlier. The Europeans later referred to them when speaking to the Bassa, in whose presence my four masters were required to appear.

After the Bassa had heard the accusations and replies, and the statements of the two witnesses were given to the court, I was set free and the four robbers were damned to a galley in the Mediterranean because they had violated the passports of the Bassa. Half of their money was confiscated by the treasury,the other half was divided into two parts; I got one of these halves for the pain I'd endured and the other half was to be used to redeem the people who'd been captured with me and sold. This sentence was not only openly proclaimed, but it was also immediately put into effect. That's how I got my cloak and a nice bit of money in addition to my freedom.

When I was rid of the chains in which those knaves had dragged me around like a fool, I got dressed in my old cloak and received the money the Bassa had awarded me. Then all of the residents or representatives of the European nations wanted to take me home with him; the Dutchman, because he thought that I was a fellow countryman and the others because I seemed to be of their religion. I thanked all of them, especially because they had all united in such a Christian way to free me from my ridiculous (but dangerous) captivity. All the while, I thought over what I should do because I had now gained money and friends again, though against my will.

THE 19TH CHAPTER[356]: SIMPLICIUS AND THE CARPENTER GET AWAY WITH THEIR LIVES AND, AFTER HAVING SUFFERED SHIPWRECK, THEY ARE PROVIDED WITH A COUNTRY OF THEIR OWN

Following the advice of my countrymen, I changed my way of dressing and, because I had nothing better to do, I got acquainted with the other Europeans. They enjoyed having me around and often invited me to be a guest out of Christian love and because of the amazing story I'd told the court. When it didn't appear that there would be a pause in the Damascus war in Syria and Judea that would allow me to continue my journey to Jerusalem and to complete it, I changed my mind and decided to travel to Portugal with a large Portuguese trading ship which was ready to return home with merchants. Instead of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, I could make one to Santiago de Compostela[357], and then settle down somewhere and live on whatever God sent me.

In order to take care of my expenses (as soon as I get that much money, I start being stingy) I made a deal with the leading Portuguese merchant; he was to accept all my money and make use of it, but give it back to me in Portugal. In the meanwhile, he would make a place for me at his table and take me back with him instead of paying me interest. I would also tirelessly perform whatever services on land and water that came up or that an emergency on board required.

But I had made my reckoning without the innkeeper, for I didn't know what the good Lord had in mind for me.

I was all the more eager to make this dangerous journey because my trip on the Mediterranean had gone so well. Once on board, we passed through the Bay of Arabia or the Red Sea and on into the ocean. We had favorable winds and had set sail for the Cape of Good Hope. We sailed on happily for several weeks, as though we could have wished for no better weather. But when we were across from the island of Madagascar, there suddenly arose such a storm that we hardly had time to take in the sails. Because the storm continued to get worse, we had to chop down the mast and abandon the ship to the will and violence of the waves, which lifted us up almost to the clouds and sunk us down again into a deep trough, where we remained for about a half an hour; this really taught us to pray devoutly.

The waves finally threw us into a submerged stone reef with such violence that the ship broke with a terrible crash and a pitiful and miserable cry arose from it. In a moment the area was covered with cases, balls and wreckage from the ship. Here and there you could see the unfortunate people up on the waves and down in the depths. They were clinging onto the first objects which had come into their hands in this emergency and were bewailing their destruction with miserable cries while they commended their souls to God.

I and a carpenter were lying on a large piece of the ship (which was made with crossbeams) onto which we held tightly while we encouraged each other. The terrible wind gradually died down; this finally quieted the raging waves of the angry sea. The storm was followed by a pitch-dark night and such a terrible downpour that it seemed as if we were going to be drowned from above right in the middle of the ocean. This lasted until about midnight; we suffered a great deal during this time. Then the sky became so clear that we could see the stars again. From them we could tell that the wind was driving us further and further away from Africa and out to sea towards the unknown land of Australia, and this upset us greatly.

Towards morning it became so dark again that we couldn't see each other, though we were lying side by side. In this darkness and pitiful condition we continued to drift on until we gradually realized that we had run into something and were not moving. The carpenter had an ax in his belt which he used to measure the depth of the water and he discovered that the water on one side was only deep enough to cover our shoes. This pleased us greatly and gave us the hope that God had helped us to reach land.

The sweet smells we received when we had recovered confirmed this impression. But because it was so dark and we were both exhausted, we didn't have the courage to get into the water to look around, though we thought we could hear birds singing in the distance, which turned out to be true. As soon as the sweet day began to appear in the east, we could make out a bit of land covered with bushes through the darkness. We got into the water and made our way towards it. The closer we got, the shallower the water became till, overjoyed, we finally arrived on dry land. Then we fell on our knees, kissed the ground and thanked God in heaven for paternally saving us and bringing us to land. That is how I came to this island.

At first we didn't know if it were inhabited or uninhabited or if we were on the mainland or an island. But we did notice immediately that it must have very fertile soil because it was as thickly covered as a field of hemp with bushes and trees. It was so covered that we could hardly get through it. When it got to be day, we made our way through the brush and away from the beach for about a quarter of an hour. Because we hadn't seen any sign at all of human habitation and had encountered many strange birds which were so unafraid of us that we could even catch them with our hands, we had to conclude that we were on an unknown but very fertile island.

We found lemons, oranges and coconuts to refresh ourselves. When the sun was up, we came to a plain which was covered with the palms from which palm wine could be made. This delighted my comrade no end because he liked to drink this much too much. We sat down there in the sun to dry our clothes; we then took them off and hung them on a tree for this purpose, while we walked around in our shirts. My carpenter used his ax to chop into a palm and discovered that it was full of juice, but we didn't have anything to catch it in because we had both lost our hats in the shipwreck.

When the blessed sun had dried our clothes again, we put them on and climbed the high ridge which lay to the north on our right between this plain and the sea. Looking around from here, we immediately discovered that we were not on the mainland, but on an island which would take less than an hour and a half to walk around. Because we could see no other land far or near, only water and sky, we both became depressed and gave up all hope of ever seeing men again. But we consoled ourselves because the goodness of God had brought us to this safe and fruitful place, and not to one which was infertile or inhabited by cannibals. Then we started to consider what we would have to do or avoid. Because we would have to live together on this island like prisoners, we swore constant loyalty to each other.

The ridge we were on was loaded and overflowing with birds of every kind. It was also so full of nests and eggs that we couldn't cease being astonished. We drank out some eggs and took even more with us down the ridge again to a spring of fresh water which flowed so strongly towards the east into the sea that it could have driven a small mill wheel. We rejoiced again over this and decided to build our home near this very spring.

We didn't have any other utensils for our new household except an ax, a spoon, three knives, a fork and a pair of scissors. That was all. Though my comrade had a few ducats with him, we would have gladly given them for something which could make fire, if we'd only known where to buy it. But the ducats were of no use to us; they were of even less use than my powder horn, which was still filled with primer. I dried it in the sun because it was as soft as mush Then I spread some of it onto a stone and covered it with flammable material, for moss and the fibers of the coconut tree were plentiful. Then I started a fire which delighted us as much as our rescue from the sea. If we had only had salt, bread and drinking cups, we would have thought that we were the luckiest fellows in the world, though twenty-four hours before, we could have been counted among the most unfortunate. So good, true and merciful is God. Glory to Him in all eternity. Amen.

We caught some birds, which flocked around us without fear. Then we plucked and cleaned them, and stuck them onto a wood spit. I turned our roast while my comrade gathered wood and made a hut to shelter us from the rain, for the Indian rain coming towards Africa is usually very unhealthy. Because we lacked salt, we seasoned our food with lemon juice.

THE 20TH CHAPTER: HOW THEY HIRED A BEAUTIFUL COOK AND GOT RID OF HER AGAIN WITH THE HELP OF GOD

This was the first meal we ate on our island. After we were finished, we didn't do anything but look for dry wood to keep our fire going. We would have liked to see the rest of the island, but because our exhaustion had made us sleepy, we had to lie down to rest - which we did till dawn. When it came, we followed the brook or stream down to where it poured into the sea. We were astonished to see a fabulous number of fish about the size of average salmon or large carp moving up the fresh water into the brook. That made it look as though a huge herd of swine were being driven up it. Because we had also found bananas and sweet potatoes (which are wonderful fruits) we both said that this would truly be a land of milk and honey (though there were no four-footed animals) if we'd only had company to enjoy the fruitfulness and the available birds and fish of the island with us. But we found no trace that men had ever been there before.

We started to discuss how we would arrange our household and provide ourselves with utensils for cooking and for collecting and fermenting our palm wine, so that we could really enjoy it. We were walking along the shore talking about these things when we saw something floating towards us from the sea which we couldn't recognize in the distance, though it seemed to be bigger than it really was. When it got nearer and drifted ashore, it turned out to be a half-dead woman who was lying on a packing case with both hands tightly gripped onto its handles. Christian charity caused us to pull her up on dry land. From her clothes and the marks on her face, we concluded that she was an Abyssian Christian. That made us all the more eager to revive her.

With all the respect which is due to honorable women in such cases, we stood her on her head till a considerable amount of water had run out of her. Although we didn't have anything else with us to refresh her except lemons, we did not stop pressing the fragrant liquid which is contained in the lemon peel under her nose, and in shaking her till she finally moved and started to speak in Portuguese.

As soon as my comrade heard that, and the color began to return to her face, he said to me, "This Abyssinian was once on our ship as the maid of a noble Portuguese woman, for I knew them both. They had boarded in Macao and wanted to go to the island of Annobon."

As soon as she heard him talk, she appeared to be overjoyed; she called him by name and told him about he journey. She said she was happy that they were still alive and that they had both met someone they knew on dry land and in safety.

Then my carpenter asked what kind of goods were in the case. She replied that there were some Chinese robes, some guns and other weapons, and also various large and small pieces of porcelain, which had been sent to the noble prince of her master in Portugal. We were very happy because these were just the things we needed.

Then she begged us to be kind enough to keep her with us; she wanted to serve us as a maid: she would cook, wash, perform other duties and be subject to us like a slave in bondage, if we would only protect her and let her share the food which nature and fortune had provided here. Then, with a great deal of labor and effort, we carried the case to the spot we'd chosen for our home. There we opened it and found all of the things we could have wished for to complete our household. We unpacked and dried them in the sun while our new cook proved herself to be industrious and useful. Then we started to butcher, boil and roast some birds.

When the carpenter went out to extract some palm wine, I climbed up on a ridge to gather eggs, which we hard-boiled and used in place of our beloved bread. On my way, I gratefully considered the gifts of God, which His merciful providence had so paternally distributed and set before our eyes to enjoy. I prostrated myself and, with my arms outstretched and my heart raised up, I said, "Oh! Oh! You most benevolent heavenly Father, Your works have shown me that You are more willing to give to us than we are to ask of You! You have provided us sooner

and with more of the plenty of Your divine wealth than we poor creatures could ever think of asking of You. Oh, our true Father, may it please Your indescribable mercy to grant that we will use these gifts and graces of Yours only in a way which pleases Your most holy will and pleasure, and adds to Your great and inexpressible name, so that, along with the elect, we will praise, honor and glorify You here in time as well as in eternity."

With these and many similar words which heartily and reverently flowed out of the very core of my soul, I walked around until I had gathered the eggs we needed. Then I returned with them to our hut, where the evening meal was already on the case which we had fished out of the sea that very day along with the cook - my comrade was using it as a table.

While I'd been out looking for these eggs, my comrade (who was a little more than twenty while I was over forty) had made an agreement with our cook which was intended to destroy us both. Finding themselves alone together, they had talked about old times and the fertility and benefits of this blessed, this more than blissful island.

They had become so intimate that they even started to talk about a marriage between the two of them. But the supposed Abyssinian wouldn't hear of it until my comrade, the carpenter, was ready to make himself the sole master of the island by getting rid of me. She told him that it wouldn't be possible to lead a peaceful marriage while a bachelor was living along side of them.

"Just think," she went on, "of how you would be plagued by suspicion and jealousy, if you married me and the old man talked to me every day, even though he might never think of making a cuckold out of you. But I've got an idea: I could marry and propagate the human race on this island, which can support a thousand people or more. If I marry the old fellow, in twelve, or fourteen years at the most, we would have a daughter for you to marry. You still wouldn't be as advanced in years then as the old fellow is now. In the meanwhile, you both would have the well-founded hope that he would be your father-in-law and you would be his daughter's husband. Then all malicious suspicion would be out of the way and I would be freed of the danger that I would otherwise find myself in.

"Although it's only natural that a young woman like me would rather have a young man than an old one, we will have to resign ourselves to the circumstances of our situation, so that I and the children I may bear will be safe." This conversation went on much longer and extended to many more things than I have reported.

These words and the light of the fire caused the beauty of this supposed Abyssinian to dazzle in the eyes of my comrade even more brightly than before. My good carpenter became so infatuated by her agile gestures that he was soon bold enough to say that he would rather throw the old man (he meant me) into the sea and destroy the whole island than allow me to have a lady like her. Then they made their agreement: He was to strike me down with his ax while my back was turned or I was sleeping, for he was afraid of my strength and my staff, which he had made like a Bohemian knob-stick for me.

After they'd made their deal, she showed my comrade a beautiful kind of potter's clay by our hut; it was like the clay Indian women who live on the shores of Guinea use to make beautiful earthenware. She also had all sorts of other ideas about how her offspring could be fed and cared for on this island, so that they could enjoy a peaceful life - even for the next hundred generations. She could hardly stop talking of the uses of the coconut tree: Even the fiber it produces could provide clothes for them and their descendants.

I, poor donkey that I was, returned and didn't know a word about this plot and kettle of lye. I just set down to enjoy what had been prepared and, according to that praiseworthy custom, I said benediction. But as soon as I had blessed the food and those present by making the sign of the cross and asking for divine grace, both our cook and the packing case and its contents disappeared. They left such a terrible stench behind that it made my comrade faint.

THE 21ST CHAPTER: HOW THEY LIVED TOGETHER AFTER THIS AND HOW THEY BECAME ACCUSTOMED TO THE BUSINESS

As soon as he'd recovered and come to his seven senses, he knelt down in front of me, folded his hands and didn't say anything for about ten minutes, except: "Oh, Father! Oh, Brother!" While repeating these words, he started to cry so fervently that he couldn't utter an understandable word because of all his sobbing. I even imagined that the shock and stench must have robbed him of his senses.

But when he didn't stop, but just kept on begging me for forgiveness, I answered, "Dearest friend, why should I have to forgive you? You've never done anything to me in your life. Just tell me how I can help."

"Forgive me," he said, "I beg you, for I have sinned against God, against you and against myself!" Then he started his lament again and continued it until I told him that I didn't know of any wrong he'd done. Even if he had done something which was bothering his conscience, I would not only pardon and forgive him from the very bottom of my heart, but I would also help him to call on God in order to gain mercy and forgiveness.

When I said that, he wrapped his arms around my legs, kissed my knees and looked at me so ardently and sadly that I couldn't speak because I didn't know and couldn't imagine what could be the matter with the man. But after I kindly took him in my arms, pressed him to my chest and asked him to tell me what the trouble was and how I could help him, he confessed every detail of what he and the supposed Abyssinian had discussed and also what he had decided to do to me against God, nature, Christian love and the bond of the true friendship we had solemnly sworn. He did all this with such words and gestures that I could easily sense his deep sorrow and contrite heart.

I consoled him as well as I could by saying that perhaps God had allowed this to happen as a warning to us to be more careful of the snares and temptations of the devil and to live in continual fear of God in the future. Though he had good reason to heartily beg God for forgiveness because of his evil, he had more cause to thank Him for His goodness and mercy, for He had paternally rescued him from this ruse of Satan and saved him from temporal and eternal ruin. It was now necessary for us to behave more carefully than if we were living in the world among men because, if one or the other of us or both of us should fall, there would be nobody else there to help us up again, except our dear Lord. For that reason, I went on, we should always keep Him in our thoughts and pray constantly for His help and support.

Though he was consoled somewhat by what I'd said to him, he was still not satisfied; that's why he humbly asked me to have him perform some penance for his sin. In order to revive his fallen spirits again, I told him that (because he was a carpenter and still had his ax) he should erect a cross on the beach where both we and our diabolical cook had landed in order to please God and make certain that the Evil Spirit, which fears the sign of the cross, would not be able to attack our island so easily again.

"Oh," he replied, "I will not only make and erect a cross below, but also two on the ridge above, if I can only gain your favor and grace, my father, and be able to comfort myself with the forgiveness of God."

Then he eagerly began and didn't stop working until he had made three crosses. We erected one of them on the ocean's beach and the other two separately on the highest peaks of the ridge. They all bore the following inscription:

"To honor God the Almighty and defy the enemy of the human race, Simon Meron, of Lisbon in Portugal has charitably made and erected this sign of the suffering of our Savior, with the advice and help of his loyal friend, Simplicius Simplicissimus, a High-German."

From then on we began to live somewhat more piously than we had done before. In order to be able to honor and celebrate the Sabbath without a calendar, I cut a notch in a pole every week-day and a cross on Sunday, when we sat down together and talked about holy and divine

things. I had to do it that way because I had not yet thought of anything I could use in place of paper and ink to write things down.

To conclude this chapter, I'm reminded of something which frightened us terribly the evening our fine cook left us. We'd been too exhausted to notice them the first night because the strain we'd endured had caused us to go right to sleep. This is what happened: Because we were still thinking about the thousand snares with which the troublesome devil in the form of the Abyssinian had wanted to ruin us, we couldn't sleep. We lay awake, occasionally passing the time with prayer. As soon as it started to get dark, we saw innumerable swarms of lights floating around in the air which gave out such a bright glow that we could distinguish the fruit on the trees from the leaves. Thinking that it was a new device of the enemy to torment us, we became still and quiet till we finally discovered that it was a kind of firefly or glow-worm (as they are called in Germany) which originates in a special kind of rotten wood which can be found on this island: They glowed so brightly that you could have used them in place of bright candles. (I later used them several times while writing this book.) If they were as common in Europe, Asia and Africa as they are here, the candle-sellers wouldn't make much of a profit.

THE 22ND CHAPTER: THE CONTINUATION OF THIS STORY AND HOW SIMON MERON DEPARTED BOTH THIS LIFE AND THIS ISLAND AND HOW SIMPLICIUS WAS LEFT ITS ONLY MASTER

Because we now saw that we had to stay where we were, we started to make changes in our household. My comrade made mattocks and shovels for us out of a black wood which is almost as hard as iron when it is seasoned. We first used these to dig holes for the three crosses, then to channel the seawater into pits where it was changed into salt - I'd seen this done in Alexandria in Egypt. We also started to make a pleasant garden because we considered idleness to be the beginning of any possible ruin. We even channeled the brook so that we could make it flow in a different direction whenever we wanted it to. This dried up the old stream bed and made it possible for us to take out as many fish and crayfish as we could lift without getting wet.

We also found some very beautiful potter's clay near the brook, but we had no disk, wheel, drill or other tools with which to make a wheel for turning out dishes and we had never learned that trade. Still, we were able to think of a way to produce what we wanted: After we had kneaded and prepared the clay the way it is supposed to be, we rolled it into sausages as long and thick as English pipe tobacco. Then we coiled it up to form earthenware, such as large and small pots and bowls and also utensils for cooking and drinking. After the first firing turned out well, we had no more cause to complain about lacking anything.

Although we had no bread, we still had plenty of dried fish, which we used instead of it. In time we were also able to supply ourselves with salt, so that we finally didn't have anything at all to complain about; we lived just like the people in the first Golden Age. We eventually learned to bake a delicious cake to eat in place of bread. We used eggs, dried fish and lemon peels. The latter two we ground into a fine flour between two stones. We also added fat from a bird called the dodo.

My comrade was quite apt at gathering palm wine in large pots. He then let it stand for a few days until it fermented. He would get so drunk on it that he would stagger. Right to the end, he did this every day, regardless of what I said. He argued that if the wine was left too long, it would turn into vinegar, which is true. When I told him that he should only extract as much as needed, he replied that it was a sin to despise the gifts of God. The palm trees had to be bled regularly so that they wouldn't choke in their own juice. So I had to let his desires have free rein, for otherwise he would have accused me of wanting to deny him something that was plentiful.

As I said, we lived like the first men in the Golden Age, for a generous heaven had let

everything good grow from the earth for them, too. But in this world there is no life so sweet and blessed that it is not occasionally made bitter by the gall of suffering and that is also what happened to us. The more our kitchen and pantry improved, the more ragged our clothes became, until they finally began to fall apart on our bodies. We were lucky that we hadn't experienced any winter at all, or even the least cold, though my markings showed that we'd been on the island for a year and a half when we started to be naked.

The weather had always remained like it is in Europe in May and June, except that in August and shortly before, we'd had heavy rains and storms. From one equinox to the other, the length of the days and nights never varied more than an hour and a quarter. Although we found ourselves alone on the island, we still didn't want to run around naked like dumb beasts because we wanted to be dressed like honorable Christians in Europe. If we'd had four-footed animals, we could have helped ourselves by using their hides for clothes. But because we didn't, we skinned such large birds as dodos and penguins to make our breeches. But because we didn't have tools or the material to treat these skins, we had little lasting success. They became hard and uncomfortable; they also fell apart on our bodies in no time at all.

Although there was enough fiber on the coconut trees, we could neither spin it or weave it. But my comrade, who'd spent several years in India, showed me a thing that looked like a sharp thorn on the tip of a leaf. If you broke this off and pulled it down the spine of the leaf (as you can do with the bean rind) and then cleaned off the spine's fibers, a thread would be left hanging from the thorn which was as long as the spine or leaf. This could be used in place of a needle and thread. This gave me the opportunity to make breeches from the leaves and sew them up with their own fibers.

While we were living together like this and had things so well in hand that we didn't have any more reason to complain about toil, decay, lack or sorrow, my companion continued to drink up his palm wine every day until his lungs and liver became inflamed. Before I realized what was happening, he took leave of me, the island and the palm wine by dying young. I buried him as best I could and, taking into consideration the inconstancy of human nature and other things, I made the following inscription for his grave:

> I'm buried here, and not at sea,
> Nor in hell, though I fought these three:
> First, the wild and raging main,
> Then old Satan from his realm of pain; These I escaped with the help God gave,
> But the third, palm wine, put me in my grave.

That's the way I became the sole master of the entire island. That's also when I started to live like a hermit again, for I now had both the opportunity and the determination to do so. I made good use of the gifts I found, for I was deeply grateful to God, whose goodness and power alone had granted me such abundance. But I was also careful not to abuse this plenty. I often wished that the honest Christian people who are forced to suffer want elsewhere were with me to enjoy these gifts of God. But because I knew that it was more than possible for Almighty God, if He wished to do so, to bring people to this island more easily and wonderfully than I had been brought here, I often had reason to humbly thank Him for His divine providence because He had given me, rather than thousands of others, His paternal care and placed me in this quiet and peaceful situation.

THE 23RD CHAPTER: THE MONK CLOSES HIS STORY AND BRINGS THESE SIX BOOKS TO AN END

My comrade hadn't been dead a week when I noticed a phantom around my house. I thought: "Well, Simplicius, why shouldn't the Evil Spirit dare to trouble you? Don't you think that this malicious fiend will try to make your life miserable? But why worry about him when

you've got God for a friend? All that you need is something constructive to do. If you don't have that, idleness and prosperity will be your ruin. Besides him, there is nothing here except yourself and the plenty and joy of the island, so be prepared to struggle with the one who believes himself to be the stronger. If you overcome him with God's help, then you will remain your own master, if God wills it, by means of His grace."

I went around for a few days with these thoughts on my mind; they helped me a great deal and made me more pious, for I expected an unavoidable encounter with the Evil Spirit, which I would have to endure. But this time I'd deceived myself: One evening I heard something outside. I stepped out of my hut, which was on a rock of the ridge above the main stream of fresh water, which also flows into the sea. There I saw my comrade standing by a stone embankment, which he scratched with his fingers.

As you can well imagine, I was shocked. But I immediately regained my courage, made the sign of the cross over myself to gain God's protection and thought: "It had to happen sometime, and better today than tomorrow."

I went over to the spirit and made use of those words which are usually said in these circumstances. I then learned that my dead comrade had hidden his ducats there while he was alive. He had thought that if a ship should eventually come to the island, he would dig them out again and take them with him. He also gave me to understand that he had relied more on the money he'd hoped to bring back than on God. That was why he had to do penance after his death (instead of resting) and to disturb me against his will. Though I removed the money as he requested, I treated it as less than nothing. That's easier to believe if you remember that I had everything that I needed.

This was the first fright that I got after I was alone; I was later troubled by spirits other than this one, but I don't need to say any more than that divine help and grace brought me to the point where no enemy could trouble me except my own thoughts; these were often confused enough and,- as they say,- they are not "duty-free" with God, for we will someday be called to account for them, too.

In order to be less tainted by sin, I made up my mind to avoid everything useless and to assign myself daily physical labor along with my prayers, for men are born to work, just as birds are born to fly; that's why idleness causes sickness to body and soul. When we least expect it, it even brings our own death. That is the reason I planted a garden, though I needed it about as much as a wagon needs a fifth wheel: The whole island could have well been called a sweet garden of delights. My work didn't amount to any more than putting a few things into good order, although many think that the natural disorder of plants is more charming. And that's how I was able to rid myself of idleness.

Oh, how often did I wish for spiritual books to console, edify and elevate me when my body was exhausted and I had to rest it, but I didn't have any. But I'd once read of a holy man who'd said that the whole world was a great book in which he could recognize the wonderful works of God and be encouraged to praise Him. I made up my mind to follow his advice, even though I wasn't quite in the world any more. The little island had to be the whole world to me. On it, every single thing, even every tree, was an inspiration to blessedness and a reminder of those thoughts which a real Christian should have.

When I saw a thorny bush, I was reminded of Christ's crown of thorns; when I saw an apple tree or a pomegranate, I thought of the fall of our first parents and bemoaned it; when I won palm wine from a tree, I thought of how gently my Savior had shed His blood for me on the tree of the holy cross; when I saw the sea or a mountain, I was reminded of some miracles or stories about our Savior which happened at these places; when I found one or more stones that were easy to throw, I imagined how the Jews had wanted to stone Christ; when I was in my garden, I thought of the anguished prayer on the Mount of Olives or at the Sepulcher of Christ, and also of how He had appeared to Mary Magdalene in the garden after the Resurrection, and so on. I busied myself with these and similar thoughts every day. I never ate without thinking of the Last Supper and I never cooked food without the fire reminding me of the eternal flames of hell.

After a long while, I discovered that I could write on a kind of large palm leaf by using the juice from Brazil wood. (There are a number of trees of this kind on the island.) I mixed this

with lemon juice. This delighted me greatly because I could now compose and write down regular prayers.

Finally, I looked back upon the life I had led and all of the escapades I had had since my youth; I considered carefully that, despite all of my severe sins, the merciful God had not only kept me from eternal damnation, but had also granted me the time and the opportunity to improve, repent, ask for forgiveness and thank Him for His generosity.

I wrote down everything I could think of in the book which I have made from those palm leaves. Then I put it, along with the ducats my comrade left behind, in this place so that, if people should ever come here, they will find it and be able to learn who once lived on this island.

If someone finds and reads it today or tomorrow, either before or after my death, I ask him not to become irritated if he finds words in it that are not polite to speak, let alone to write. He should remember that the telling of frivolous deeds and stories requires fitting words to bring them out. Just as ferns can hardly be made wet by rain, no sincere and pious spirit will be easily infected, poisoned and ruined by this narration. A well-meaning Christian reader will probably be astonished and praise divine mercy when he finds that a man as bad as I was could still receive the grace of God to abandon the world and live in a way which helps him to reach eternal glory and (with the help of the sufferings of the Redeemer) gives him the hope of reaching a blessed eternity and a holy **END.**

Narrative of Joan Cornelissen of Haarlem, a Dutch sea captain, to German Schleiffheim von Sulsfort[358], his friend, about Simplicissimus

THE 24TH CHAPTER: JOAN CORNELISSEN, A DUTCH SEA CAPTAIN, COMES TO THE ISLAND AND ADDS AN APPENDIX TO THE BOOK WITH THIS NARRATIVE

You can undoubtedly remember that I promised before I left that I would bring back to you the greatest rarity I found in all India or on my trip. Although I have gathered some rare plants from land and sea to decorate your art chamber, I thought that the most amazing and valuable item was this book. A High-German wrote it on palm leaves because he had no paper, and it contains a description of his whole life. I will have to tell you a little about how I got this book, what kind of man this German is and what kind of life he leads, although he tells a bit about that in the book.

After we had loaded up in the Moluccas and had taken course for the Cape of Good Hope, we noticed that we weren't sailing very fast because contrary winds drove us around and held us up. That caused many of the men on all of the ships in our fleet to become ill. Our admiral fired his cannon, put out a flag and had all of the captains of the fleet come to his ship. There we took counsel and decided to try to reach the island of St. Helena. There the sick could recover while we waited for decent weather. We also decided that, if we should become separated by the continual storms, the first ship to reach the island would wait for the others for a period of fourteen days.

Things happened as we had feared, for a storm scattered our fleet so much that no ship remained near another. When I found that I was alone with the ship entrusted to me, that the winds were contrary, that we lacked fresh water and that we were plagued with many sick men, I had to help myself as well as I could by tacking the ship. But without a change in the wind, I couldn't hope of making much progress towards the island of St. Helena, which we supposed was still about four hundred miles away.

Amid such delay and the poor conditions in which the sick were getting worse every day,

we sighted what seemed to be a rock far out in the sea to the east. We took course for it in the hope of finding land in the area, although there was nothing marked for that region on our charts. When we approached this rock from the north side, appearances led us to believe that it had to be a high, stony and infertile ridge standing out alone in the sea which was impossible to land upon or to climb from that side. But the odors told us that we had to be near good ground by the ridge.

Birds were everywhere. While we watched them, we noticed two crosses on the highest peak which must have been erected by human hands. We also knew that it must be possible to climb the ridge. For that reason we sailed around the island and found a small area on the other side which was more pleasant than anything I'd ever seen in the East or West Indies. After we had anchored on a good, sandy bottom at ten fathoms, we sent a boat ashore with eight men to see if they could get any supplies there.

They soon returned and brought back a great quantity of all kinds of fruits, such as lemons, pomegranates, bananas, sweet potatoes and (what pleased us most) the news that we could get good drinking water there. Though they had run across a High-German who seemed to have been on the island a long time, the whole area was so full of birds which allowed themselves to be caught by hand that the men were sure that they could have knocked them dead with sticks and filled the boat with them.

They supposed that this German must have committed some crime aboard ship and had been put ashore on this island as punishment. That's what we believed, too. In addition, we were sure that the fellow had lost his senses and gone completely mad because they hadn't been able to get him to talk.

All of the men on board, especially the sick, were very pleased to hear their report because they all wanted to go ashore to refresh themselves again. I sent one boat there after the other because I wanted to help the sick to recover and also to resupply the ship with fresh water,because we needed to do both. So we explored the island and discovered that it was more an earthly paradise than a barren and unknown place.

I soon noticed that this German couldn't have been the fool, much less the criminal, that we'd first thought him to be because he had scratched Bible verses and other beautiful sayings into the trees with smooth bark to encourage his Christian spirit and to raise up his heart to God. Where there were no complete sayings, there was at least the four letters written above Christ on the cross, **INRI**, or the names of Jesus and Mary or some instrument of the suffering of Christ. From this we had to conclude that he must have been a Papist because everything seemed so popish. We found **memento mori** in Latin here, **Ieschua Hanosri Melech Haijehudim**[359] in Hebrew there, and in other places the same things in Greek, German, Arabic or Malayan (a language which is found throughout India). They served no other purpose than to give a Christian some reminder of heavenly and divine things.

We also found the grave of the comrade the German had told about in the story of his life and also the third cross which they had erected together on the ocean shore. For this reason and because they found crosses carved in all of the trees, the sailors called the place Cross Island. But though all of the short and intelligent sayings seemed to be puzzling oracles, we could tell from them that the author was not a fool, but had to be an ingenious poet and a devout Christian who was greatly concerned with the contemplation of divine things.

When we found the following verse carved into a tree. The ship's chaplain, who went around with me and who wrote down much of what he found, considered it to be the noblest rhyme, perhaps because it was new to him. It went like this[360]:

> Oh, You very greatest good!
> Dwelling so in darkest light!
> Through the greatness of clarity,
> Your glory seems like night.

Then he, the ship's chaplain (who is a learned man), said: "A man comes this high in the world and no higher, except when God, the highest good, graciously reveals more to him."

In the meanwhile, my healthy cabin boy combed over the whole island to gather all kinds

of refreshment for himself and the sick. He also wanted to look for the German because all of the ship's officers wanted to talk to him. They didn't encounter him, but they did find a huge cave which was full of water. They thought he had to be there because a rather narrow path led up to it. But you couldn't go into it because of the water and the great darkness. When they lit up torches and pitch rings to help them find their way inside the cave, they all went out before the men had gone half a stone's throw, though they wasted a lot of time with these efforts.

THE 25TH CHAPTER: THE DUTCHMEN EXPERIENCE A RIDICULOUS TRANSFORMATION WHILE SIMPLICIUS REMAINS IN HIS FORTRESS

When the men had told me about their wasted labor, I wanted to see the place myself in order to see what we could do to find this German. But then a terrible earthquake occurred which made my men think that the whole island was about to collapse. At almost the same time, I was hurriedly called to the sailors because some of those who were on the island found themselves in an amazing and very alarming condition: One of them was standing in front of a tree with his naked sword. While he fought against it, he told us that he was struggling against a great giant. Another man was looking up to the sky with a joyous expression while he told the others that it was an undeniable truth that he could see God and all of the hosts of heaven together in celestial joy. Another man was looking down onto the ground in fear and trembling; he said that he was peering into a terrible pit. There he could see the devil and his followers swarming around in the chasm. Another man, who had a club and was striking around him so violently that no one could approach him, was screaming that we should help him against the many wolves which wanted to tear him apart. Another one was sitting on a water barrel which we'd brought ashore to repair and fill; he was spurring it because he wanted it to romp like a horse. One man was fishing with a hook on dry land while he showed another what fish would be biting. To sum it up, there were as many different fantasies as there were men because everyone had his own special project, which wasn't anything like that of the others.

One man ran up to me and earnestly said: "Captain, I beg you for God's sake a hundred thousand times to administer justice and to protect me from these terrible fellows."

When I asked him who'd threatened him, he pointed to the others, who were just as crazy and out of their heads as he was. Then he replied: "Those tyrants want to force me to eat up two barrels of herring, six Westphalian hams, twelve Dutch cheeses and a cask of butter all at one time, Captain."

"How could I do that?" he added,"It's impossible and I would either have to choke or burst!"

They went around with these and similar fantasies. They would have been amusing, if we'd only known that they would come to an end and that no harm would come of it. But I and the others who still had their senses were genuinely frightened, especially because we found more of these crazy people the longer we stayed there and we didn't know how long we would be able to remain out of this astonishing condition ourselves.

Our ship's chaplain, who was a gentle and pious man, and some of the others believed that the German we'd met had to be a holy man and a friend and servant of the Lord. The chaplain claimed that heaven had inflicted us with these troubles because our men had ruined his home by chopping down the trees, destroying the fruits and killing the birds.

But the other officers said that he might also be a sorcerer who was plaguing us with this earthquake and with insanity to force us to leave the island. Perhaps he even wanted to destroy us. It would be better, they said, to take him prisoner and force him to help bring the others back to their senses.

Each side defended its opinion in this controversy and I was worried because I thought: "If he is a friend of God and we are being punished for his sake, then God will certainly protect

him from us. But, if he is a sorcerer and can do the things we have seen with our eyes and felt with our bodies, then he is certainly able to do enough to keep us from capturing him. Who knows? Perhaps he is invisibly standing among us right now?"

We finally decided to search for him and capture him by kindness or by force. We then tried to go into the cave again with torches, pitch rings and lights in lanterns, but we could do no better than the others, for we were unable to bring a flame into the cave. Despite a number of attempts, we were always stopped short by water, darkness and sharp rocks. Then some of us started to pray and others started to swear even more, for we didn't know what to do or avoid in our fear.

While we stood there grumbling helplessly in the cave, we heard the German call out to us: "Gentlemen, why are you wasting your effort by trying to come in here to me? Don't you see that that is impossible? If you aren't satisfied with the refreshment which God has granted you on this island, but want to get rich by plundering me, a poor, naked man who doesn't have anything except his life, I can assure you that you are just thrashing barren straw. For the sake of Christ our Redeemer, I beg you to stop this; go enjoy the fruits of the island and leave me in peace, for the tyrannical and threatening talk which I heard yesterday caused me to flee. If you don't, God may bring misfortune to you."

Though we had no idea of what to do, our ship's chaplain called to him and said: "If someone disturbed you yesterday, then we regret it from the bottoms of our hearts. But it was done by crude sailors who have no judgment. We didn't come to plunder you, but only to ask you to tell us how we can help our men, for many of them have lost their senses on this island. Besides, because you are a Christian and a countryman, we would like to talk to you and to follow the last commandment of our Savior by offering you love, honor, loyalty and friendship. If you wish, we will even take you back with us to your homeland."

He replied that, though he'd already heard how we were against him, he still wanted to follow the commandment of our Savior by repaying evil with good. He would tell us how we could bring our men back to their senses. He added that we should have those who were in this condition eat the pits of the plums they had eaten when they had consumed their understanding. Then they would all recover immediately. He also said that we should have been able to solve this problem without his advice, for when you eat the hot pit of a peach, you also drive out its harmful cold. If we didn't know which trees bore these plums, we only needed to look for the trees bearing the following inscription:

> Be amazed at me, for I can do more,
> When I work like Circe, the magic whore.

This answer and what the German had already said assured us that the men we'd first sent to the island had frightened him and forced him to retreat to this cave. He also had to have a lot of German sincerity, for he told us how our men had lost their senses and how they could be helped again, despite of what had been done to him.

We regretfully remembered our evil ideas and false judgments about him and we thought that it would only be just if we were punished by having to remain in this black and dangerous cave because we'd gone much too far into it to return without a light. That's why our ship's chaplain pitifully raised his voice again and said, "Oh, honest countryman! Those who injured you yesterday with their crude talk are primitive; they are the crudest men on our ship. But the captain and his best officers are here now to ask you for pardon and to give you their friendly greetings and regards. They will also tell you what we are able to do that will be of service to you. If you like, we'll even take you out of this miserable loneliness and bring you back back to Europe with us."

He replied by saying that he thanked us for our fine offer, but that he had no intention of accepting it. Thanks to divine grace, he had joyfully done without all human help and company for over fifteen years. He added that he had no desire to return to Europe and foolishly exchange his present happy state for a long and dangerous voyage to a place of continual and restless misery.

THE 26TH CHAPTER: AFTER SIMPLICIUS COMES TO AN AGREEMENT WITH HIS BESIEGERS, HIS GUESTS RETURN TO REASON

After we had heard his point of view, we could understand much better, but we still were not able to get out of this cave because we didn't have any light and we couldn't hope for any help from our men, who were still madly running around on the island. Because this caused us to be very much afraid, we tried to persuade the German to help us out of the cave by using the best words we could find. But he didn't pay any attention to them at first. We then movingly presented our situation and that of our men to him so that he could see for himself that one group of us would not be able to help the other without his assistance. We also protested to Almighty God that his stubbornness would allow us to die and perish; then he would have to account for that at the Last Judgment. We added that if he didn't want to help us leave the cave alive, he would have to drag us out after we had perished and died. Then he would find enough dead on the island who would have good reason to call out for eternal revenge because he had not come to their aid before they had perhaps all killed each other in their insane condition. We finally persuaded him to promise to lead us out of the cave. Nevertheless, we first had to swear by Christian fidelity and the faith of old German steadfastness to truly, firmly, sincerely and indestructibly keep the five following points:

First, we were not to punish in any way the men we had first sent to the island, though they had maltreated him.

Second, we were to forget and let die and be gone that he, the German, had hidden himself from us and not responded to our pleas and requests for so long.

Third, because he was a free man and not subject to anyone, we would not try to force him to embark for Europe.

Fourth, we would not leave any of our men on the island.

Fifth, we would not inform anyone, either orally or in writing (much less make a map) of the location of the island or where it could be found.

After we had promised to respect these points, he let himself be seen through the many lights which shined out of the darkness like bright stars. We could see that they weren't of fire, for they did not burn his long hair and beard. That made us think that they were of pure almandite, which is said to glow in the dark. Then he started to climb over one rock after another. He waded through the water in some places, so that he approached by means of strange curves and detours, which would have been impossible for us to find even if we'd been equipped with the lights he had.

It was more like a dream than like a true story and the German himself was more like a ghost than a real man. It even made some of us imagine that we were inflicted with an insane lunacy, like the others on the island. He reached us about half an hour later because he had to spend that much time climbing up and down before he could get to us. Then he shook hands with each of us according to the German custom, gave us all a friendly greeting and asked us to forgive him because mistrust had made him delay so long before he could bring us back to daylight. Then he gave each of us one of his lights. They weren't precious stones at all, but black bugs as big as the stag-beetles in Germany; they had a white spot on their necks which was as big as a penny, and which glowed more brightly in the dark than a candle. With the help of these amazing lights, we came out of that terrible cave again with the German.

He was a tall, strong well-proportioned man with straight limbs, a fine and vivacious complexion, coral-red lips, attractive dark eyes, a very clear voice and long black hair and beard, which had a few gray hairs here and there. The hair on his head hung down to his hips and his beard went below his navel. He had an apron of palm leaves around his privy parts; on his head he had a broad hat of woven reed which was covered with rubber to protect him like an umbrella. I'd say that he looked like the way the Papists paint their **Santum Onoffrium**[361].

He didn't want to talk to us in the cave but, as soon as he came out, he told us the reason: If

a great noise were made inside the cave, the whole island would be shaken and there would be such an earthquake that those who were on the island would think that they were going to perish. While his comrade was still alive, they had often tried this. It reminded us of that hole[362] found in the earth near the city of Vyborg in Finland, which Johann Raue described in the 22nd chapter of his **Cosmographia**. He also rebuked us for entering so brazenly. He told us that he and his comrade had needed a whole year before they had explored the way into it. Even this would have been impossible without these beetles because fire of any kind went out inside the cave.

Meanwhile we approached his hut. It had been ransacked by our men and everything had been destroyed. Though this made me very angry, he just looked at it indifferently and didn't act as though he had experienced any sort of misfortune. But he did console me by saying that it had happened without my consent or command. But whatever the reason, perhaps God had wanted him to recognize how much the presence and company of men, especially Christians and his European countrymen, should please him. The booty which the plunderers had taken from his poor home did not amount to more than the thirty ducats in minted coin which he was happy to let them have. The greatest loss he had suffered was that of the book in which he had taken great pains to write down the story of his life and how he had come to the island. But he could easily bear this loss because he could make another one if we did not chop down all the palm trees and would let him live. Then he reminded us to make haste, so that we could help those who had eaten up their minds on the plums without more delay.

After that we came to the trees where our men, both sick and well, had made their camp. There we could see an amazing and adventurous sight. Not a single one of them still had his senses. Those who still had their wits about them had scattered in order to escape from the insane ones by hiding in the ship or somewhere on the island.

The first man we met was a gunsmith who crawled around on all fours, grunting like a pig and saying, "Malt! Malt!", for he imagined that he had become a pig and thought that we should give him malt to eat. The German advised us to give him a few pits from the plums with which they'd eaten up their understanding. He told the man that if he ate these, he would be eating malt. He had hardly swallowed them when he stood up and started talking intelligently.

Within an hour we were able to bring all of the rest of them back in this way. You can well imagine just how pleased I was and how much I felt myself obliged to this German, for we would have lost all our men, the ship and the cargo, if we had not had his aid and advice.

THE 27TH CHAPTER: THE CLOSE OF THE WHOLE WORK AND THE DUTCHMAN'S FAREWELL

Finding myself in such a good situation, I had the trumpeters call the men together because some of them were still on the island. When they were assembled, we discovered that no one had been lost in all that madness, so our chaplain or ship's pastor held a nice sermon in which he praised the wonders of God. He also lauded the German so much that he almost became annoyed. The sailors who had taken his book and his thirty ducats brought them back again and laid them at his feet of their own accord. Because he did not want to accept the money, he asked me to take it back to Holland and give it to the poor for the sake of his dead comrade. He said, "Even if I had tons of gold, I wouldn't know what to do with it." As far as the book you have received is concerned, he gave it to me to remember him by.

I ordered liquor, Spanish wine, a couple of Westphalian hams, rice and other things to be brought from the ship and prepared because I wanted to treat and honor this German, but he did not accept any courtesy. He simply satisfied himself with a small portion of the very plainest food. This, they say, is contrary to the nature and custom of the Germans. Because our men had already consumed his store of palm wine, he made do with water because he did not want to drink Rhine or Spanish wine. But he looked happy because he saw that we were merry.

His greatest joy proved to be caring for the sick. He wished them quick recovery and told them that he was happy to be able to serve men, especially Christians and countrymen; it was an honor he had lacked for many years. He was both their doctor and cook; he conferred busily with our surgeon-barber about how to treat the various men. For this reason the officers and men came to honor him like an idol.

I thought about how I could be of service to him. Keeping him close to me so that he would not find out, I had our carpenters build a new hut for him which looked like the merry little garden houses at home. We knew that he deserved far more than I could do for him or he would accept. Though his conversation was very charming, he did not talk very much. When I asked him anything about himself, he just pointed to this book and said that he had written so much about himself there that it annoyed him to think about it.

When I said to him that he should go among men again, so that he would not die alone like a dumb beast (for he now had a good opportunity to return to his native land) he answered, "My God, do You want to drag me? There is peace here, and war there. Here I know nothing of vanity, greed, jealousy, falsehood, deception, or cares about food and clothing or about honor and reputation. Here there is quiet solitude without anger, disputes and quarrels, security from idle desire, a fortress against all disorderly wants, a defense against the many snares of the world and a quiet peace in which I can serve the Most High alone, contemplate His wonders, and laud and praise Him.

"When I lived in Europe, it was full of - Oh, woe! That I should have to witness such things from Christians! - war, conflagration, murder, robbery, plundering, debauching of women and maidens, etc. But when the goodness of God takes away such plagues (as well as the terrible pestilence and awful hunger) and sends the poor and oppressed people noble freedom again for their own benefit, then all sorts of vices of lust appear, such as gluttony, drunkenness, gambling, pederasty and adultery. They bring the whole swarm of other vices along with them till things get so bad that everyone openly tries, to make himself great by oppressing everyone else, and they don't spare any trick, deception or political sophistry.

"And the worst thing of all is that there is no improvement to hope for because everyone thinks that all he has to do is to go to church services once a week and supposedly reconcile himself with God once a year. Then he thinks that he has done everything a pious Christian should do and that God is deeply in debt to him because of his luke-warm reverence.

"Should I return to such people? Shouldn't I be afraid that, if I leave this island on which God has miraculously put me, the same thing would happen to me that happened to Jonah? No!" He exclaimed, "God keep me from such a beginning!"

When I saw that he had no desire to depart with us, I started another conversation by asking him some questions: How would he be able to nourish and help himself all alone? Wasn't he afraid, living many hundreds and thousands of miles away from other dear Christian people? Did he have any idea of who could help him with prayer and consolation at the hour of his death or who would care for him, if he were sick? Wouldn't he have to die like a wild beast or an animal, abandoned by the whole world?

To this he replied that, as far as his food was concerned, God provided him with more than a thousand men could eat. He had a special kind of fish to enjoy every month of the year, for they came at different times to spawn in the fresh water of the island. He enjoyed these same benefits of God from the birds which landed there from time to time to rest and eat, or to lay their eggs and hatch out their young. He didn't need to say anything about the fruitfulness of the island, which I could see with my own eyes.

As long as he had God for a friend, he wasn't worried in the least about being deprived of human consolation at the hour of his death. While he'd been among men in the world, he'd always received more trouble from his enemies than pleasure from his friends, who often caused more annoyance to him than anything he could hope for from his friendship with them. And even if he didn't have any friend here to love and aid him, he also didn't have any enemy to hate him. Both kinds of men could cause someone to sin; by being relieved of both, he could serve God more peacefully.

Though at first he'd had to endure and overcome many temptations from himself and the hereditary enemy of mankind, he had found and received help, consolation and salvation

through the grace of God in the wounds of his Savior, where his only refuge was to be found.

While I passed my time with the German like this, our sick got better by the hour. After only four days we didn't have a single man who complained. We repaired everything in the ship that needed repairing, took on fresh water and other things from the island and, after we'd spent six days there refreshing ourselves, we set sail for the island of St. Helena on the seventh day.

There we found some of the ships from our fleet. They were caring for their sick and waiting for the other ships. A short time later we departed from there and we all arrived safely in Holland.

Along with this, I have brought you a few of the glowing bugs which lighted our way through the cave, which is a terrifying den of marvels. The cave was rather well-stocked with eggs, which the German said would keep the year around because the place was cool, but not cold. In the farthest corner of the cave, he had many hundreds of these bugs, which made it as bright as in a room in which too many lights are burning. He told me that they grew out in a special kind of wood on the island at a certain time of year, but within four weeks they would all be eaten up by a strange bird which arrived on the island at that same time to hatch out its young. But he had no other choice but to use them in that cave throughout the year. There they kept their power all year long, but up in the open air, their glowing dampness dries out and they don't give out any light at all after they've been dead for only about a week.

Because the German had explored the whole cave alone and made use of it as his place of defense, it would not have been possible to bring him out of there against his will with any human power, even if we had a hundred thousand men. When we departed, we gave him a magnifying glass so that he could start a fire from the sun. That was the only thing he'd asked for. Although he hadn't wanted anything else from us, we left him an ax, a shovel, a hoe, two pieces of cotton cloth from Bengal, a half dozen knives, a pair of scissors, two copper bowls and a pair of rabbit's, which might be able to multiply on the island.

Then we took leave of him with a very friendly farewell. I consider this island to be the healthiest place in the world because our sick all regained their strength within five days,and the German had never been sick the whole time he had been there.

THE END

RESOLUTION

Very honored, gentle and dear reader, etc. This **Simplicissimus** is a work by **Samuel Greifnson** von Hirschfeld[363]. I found it among the writings he left behind. In this book he also makes reference to **Chaste Joseph**, which he wrote. In his **Satirical Pilgrim** he also refers to his **Simplicissimus**, some of which he wrote in his youth, when he was still a musketeer. I do not know why he changed his name by rearranging the letters, when he put **German Schleifheim von Sulsfort**[364] on the title instead of his real name. He also left behind some fine satirical poems which, if this work becomes popular, can also be printed. Because I was not prepared to keep anything from the reader, I did not want to hold back the conclusion of this book, for the first five parts had already been given to the printer during the lifetime of the author. Adieu to the reader. **dat**.

Rheinnec, the 22nd of April, Anno 1668.

H.I.C.V.G.[365]

P. of Cernheim[366]